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THE NEW YORKER

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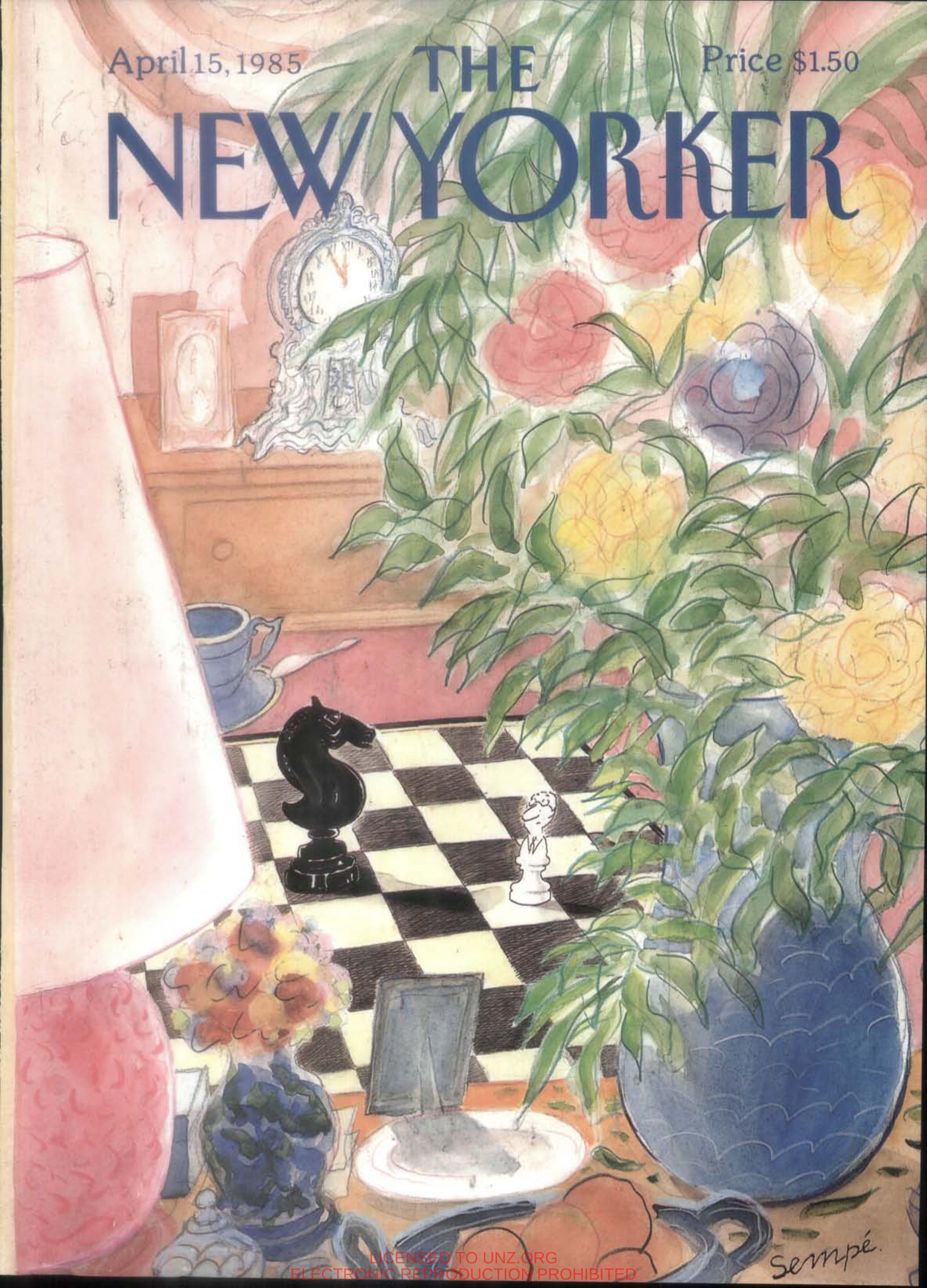

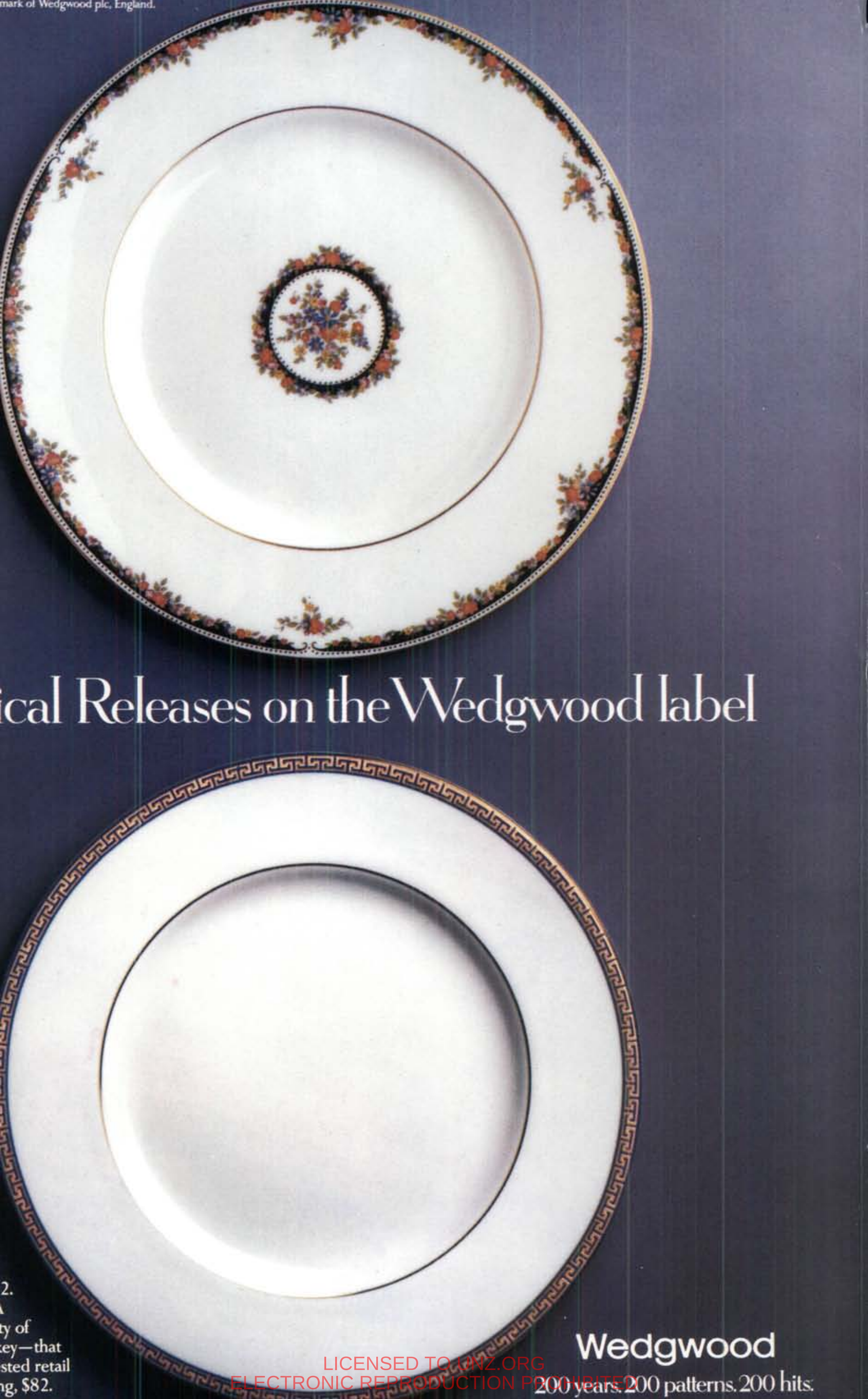

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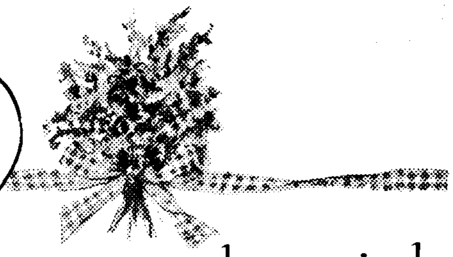

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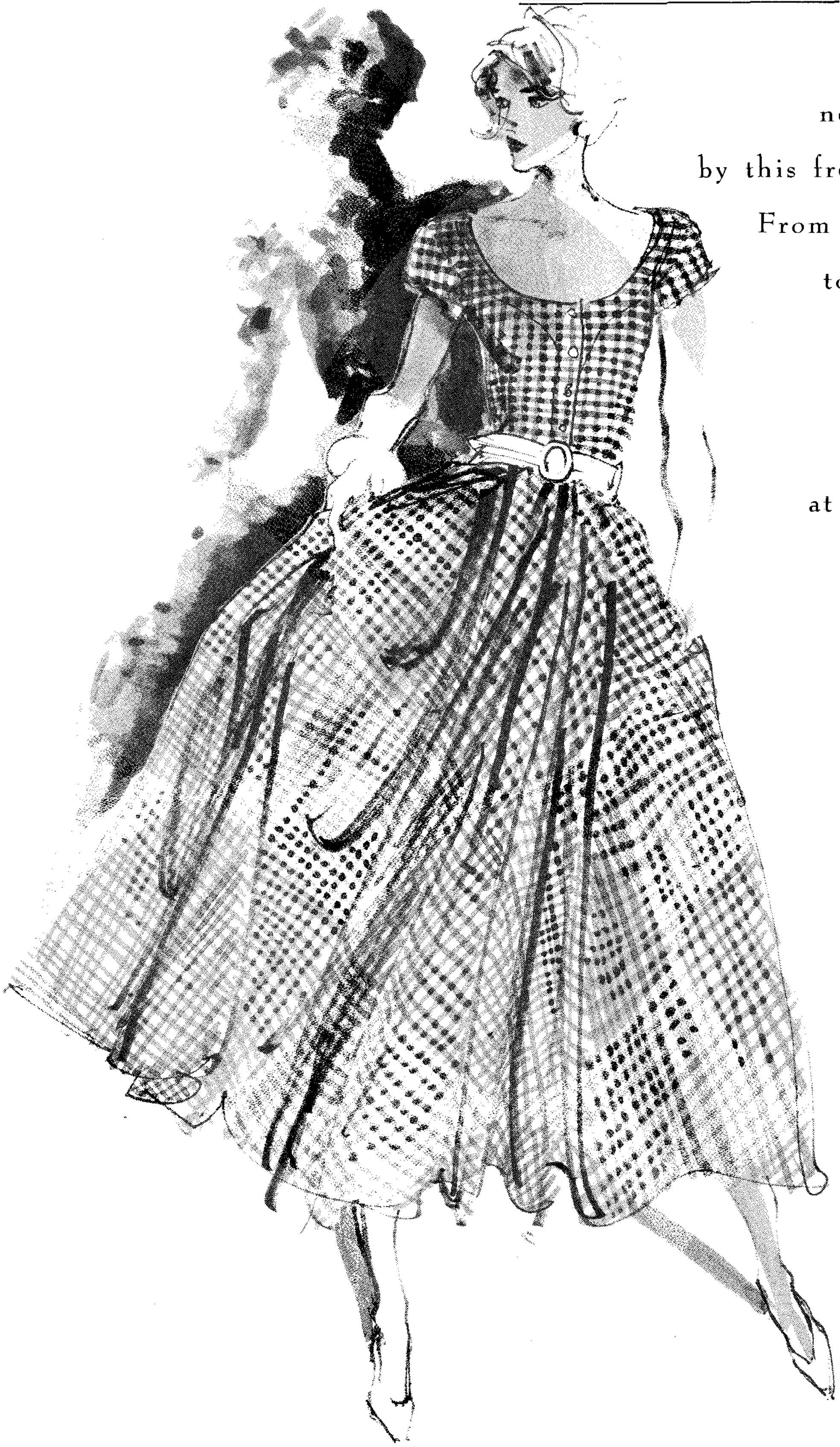

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ameri/Cain Gothic—A play by Paul Carter Harrison, with Moses Gunn and Sylvia Miles. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary, among others. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Friday at 2, and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 13.)

Biloxi Blues—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. Matthew Broderick as young Simon has a natural charm that keeps us from noticing how sticky-saintly-smarmy the character is. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dead Man's Agony—A play by Esteban Navajas Cortes. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

An Enemy of the People—A revival of the Ibsen play, with Roy Dotrice, Paul Sparer, and Ruby Holbrook. Opens Wednesday, April 10. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Ira Levin's 1978 thriller **DEATHTRAP** will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, April 11, and will run through Sunday, April 28. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grind—A musical with a score by Larry Grossman, lyrics by Ellen Fitzhugh, a book by Fay Kanin, and a cast headed by Ben Vereen. The director is Harold Prince. Previews through Monday, April 15. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 16. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hannah Senesh—A play based on the diaries and poems of Miss Senesh, who is played by Lori Wilner. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. Opens Wednesday, April 10. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Jack & Jill—A musical still somewhat wet behind the ears but charming all the same. It tells the story of a romance between two computer operators who are jazz fans, one of them white, the other black. The attractive jazz score is by Hal Schaefer; the appropriate words are by Bob Larimer. With Lara Teeter, Ernestine Jackson, Sheila Smith, and Edye Byrde, all of them fine. (4/8/85) (Riverwest, 155 Bank St. 243-0259. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Joe Egg—A superb performance of Peter Nichols' matchless, bleak comedy. Jim Dale and Stockard Channing are the parents of the hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they are supported by John Tillinger, Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, and Tenney Walsh. Arvin Brown was the director. (1/14/85) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner asserts that this is his farewell appearance in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, in which he has given more than four thousand performances. Well worth seeing, and not as a historic event alone. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Leader of the Pack—A musical about the life of Ellie Greenwich, with nineteen-sixties pop songs and new material by Miss Greenwich and others, and a book by Anne Beatts. Directed and choreographed by Michael Peters. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.

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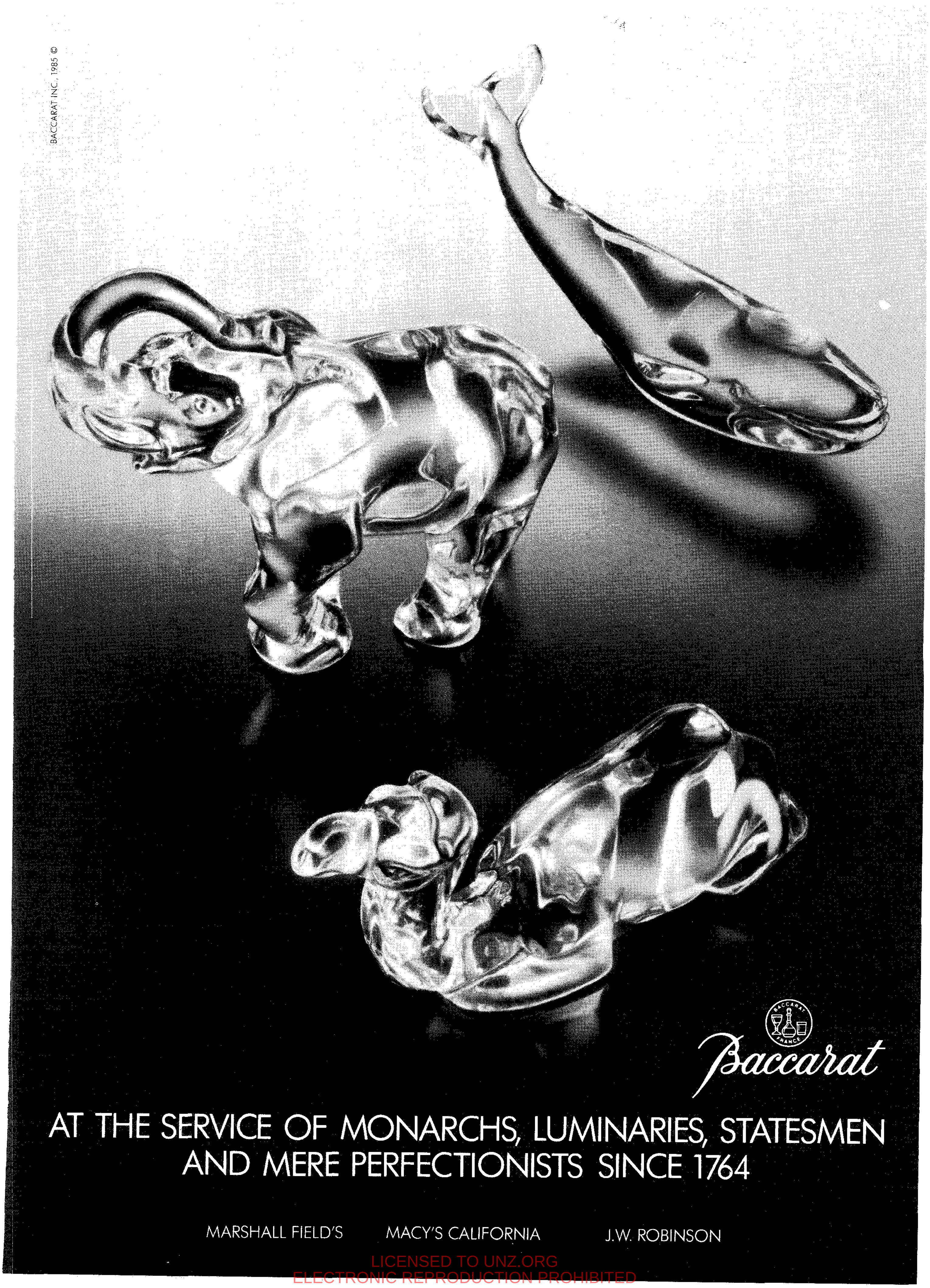
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Life Is a Dream—The seventeenth-century play by Pedro Calderón de la Barca, presented in English. (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 226-7682. Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **MLLE. MODISTE.** (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Loves of Anatol—Ellis Rabb and Nicholas Martin have made a sorry literary hash of Schnitzler's study of a young Viennese amorist. With Stephen Collins and Philip Bosco. (3/18/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Repertory Company—A series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory. **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT:** Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. With Carrie Nye and Madeleine Sherwood, among others. (2/11/85) . . . **VIVAT! VIVAT REGINA!:** A poky revival of Robert Bolt's shallow play about Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth I, but with a splendid performance by Geraldine Page as Elizabeth. (3/25/85) . . . **CLARENCE:** A disastrous production of Booth Tarkington's play. (2/25/85) . . . **RICHARD II:** Ellis Rabb will have the title role in Shakespeare's tragedy. Previews begin Thursday, April 18. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

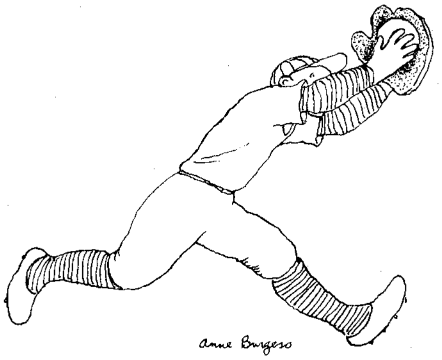
Pack of Lies—A rather humdrum little melodrama, by Hugh Whitemore, about a humdrum British couple and what befalls them when their best friends turn out to be Russian spies. With Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGoohan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Salonika—Louise Page's mysterious, fascinating play—an English import—takes place in the present but is literally haunted by the past. The setting is the beach at Salonika in Greece, where a great disaster befell the British Army during the First World War. The acting is exceptionally good: Jessica Tandy plays an old woman who has come to put flowers on her husband's grave, Elizabeth Wilson plays her spinster daughter, and David Strathairn, Thomas Hill, and Maxwell Caulfield appear in the other roles. John Madden was the excellent director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

September in the Rain—A play by John Godber, with Susan Greenhill and Steven Ryan. (Hudson Guild, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.)

Strange Interlude—A revival, popular in England, of the interminable O'Neill melodrama. With Glenda Jackson, Edward Petherbridge, Brian Cox, James Hazeldine, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Tom Aldredge. The director is Keith Hack. (3/4/85) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2.)

Take Me Along—The Goodspeed Opera House revival of this musical based on Eugene O'Neill's play "Ah, Wilderness!," with music and lyrics by Bob Merrill and a book by Joseph Stein and Robert Russell. Staged by Thomas Gruenewald. Previews through Saturday, April 13. Opens officially on Sunday, April 14. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Vienna Notes—An asinine one-joke skit, extended to ninety unbroken minutes, but the actors are good. They are Mia Dillon, Gwyllum Evans, James Noble, and Lois Smith. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Virginia—Edna O'Brien has arranged selections from Virginia Woolf's diaries and letters into an autobiographical monologue interspersed with scenes involving Leonard Woolf and Vita Sackville-West. Kate Nelligan, an unlikely choice for the title role, nevertheless gives an arresting performance, and Kenneth Welsh is very good as Leonard. (3/18/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Young Playwrights Festival—A program of four one-act plays. Preview Wednesday, April 10, at 7. Opens officially on Thursday, April 11, at 7, and will run through Sunday, April 28. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Saturday, April 13, at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th St. Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with George Hearn and Van Johnson as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,384 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Katherine Cortez and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HURLYBURLY:** David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Frank Langella, Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, Danny Aiello, and Jerry Stiller. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** The hero of Tom Stoppard's comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. Nicol Williamson and Laila Robins head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance

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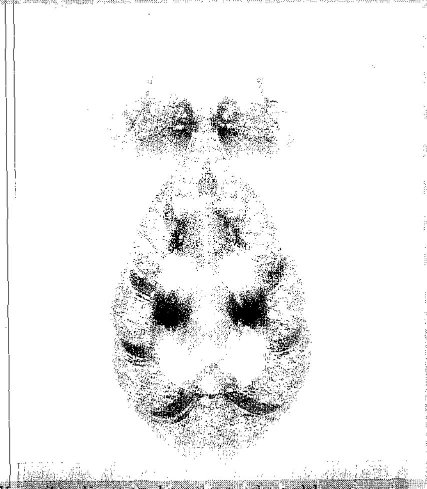
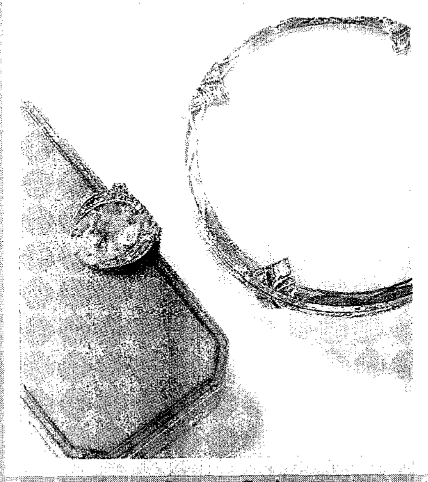

Kunzite, diamond and pearl necklace—Fred Leighton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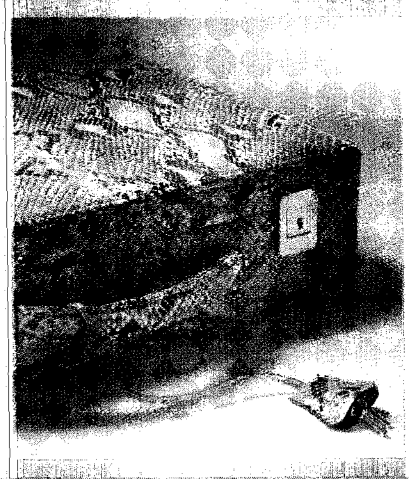
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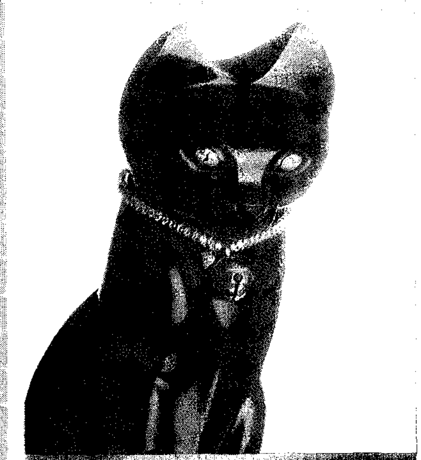
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Beaded silk dress—Martha

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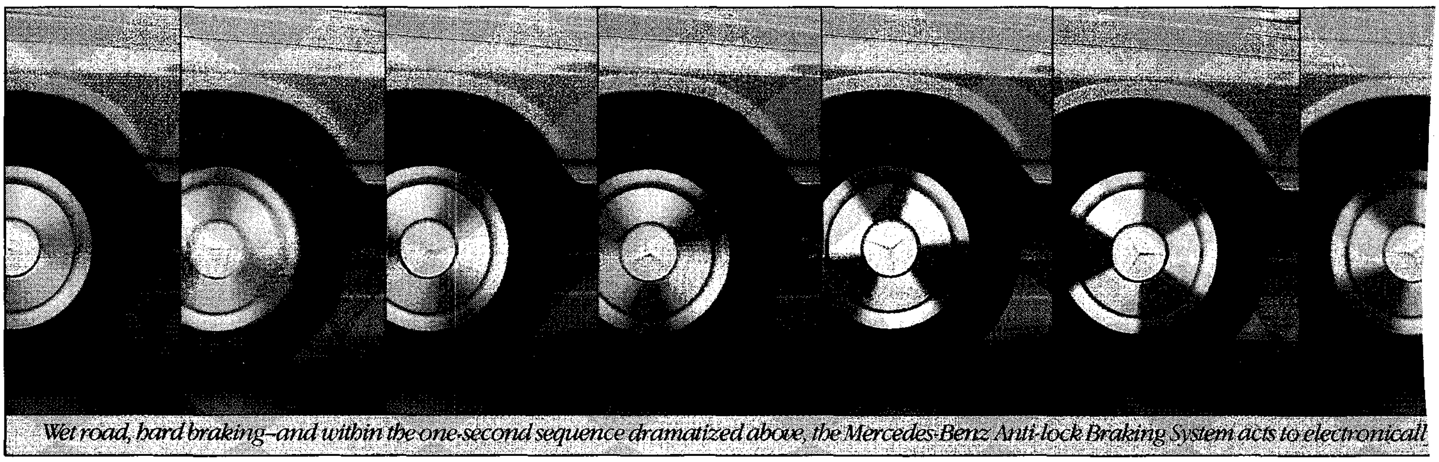

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More reassuring still, the system is designed for braking emergencies on slippery-wet roads as on dry roads–indeed, to maintain optimum braking performance almost regardless of road surface conditions.

SENSING TROUBLE BEFORE IT BECOMES TROUBLE

The decision-making "brain" of the Mercedes-Benz Anti-lock Braking System is an on-board computer. Electronic sensors, placed at both front wheels and at the drive pinion of the rear axle, are the system's vital nerve ends.

In a moving car under normal driving conditions, those sensors are constantly signaling the rotational speed of the wheels to the computer. Registering a millisecond-by-millisecond electronic bulletin on the precise state of adhesion between the car's tires and the road surface.

Then comes that sudden emergency. The driver reacts to danger ahead by reflexively hitting the brake pedal hard; hard enough, in a conventional braking system, to risk locking up one or more of the car's wheels.

But those electronic sensors

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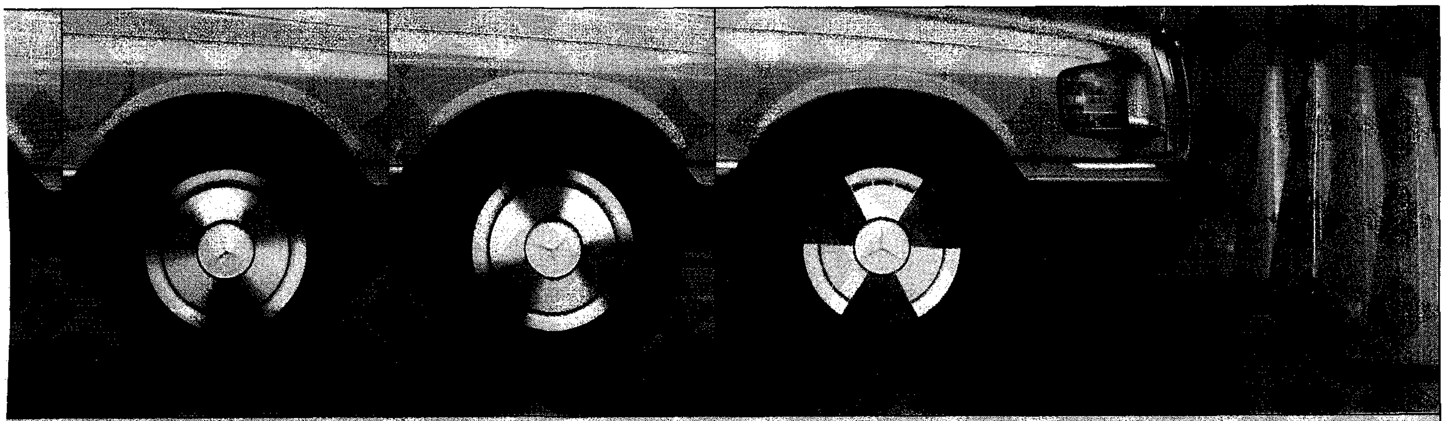
1985



modulate braking action as often as 10 separate times. Preventing wheel lockup–and keeping the car precisely steerable throughout

have already detected the onset of wheel slip and alerted the computer. And the computer starts regulating fluid pressure in the brake lines. Modulating and cadencing brake pressure, via solenoid valves in the brake lines, as often as *ten times* per second. Countering lockup of all four wheels or any individual wheel.

And thereby allowing the car to be swiftly and smoothly decelerated. Allowing the car to be precisely steered and maneuvered *as* it decelerates. Helping the driver to avoid a collision, or simply to stay on the road.

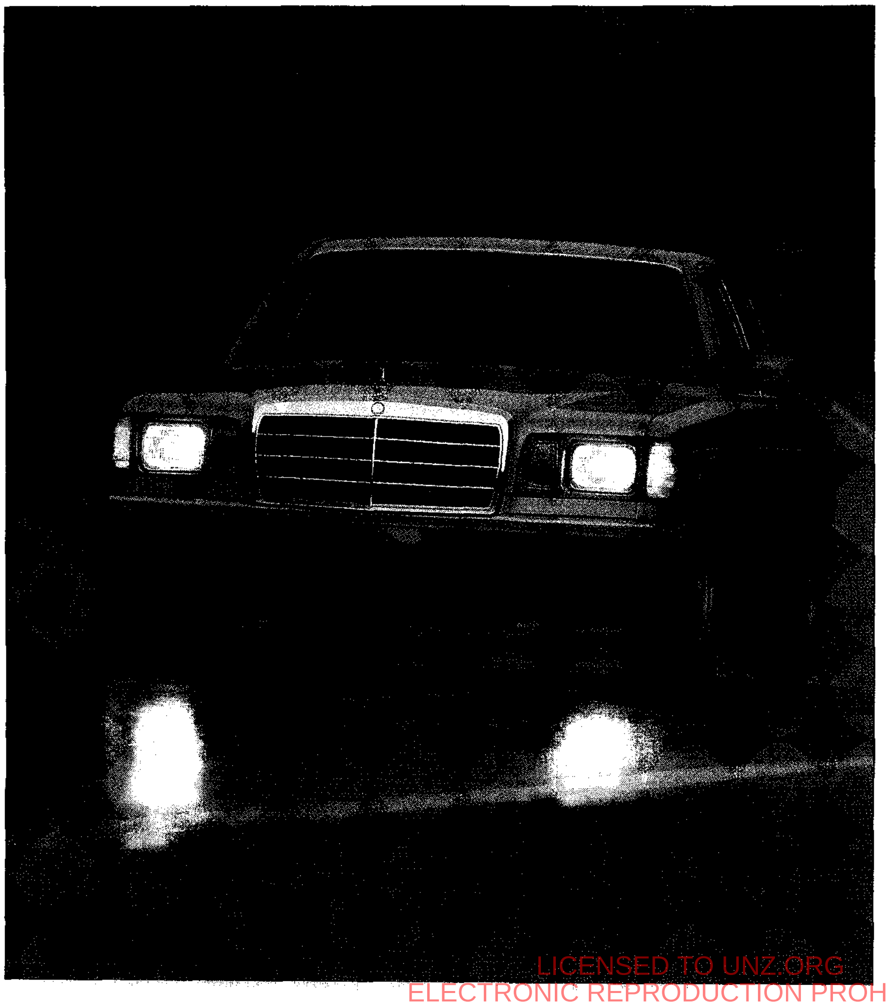
6,000,000,000 MILES

Mercedes-Benz began development work on the principle of the anti-lock braking system as far back as 1959, first fitted a working system to a production automobile in 1978, and has since seen 250,000 of its cars roll up over *six billion miles* of experience with the system worldwide.

Once again following where Mercedes-Benz has shown the way, some domestic and foreign makers will shortly introduce similar anti-lock braking systems to America. They can emulate the idea. They cannot emulate this depth of experience.

The entire system is designed to be electronically self-checking, constantly monitoring itself and primed to shut down instantly should a malfunction ever be indicated. The car's separate four-wheel disc brake system would, of course, remain fully operational.

In terms of enhancing control of the car in a braking emergency, the Mercedes-Benz Anti-lock Braking System may be the best ally a driver has ever had. In terms of automotive leadership, this major advance underscores the truth of the motto below: for 1985, as for the past 99 years, the automobiles of Mercedes-Benz are indeed engineered like no other cars in the world.



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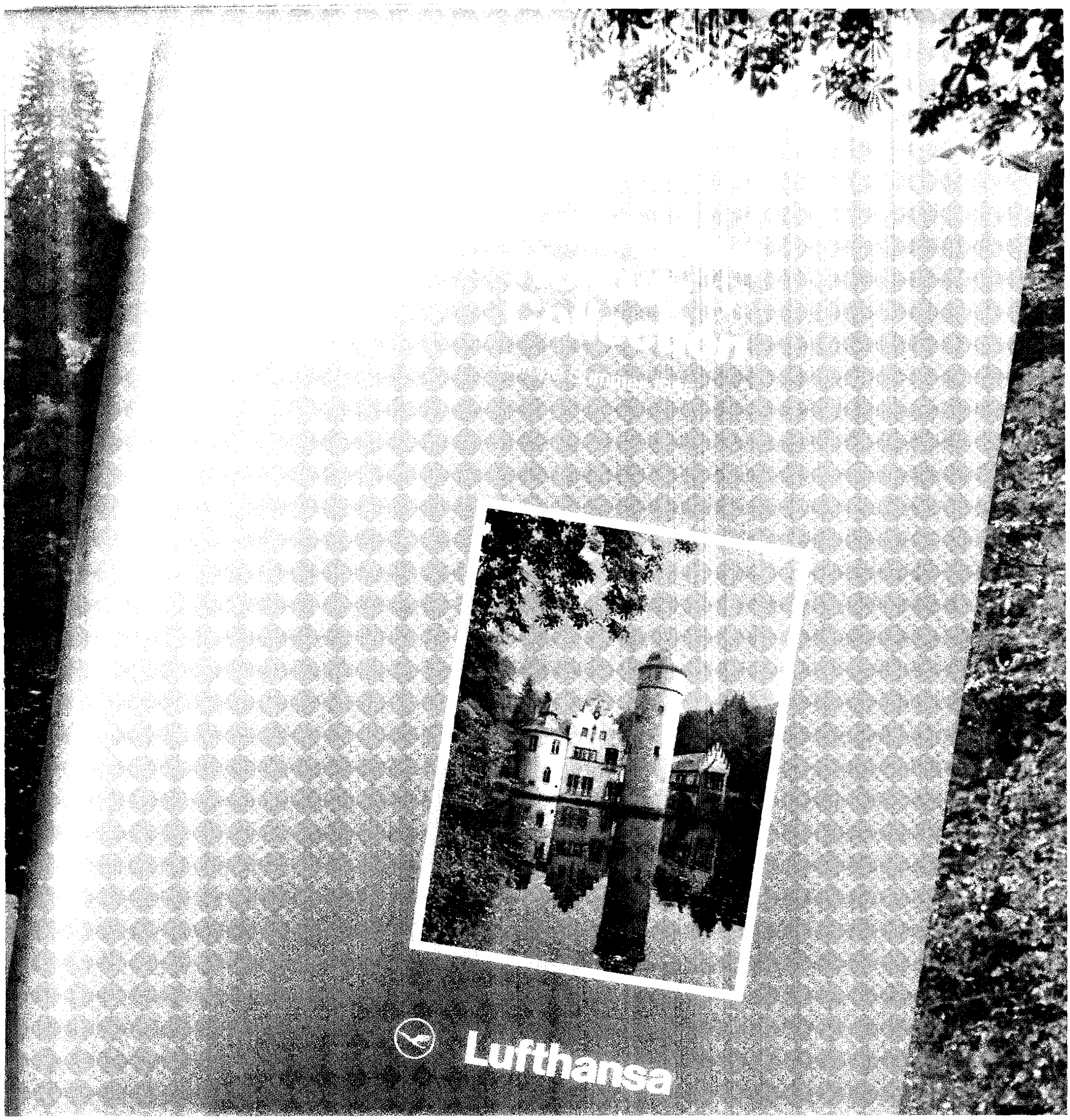

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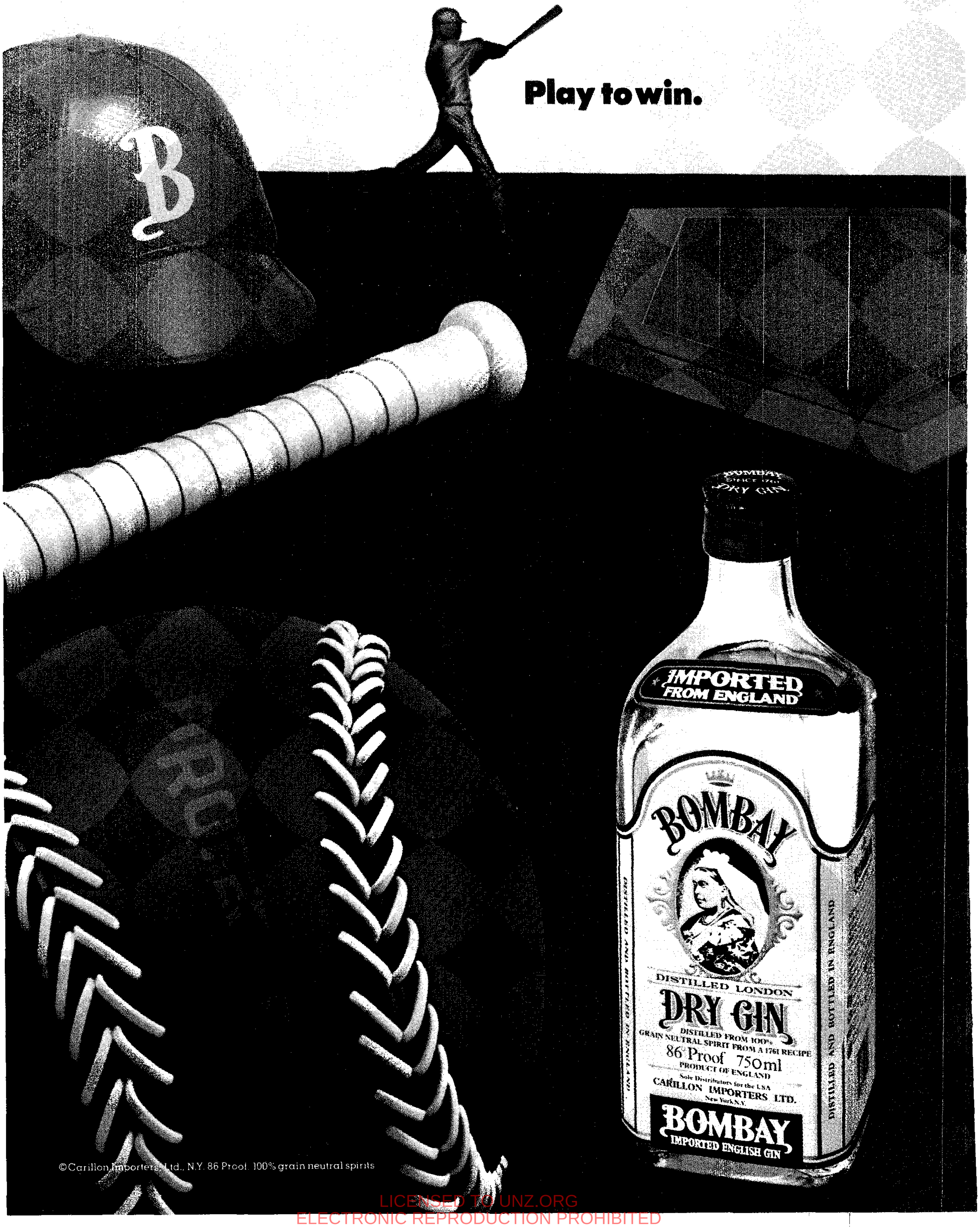
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and with Harvey Fierstein, who appears Tuesday through Friday evenings. Philip Astor replaces Mr. Fierstein Monday and Saturday evenings and at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's latest edition, with attractions ranging from "The Globe of Death" to a herd of twenty elephants. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, April 10-12, at 10:30 and 2:30; Saturday, April 13, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, April 14, at 1 and 5:30; Wednesday, April 17, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 18, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, April 19, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, April 20, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Sunday, June 2.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 10, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 11-12, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 13, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 410-1164, Wednesday through Friday between 1 and 3, and 5 and 7.)

MAGIC SHOW—A performance by Le Grand David Magic Company, presented by the Society of American Magicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, April 20, at 8. Tickets at the door beginning at 11 A.M. on the day of the performance.)

DANCE

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday evening, April 10: "Appalachian Spring," "Hérodiade," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 11: "The Owl and the Pussycat," "Episodes," and "Frescoes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 12: "Appalachian Spring," "Song," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 13: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," "The Owl and the Pussycat," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 13: "Circe," "Frontier," "Andromache's Lament," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 14: "Frescoes," "Hérodiade," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 14: "Frescoes," "Errand Into the Maze," "Song," and "Cortege of Eagles." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 16: "Circe," "Song," and "Cortege of Eagles." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 17: "Frescoes," "Andromache's Lament," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 18: "Appalachian Spring," "Judith," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 19: "Diversion of Angels," "Frontier," "Hérodiade," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 20: "Andromache's Lament," "Night Journey," and "Song." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 20: "Judith," "Hérodiade," and "Cortege of Eagles." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, April 21.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, April 10; Friday, April 12; and Thursday, April 18, all at 8: "Roses," "Runes," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8; Sunday, April 14, at 3; and Friday, April 19, at 8: "Diggity," "Private Domain," and "Airs." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," ". . . Byzantium," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 16, at 7, and Saturday, April 20, at 8: "Arden Court," "Snow White," "Profiles," and "Last Look" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 17, at 8: "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)," "Equinox," and "Cloven Kingdom." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, May 5.)

FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, April 10: "A Footstep of Air," "Grand Canon" (première), and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 11: "Grand Canon," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 12: "Grand Canon," "Impromptu," "Against the Sky," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 13: "Grand Canon," "Intermezzo No. 2," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 14: "The Real McCoy," "Impromptu," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 14: "Grand Canon," "Intermezzo No. 2," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 16: "Grand Canon," "Impromptu," "Intermezzo No. 2," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 17: "The Real McCoy," "Impromptu," "Summer's Lease," and "Intermezzo No. 1." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 18: "Intermezzo No. 2," "Against the Sky," and "Adieu." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 19: "Anatomic Balm," "Impromptu," "Against the Sky," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 20: "La Vida," "Danzon Cubano," "Over the Pavement," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, May 12.)

PILAR RIOJA—Programs of flamenco dance. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except April 13, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 28.)

DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS—In a program of adaptations of traditional African dances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, April 11, and Saturday, April 13, at 8, and Sunday, April 14, at 2.)

STORYTELLING THROUGH DANCE—Saturday, April 13, at 6:30: Indrani in a program of classical Indian dance. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8:30: Margaret Beals in "The Teak Room." (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS,** who's been out of town—Sydney, Gstaad, Venice, London, and São Paulo—is back on West 44th Street. He sings and plays piano in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Sundays, Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room piano from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ZOO SHOP
LION H
ELEPH
H. Martin

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **JOE WILLIAMS,** smooth and sassy as ever, sings through Sunday, April 14; on Tuesday, April 16, **BETTY CARTER,** whose vocals can appear at first to be anti-melody devices, will begin singing here. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, April 10-11, Aztec Camera; Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III** and Uncle Bonsai; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 16-17, guitarist **JOHN TROPEA,** saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG,** and a quintet; and Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, **SONNY ROLLINS.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The pianists and bassists: **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, April 13, and starting Monday, April 15, **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and **RON CARTER.** Music from nine-forty-five.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back with his sidekicks, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT,** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home for traditional small-band jazz on the block (the remains of Jimmy Ryan's sadly waste away nearby). Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Two fireball tenor-sax soloists—**JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and **ARNETT COBB**—co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, April 14, and on Tuesday, April 16, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS** will move in. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Alicia Sherman sings with a trio; Mondays **BROOKS KERR** and John Belzaguy perform; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio is the main event. All these groups begin about ten. Sundays from five to ten **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of stride-piano specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by pianist Jane Jarvis, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **BILL MAYS** and **RED MITCHELL** work together through Saturday, April 13, and on Tuesday, April 16, **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **RED MITCHELL** will begin a week. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St.

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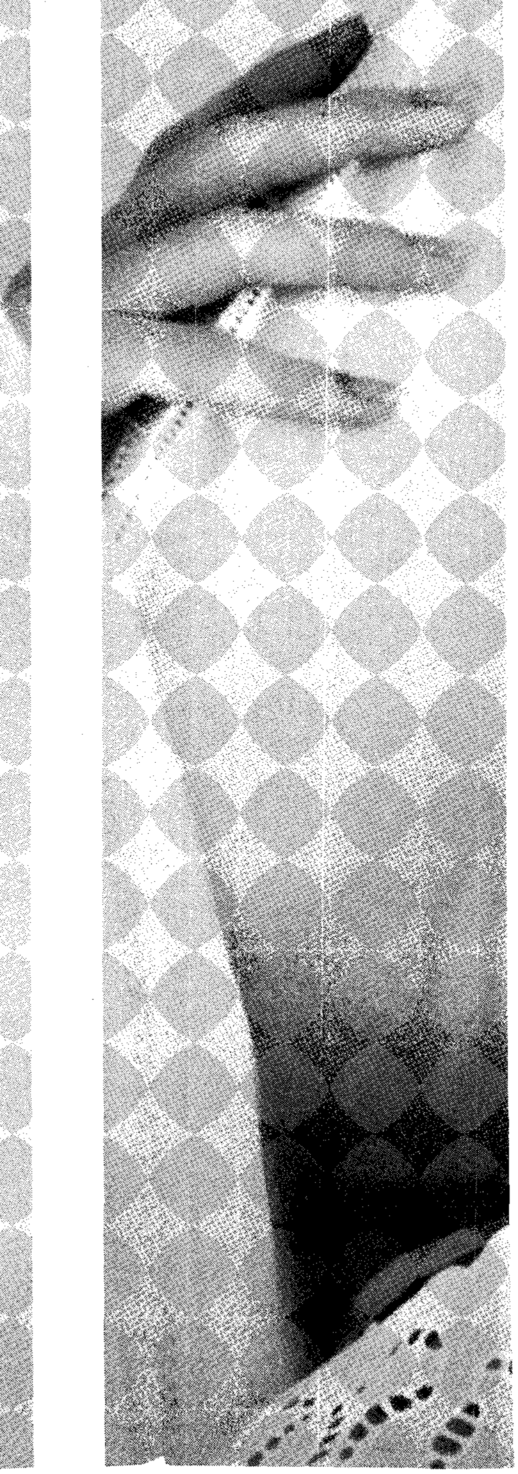

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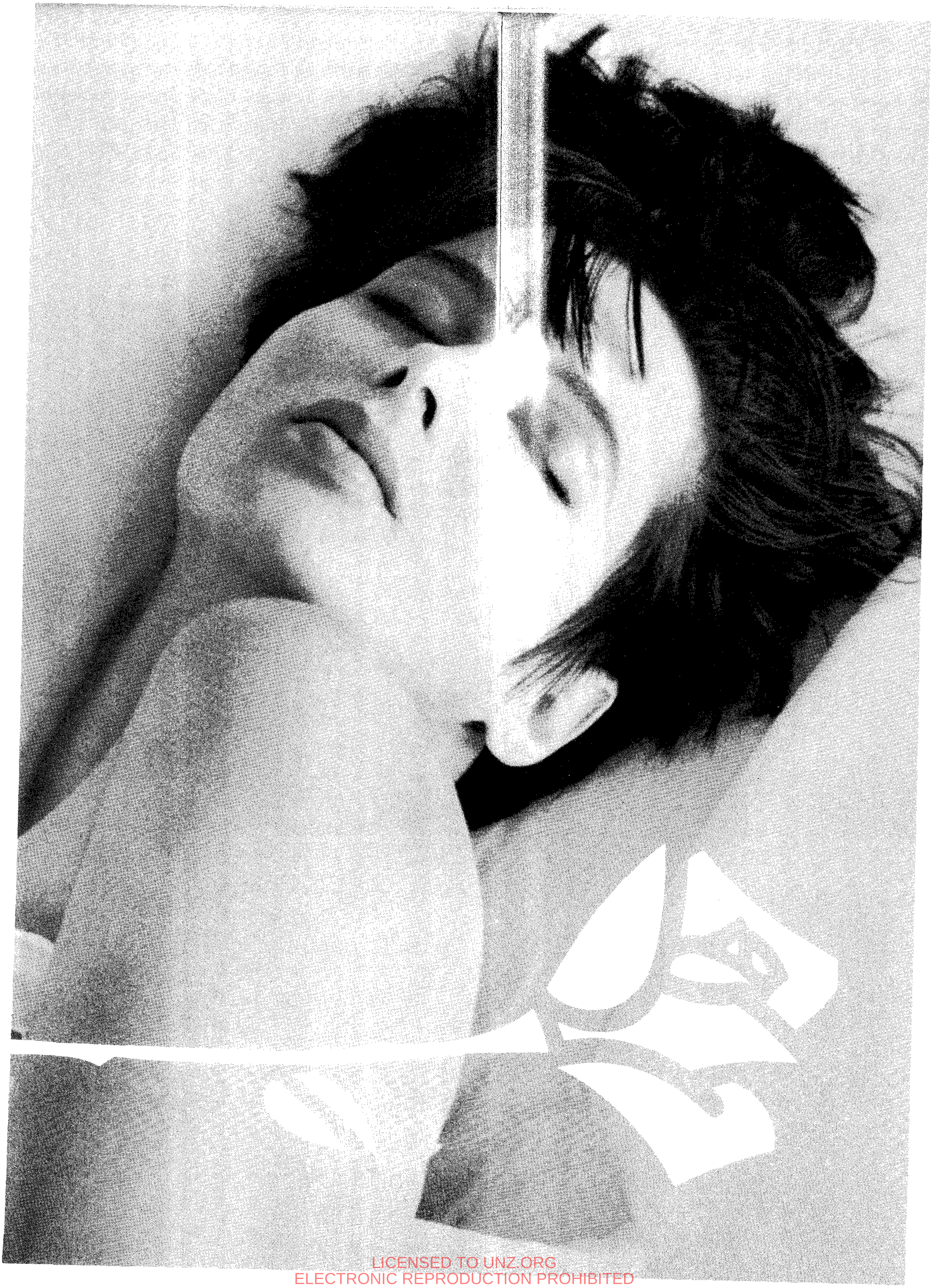

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. **SPHERE**—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—lovingly performs Thelonious Sphere Monk compositions, Benny Carter tunes, and some originals through Saturday, April 13; on Tuesday, April 16, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra will take over. On Sundays, the Duke Ellington Society pays tribute to Duke Ellington, and Mondays are the property of **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, with **LEW TABACKIN** on tenor-saxophone solos. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt: Wednesday, April 10, Grover Kimball; *Thursday, April 11, guitarist* **ERIC GALE**; Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO**; and Monday, April 15, **JUMP STREET**, a lively ten-piece band. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, April 11, **DAVID JOHANSEN** and Aku Aku; Friday, April 12, A Drop in the Gray and Crossfire Choir; Saturday, April 13, Nik Kershaw and Eastern Bloc; and Tuesday, April 16, Los Lobos and the True Believers. Shows tend to begin sometime after eleven. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—**WOODY HERMAN** and his Woodchoppers, a sextet, are in residence through Saturday, April 13, in the King Cole (as in Old, not Nat) Room. Shows Wednesday and Thursday at nine, and Friday and Saturday at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, April 10, the Anne Pollack quartet, with singer **CARMEN LUNDY**; Thursday, April 11, guitarist **CHUCK LOEB**; and Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and bassist **MARC JOHNSON** and a quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, *204 Varick St., at W. Houston* St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian exuberance that makes it feel like *carnaval* every weekend (and during the week isn't exactly dullsville, either). Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. Tenor saxophonists **FRANK FOSTER** and **FRANK WESS**, who cut their teeth with the Count Basie Travelling Blues Institute during the fifties and sixties, lead a quintet through Sunday, April 14, and starting Tuesday, April 16, the **DAVID MURRAY OCTET**, hip, swinging, joyous, melodic, out-there, and totally savvy, will take over the bandstand. Shows from about ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On April 15, **LARRY HARLOW & ORQUESTA HARLOW**, the **JOE CUBA** sextet, and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD OUSLEY**, the guest *jazz soloist, will all be here. . . . ¶ Meanwhile,* out on the Terrace, **STANLEY COWELL** and **REGGIE WORKMAN** handle the piano-bass duties through Sunday, April 14, and they are relieved on Tuesday, April 16, by **MICHAEL ABENE** and **MICHAEL MOORE**. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops in on Tuesdays. Sets begin at nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** works with sidemen **RON CARTER**, **BILLY HART**, **TOM BROWNE**, and **KENNY BARRON**—what sidemen!—through Sunday, April 14, and on Tuesday, April 16, hard-bopster and tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will descend the stairs with his quartet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** has the floor on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** and a quartet through Saturday, April 13; Sunday and Monday, April 14-15, Percy France; Tuesday, April 16, percussionist **BOBBY SANABRIA'S ASCENSIÓN**, with saxophonist **RENE MC LEAN**; and beginning Wednesday, April 17, baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK**. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Duos in a town-house restaurant: pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist Brian Torff perform Tuesdays through Saturdays; Sundays belong to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**; and Monday's pairing is pianist Jim Roberts and Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JEFF LORBER FUSION—With Stanley Jordan. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 12, at 8.)

TITO PUENTE LATIN JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, April 12, at 8.

JAKI BYARD & THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, April *12-13, at 10 and midnight.*

HANK DOUGHTY–RAY ABRAMS BIG BAND—With Pat Spann and Gloria DeNard, in a program called "Elegantly Ellington II." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, April 14, at 7. For tickets, call 722-8223.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The fourth in a series of five programs entitled "Great Songwriting Teams Remembered," this one devoted to the music of John Burke and James Van Heusen, and featuring Rex Reed (narrator), Julius La Rosa, Harold Nicholas, Mike Renzi, Bobby Baird, Julie Wilson, and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, April 14, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, April 15, at 8.)

BARRY WALLENSTEIN AND PEPPER ADAMS—A program of poetry and jazz. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, April 16 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

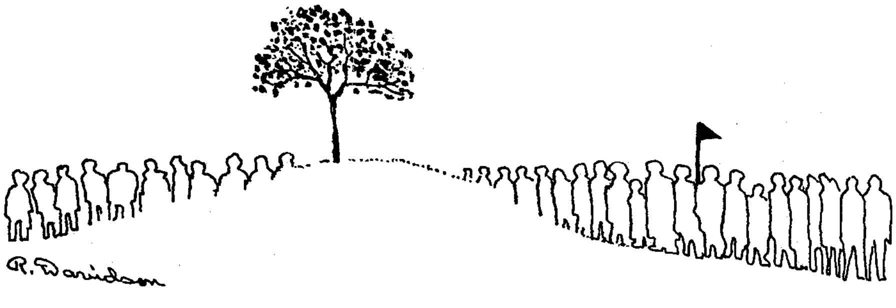
BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, April 18, at 8.

JEAN REDPATH—Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Friday, April 19, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-4468.

WARREN VACHÉ, JR., BUCKY PIZZARELLI, AND JOHN PIZZARELLI, JR.—In a tribute to Pee Wee Erwin. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 19, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RICHARD THOMPSON—With David Lindley. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

AMERICAN FOLK ROOTS—The sixth in a series of *eight concerts, this one devoted to Cajun* music. With the Beausoleil and Canray Fontenot. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30.)



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JUDY CHICAGO—*Miss Chicago enlisted* a sewing circle of a hundred and fifty to carry out her needlework designs based on pregnancy-and-childbirth themes. There are twenty-five pieces in all. Through April 27. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

SUSAN CRILE / HERMANN DUDLEY MURPHY (1867-1945)—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 13. / Turn-of-the-century landscapes of places here and abroad, portraits, and other paintings and works on paper. Through May 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

VICTOR ELMALEH—Recent paintings. Through May 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ARTHUR ERICKSON—Models and drawings by a Canadian architect. Through June 6. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—Abstract paintings done toward the end of his career. Through *Saturday, April 13. (Sachs, 980 Madison* Ave., at 76th St.)

LOIS LANE—Abstractions in oil. Through Saturday, April 13. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

LE CORBUSIER (1887-1965)—Architectural drawings of various projects, including a chapel at Ronchamp, France, and the city plan of Chandigarh, India. Through May 18. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

ALBERT MARQUET (1875-1947)—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings, including many of the water scenes—the Seine, for instance—for which he was famous. Through May 17. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JOAN MITCHELL—Abstract paintings from the sixties. Through May 4. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

LUDWIG SANDER (1906-75)—Small-scale color-field paintings and charcoal drawings. Through April 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Eighteen new acrylic paintings by a veteran abstractionist. Through Saturday, April 20. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Paintings from the mid-forties to the early sixties, the period when the artist's work advanced toward, and reached Abstract Expressionism. Through May 25. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

WALTER STÖHRER—Vigorously painted abstractions; first one-man show in New York. *Through April 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)*

ALBERT YORK—Recent small-scale landscapes and floral still-lifes, plus a selection of earlier works. Through April 27. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

GREGORY AMENOFF—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 27. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LUIS CRUZ AZACETA / WILLIAM BECKMAN—"Self-*Portrait as Mechanized Doggie" steals this* show of paintings and drawings. / Plein-air landscape sketches in oil. Through May 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950) / **MARTIN CHIRINO**—Paintings and drawings by a German Expressionist. / Freestanding forged-iron sculptures of head shapes greatly simplified. Through April 24. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Nell Blaine—Landscape paintings, chiefly. Through April 24. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Carboni—Abstract constructions incorporating strips of wood, lengths of cord, and thickly laid-on paint. Through April 27. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lynne Clibanoff—Wall boxes, lit from within to reveal hallways, arches, and cloisters. Through April 27. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Aquinas Daly—Approximately sixty paintings, mostly small watercolors of wildlife, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through April 27. (Grand Central Art Galleries, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mell Daniel (1899-1975)—Abstract color drawings distilled from overlapping tree branches. Through April 24. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Elizabeth de Cuevas—Preparatory drawings and models for monumental sculptures based on Egyptian, Mayan, and Indian motifs. Through May 4. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Martha Diamond—Broadly executed sky-blue paintings of high rises under construction. Through April 27. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Trompe-l'oeil paintings of bits of paper. Through May 11. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Freedman (1904-85)—Landscapes and seascapes, most done in the last ten years of the artist's life. Through May 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—Paintings of single images—a shoe, a fist, a hooded figure—done in 1968-69, when the artist was making the transition from abstraction to cartoon figuration. Through May 4. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Jordan—Representational landscapes of the Midwest and New England. Through May 11. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

David Ligare—Allegorical paintings set in Northern California, where the artist lives. Also, related drawings. Through April 24. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953) **and Charles Burchfield** (1893-1967)—Watercolors derived from nature by each of these early modernists. Through Saturday, April 20. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Raymond Mason / Bill Jacklin—Sculptures spanning thirty years, including a large painted wall piece depicting grape pickers at a vineyard in France. / Figurative oils and watercolors on paper. Through Saturday, April 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Frank Metz—Representational paintings of the Maine coast. Through April 27. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946) / **Jason Hunsinger**—Drawings made in the summer of 1921, exhibited now for the first time, along with some folk-art pieces that were once in the sculptor's collection. Through May 4. / Hand-colored cast-hydrostone life-size sculptures of cats, dogs, and children in active poses. Through Saturday, April 13. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Betty Parsons (1900-82)—A retrospective of wood sculptures, paintings, and works on paper. Through May 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Pedro Perez—Recent paintings and drawings, plus an installation with abstract paintings and such objects as a fishbowl with live fish. Through April 27. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

David Reed / Betty Woodman—Colorful abstractions done on panels of various lengths. / Earthenware vases, whose glazes are reminiscent of Mediterranean colors, modelled after some the artist studied in Italy. Through April 27. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—Black canvases and works on paper, the output of his last years. Through April 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Steven Singer—Sculptures cut out of plate steel and hammered for three-dimensional effects—male and female nudes, a camel, a couchant lion. Through Thursday, April 18. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ned Smyth / Billy Sullivan—Mosaic reliefs paying homage to the belly dancer. / Diverse subjects—from barnyard animals to disco dancers—rendered in loosely handled oils

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and pastels. Through Saturday, April 20. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nicholas Sperakis—Recent figurative paintings. Through Wednesday, April 17. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—New paintings. Through April 27. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Thomas / Ruth Vollmer (1903-82)—Abstractions on wood and canvas, incorporating geometric shapes. / Spheres in various materials. Through April 27. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Harold Tovish—One-way mirrors and plastic spheres, the latter cracked to reveal a form within, are central to the five constructions here. Through April 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Wolfe / Morris Louis (1912-62)—Large sculptures of brightly painted lengths of steel, twisted and bent into simplified figures. Through Saturday, April 20. / Drawings in pen and ink, combined with other mediums. Through April 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Early-twentieth-century Expressionist prints by Munch, Kandinsky, Marc, Dix, Kollwitz, and others. Through May 24. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Agostini / Ed Baynard—Expressionistic terra-cotta sculptures of female figures. / Floral still-lifes in watercolor. Through April 27. (Steinbaum, in a new location at 132 Greene St.)

Jennifer Bartlett—New paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Through April 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Robert Beauchamp—Paintings completed this year and as long ago as 1959, by an Expressionist. Through May 18. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

James Biederman—Wall sculptures, paintings with three-dimensional elements, and drawings. Through April 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Mel Bochner—Geometric symbols painted on canvases built to fit them. Through Saturday, April 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Steven Campbell—Paintings recording the hapless adventures of various sportive types—ivory hunters, for instance, with a decoy elephant. Through Saturday, April 20. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Francesco Clemente—A three-gallery show. Works on paper. Through Saturday, April 20. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Paintings. Through April 23. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ More paintings. Through Saturday, April 20. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Jamie Dalglish—Cheerful abstractions in acrylic, some screened with polka dots and some laced with gold or silver glitter. Through April 27. (Rentschler, 72 Greene St.)

Brett De Palma—Paintings, among them four canvases depicting rudimentary tree forms. Through Saturday, April 20. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Richard Estes—A dozen Photo-Realist paintings, the earliest of a 1967 storefront, the most recent of the glass-panelled exterior of Avery Fisher Hall. Through April 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Robert Gordy—Large monotypes of heads, male and female, all of them verging on caricature. Through May 1. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Betti-Sue Hertz / Robert Sussman—Wall sculptures combining painted canvas, wood, and metal. / Bright-colored abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 20. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Neil Jenney—Paintings and sculptures from the years 1967 to 1970. Through May 25. (Carpenter+Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Carla Rae Johnson / Vera Lightstone—A sculptor-cabinetmaker whose works include a three-piece bedroom set, typical of which is a birch bureau whose drawers are lined with—what else?—drawings. / Fired-clay abstractions mounted on steel bases. Through Wednesday, April 17. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon; open Sundays.)

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Ellsworth Kelly—New wall reliefs. Through Saturday, April 13. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Ira Richer—Works in which graffiti, scratches, and photographic materials are applied to wood and Formica panels. Through Thursday, April 18. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Peter Saari—Painted-plaster wall reliefs resembling ancient architectural fragments. Through April 27. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Edith Schloss—Paintings directly on music scores by Alvin Curran are of interest in this group of recent oils, watercolors, and drawings. Through Saturday, April 20. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Elfi Schuselka—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 20. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Harry Soviak (1935-84)—A memorial retrospective of paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures. Through April 27. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Robert Stackhouse—Large watercolor studies for three outdoor sculptures. Through April 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jack Tworkov (1900-82)—Paintings and works on paper from the seventies, when his textured compositions were founded on geometric forms. Through April 24. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **Gibson**, 568 Broadway: Abstract paintings by John Armleder, Helmut Federle, Nancy Haynes, Olivier Mosset, Susan Smith, and Merrill Wagner. Through May 1. . . . **Visual Arts Gallery**, 137 Wooster St.: Paintings by eight former students at the School of Visual Arts, among them Tod Wizon, Jane Swavely, and Barry Bridgwood. Through April 21. (Open Sundays.)

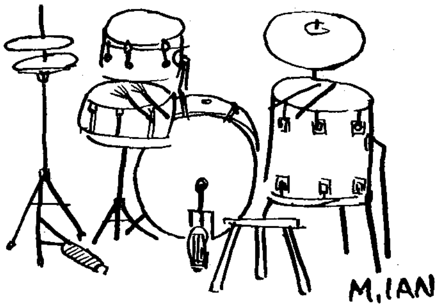
OTHER GALLERIES

Alec Drummond—Paintings and drawings, including figurative oils done on Mylar. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 13. (Bent, a new gallery at 204 Waverly Pl., just east of Seventh Ave. Opens at noon.)

David Rabinowitch—Low-lying rolled-steel floor sculptures. Through Saturday, April 13. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Grey Art Gallery—A show of elegantly crafted paintings, three-dimensional objects, and photographs of such subjects as babies, altars, airplanes, decomposing bodies, and in such materials as gold leaf, tinfoil, rhinestones, dollar bills, chocolate. Three of the artists are Tom Dillon, Starr Ockenga, and Larry Miller. Through May 4. (New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

P.S. 1—Contemporary paintings, sculptures, graphics, and video by Gilbert & George, Barbara Kruger, James Rosenquist, and other artists whose works imply a narrative content, shown with traditional indigenous Mexican art. This show has travelled from the Museo Rufino Tamayo, in Mexico City. Through May 26. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)



Group Shows—At the **Alternative Museum**, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave.: The opening part of a two-part survey of paintings and sculptures by artists from the Southeast, who are very much like artists from other regions of the country except that they may eat grits. Through May 4. (Closed Tuesdays.) . . . **Bromm**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: Figure drawings by Rosemarie Castoro, Luis Frangella, Grace Graupe-Pillard, Jody Pinto, and Rick Prol. Through Saturday, April 13.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Two shows in tandem, "Ancien Régime" (prints of Versailles, Saint-Cloud, and Sceaux) and "Modern Times" (working-class Paris), complete a survey of the photographer's work on display at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Larry Burrows (1926-71)—Photographs of the Vietnam War done on assignment for *Life*. Through Saturday, April 13. (Lawrence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

William Christenberry / Joel-Peter Witkin—Photographs documenting Hale County, Alabama, plus three wood sculptures of some of the buildings that appear in the photographs. / Seven new portraits by an artist whose work is also on view at the Whitney Biennial. Through April 27. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lewis Hine (1874-1940)—About forty silver prints on child-labor conditions, his best-known work. Through April 27. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Vera Lehndorff and Holger Trülzsch—Dye-transfer photographs. Through Saturday, April 20. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Eva Rubinstein—Black-and-white photographs of people and landscapes in Paris, Poland, and Mexico. Through May 4. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

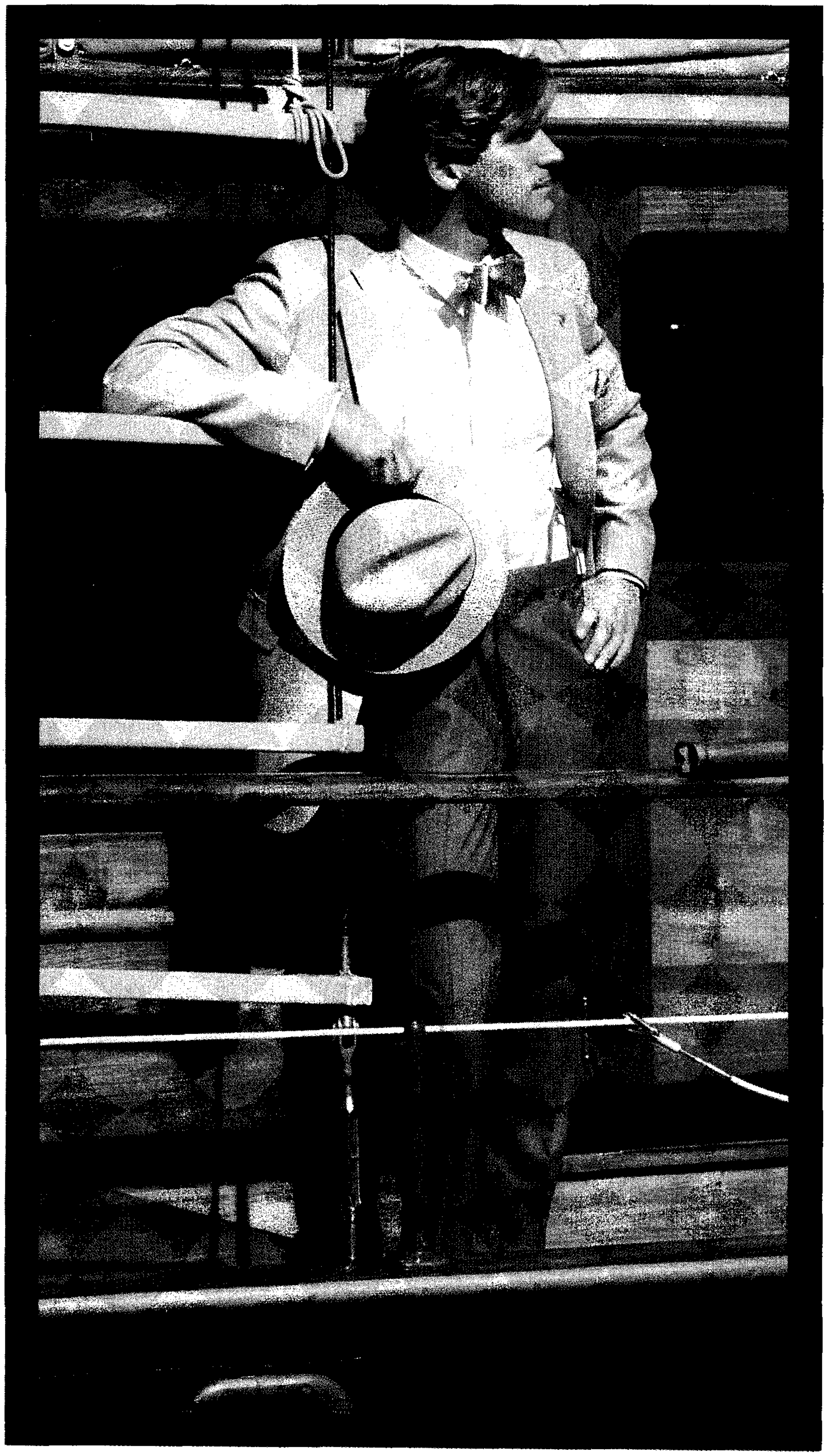
Studio Ringl & Pit—Photographs from the commercial studio of Grete Stern and Ellen Auerbach, Bauhaus-era German artists. Through April 27. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Sam Wagstaff Collection—Mr. Wagstaff selected this show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs that were in his collection before it was bought by the J. Paul Getty Museum, and of a few photographs he recently acquired. Works by André Giroux, Vallou de Villeneuve, Robert Mapplethorpe, Arnold Genthe, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and others. Through May 12. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Age of Caravaggio," an exhibit that underscores Caravaggio's contribution to Italian baroque art and contrasts his paintings with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Included are some forty paintings attributed to Caravaggio and as many by Peter Paul Rubens, Federico Barocci, Guido Reni, and others. Through Sunday, April 14. . . . ¶ A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, crowns—from the Treasury of San Marco, Venice, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. Through June 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of sixty-three landscape paintings by George Inness. The Metropolitan is the first stop for this travelling exhibition, which was organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A chronological arrangement of Matisse drawings, about a third of which are being shown in public for the first time. Through May 14. . . . ¶ Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-



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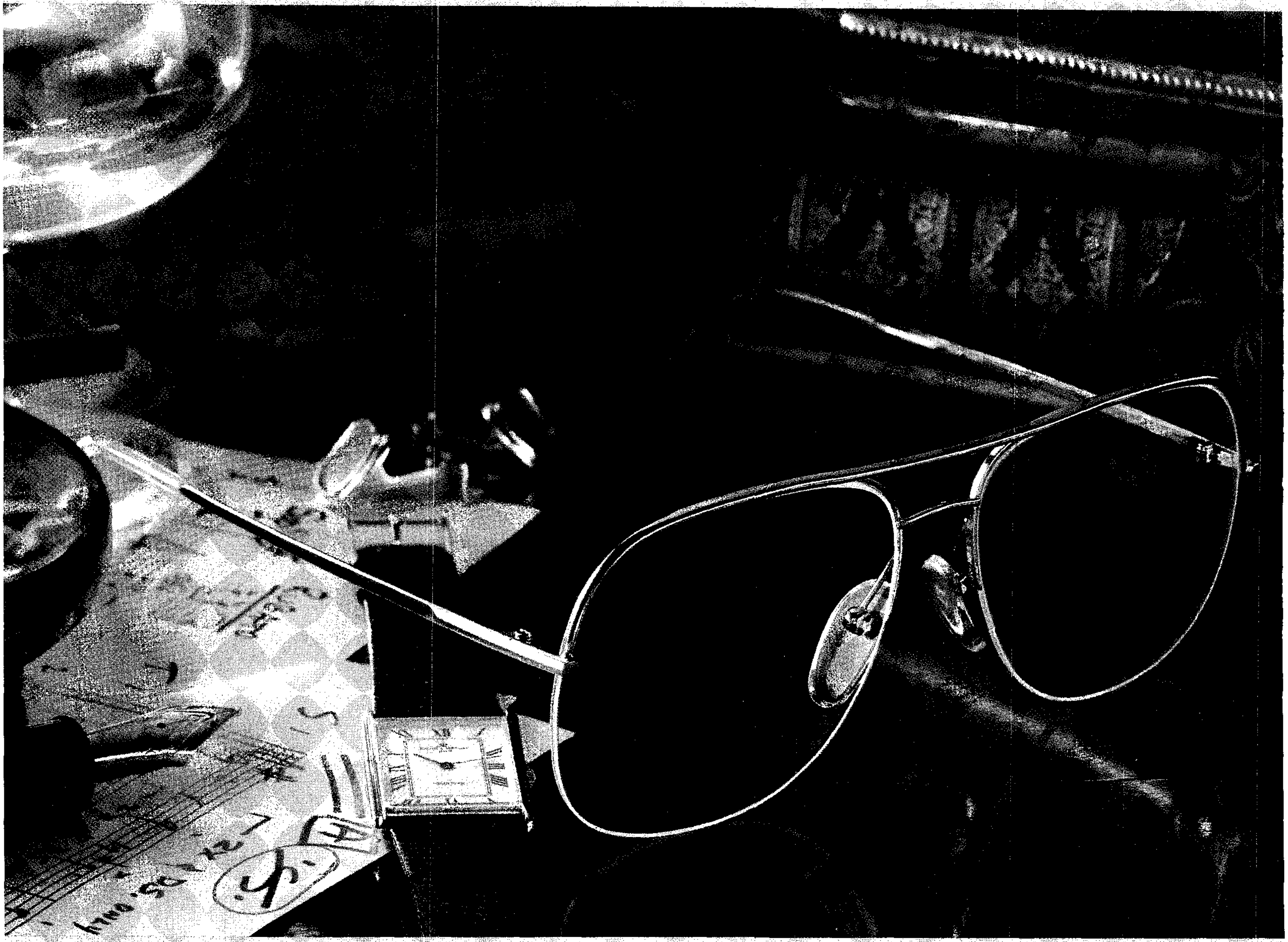

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Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings. Through June 4. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Last sections of the Atget survey. Through May 14. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Paris: *1934-44*," an exhibit reviewing the influences on this painter in the last decade of his life. Supplementary paintings and sculptures by Arp, Klee, Miró, and others. Through Sunday, April 14. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of works on paper by Helen Frankenthaler, with watercolors, acrylics, charcoal, and crayons among the mediums. Through April 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1985: eighty-four artists, a hundred and forty-six pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, video, and installations). Through June 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of drawings and paintings by nineteenth-century American Pre-Raphaelites, who practiced the doctrines of John Ruskin and the English movement, and whose subjects were nature scenes and humble still-lifes. Also included are works by better-known contemporaneous artists outside of but affected by the movement—Bierstadt, Church, Durand, and others. Through June 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . ¶ Performance at the museum: Robert Longo will present one new performance work and two others from the seventies in the third-floor courtyard on Saturday, April 13, at 7:30 and 9:30. For information about tickets, call 1-718 638-5000, Ext. 232.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display of skeletal studies done by osteologist S. Harmsted Chubb (a staff member at the museum between 1901 and 1949) which capture their subjects in motion—e.g., a man reaching for the bridle of a rearing horse. Through June 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Albrecht Dürer's original drawing "Praying Hands" is the centerpiece of a show of seventy-five Old Master drawings on loan from the Albertina collection in Vienna. As a bonus, the Morgan has added its own eight Dürers. Through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

THE KITCHEN, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Augustus Pablo (music), Thursday, April 18, and Friday, April 19, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Terry Fox (performance), Friday through Sunday, April 12-14, at 9; Ginette Laurin and company (dance), Friday through Sunday, April 19-21, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, April 10, at 8: "Tosca," with Olivia Stapp, Plácido Domingo, and Peter Glossop; conducted by Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 7: "Parsifal," with Leonie Rysanek, Jon Vickers, Richard J. Clark, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 12, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Aldo Protti; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 2: "Lulu," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8: "Tosca," with Olivia Stapp, Plácido Domingo, and Peter Glossop; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Monday, April 15, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 16, at 8: "Lulu," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 17, at 7: "Parsifal," with Leonie Rysanek, Jon Vickers, Simon Estes, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 18, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Friday, April 19, at 8: "Lulu," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 12:30: "Parsifal," with Leonie Rysanek, Jon Vickers, Simon Estes, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi.

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OPERA SHOP OF THE VINEYARD THEATRE—The first six of nine performances of Scarlatti's "La Griselda," conducted by James Kurtz and staged by Joseph LoSchiavo. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Fridays through Sundays, April 12-14 and 19-21, at 7:30.)

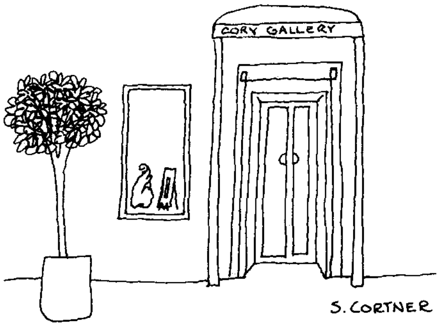
AFTER DINNER OPERA COMPANY—Presenting Seymour Barab's "Predators." (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, April 15, at 4. For free tickets, call 477-6212.)

NEW YORK LYRIC OPERA COMPANY—Christopher Keene conducting a performance of Frank Martin's "Le Vin Herbé." Staged by John Michael Tebelak. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, April 19, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

"GIMPEL THE FOOL"—An opera by David Schiff, based on a short story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in its English-language première. Conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by Dan Held. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 21, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Blacher-Prokofieff-Schumann program on Thursday, April 11, at 8; Friday, April 12, at 2; Saturday, April 13, at 8; and Tuesday, April 16, at 7:30 (all with Alexander Toradze, piano). . . . ¶ Raymond Leppard conducting an all-Handel program Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, and Tuesday, April 23, at 8 (all with Cynthia Clarey, mezzo-soprano, and Carol Webb, violin).



ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting—Wednesday, April 10, at 8: A Verdi-Bruch-Shostakovich program, with Joshua Bell, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8: A Bernstein-Liszt-Dvořák program, with Misha Dichter, piano.

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—David Zinman conducting, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 14, at 3.)

POLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Jerzy Maksymiuk conducting, with Jerzy Klocek, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 15, at 8.)

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Gunther Herbig conducting a Tchaikovsky-Mahler program, with Antonio Meneses, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 19, at 8.)

SOLISTI NEW YORK—Ransom Wilson conducting an all-Mozart program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Howard Shanet directing, with Malcolm Frager, piano; Judith Bettina, soprano; Kenneth Piotrowski, glass-harmonica; and the Columbia University Glee Club. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson conducting the fourth in a series of five concerts, this one a program entitled "A Vienna Bouquet," with Louise Russell, soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; and Suzanne McCormick, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss directing, with Paula Robison, flute; the Sine Nomine Singers; and the Brooklyn College Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, at 8, and Sunday, April 14, at 2.)

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY ORCHESTRA—Terrill Jory conducting the orchestra's inaugural concert, featuring an all-Beethoven program, with Lilian Kallir, piano; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and Leslie Parnas, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April, 13, at 3.)

ORPHEUS—With Oscar Shumsky, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 13, at 8.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider conducting an orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Peter Wiley, cello. (66 W. 12th St. Sunday, April 14, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Charles Barker directing a Bach-Handel program, with the St. Cecilia Chamber Chorus and George Mims, organ. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Sunday, April 14, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Eve Queler directing a performance of Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys" in concert form, with Barbara Hendricks, soprano; Cleopatra Ciurca, mezzo-soprano; Tibere Raffalli, tenor; Alan Titus and Mark Pedrotti, baritones; Greg Ryerson, bass; and the Schola Cantorum. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 14, at 8.)

CONCERTO SOLOISTS OF PHILADELPHIA—Gervase de Peyer conducting a benefit concert, with Carter Brey, cello, and José Maria Pinzola, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 14, at 8.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Richard Kapp conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Sharon Isbin, classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, April 17, at 8.)

NEWBAND—Dean Drummond conducting. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

SCHOLA CANTORUM—Hugh Ross directing a program of French and American music, with Aprile Millo, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 11, at 8.)

HANDEL'S "JUDAS MACCABEUS"—Johannes Somary directing a performance of the oratorio, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Doreen Walker, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Robinson, tenor; Thomas Hewes, bass; the Horace Mann Glee Club; the Colfe's School Chamber Choir, from London; and the Amor Artis Orchestra.

(Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Friday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Amor Artis Chamber Choir and Chamber Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Cheryl Bensman, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Rob Fitz and Thomas Bogdan, tenors; and Peter Stewart and Elwood Howard, bass-baritones. With audience participation. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, April 15, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a performance of Verdi's "Requiem," with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; and Paul Plishka, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Trevor Pinnock—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 11, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Ida Kavafian, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 12, at 8.)

Rachmael Weinstock, Artur Balsam, and Frederick Zlotkin—Violin, piano, and cello. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, April 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Osian Ellis, harp, and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8, and Sunday, April 14, at 5.)

Ensemble for American Music—A program of twentieth-century music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 13, at 8.

Heinz Holliger and Christiane Jaccottet—Oboe and harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 13, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of music by Dufay, with Peter Becker, countertenor, and Susan Bess Reit, harp. (St. Paul and St. Andrew Methodist Church, West End Ave. at 86th St. Saturday, April 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

André Emelianoff—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 13, at 8:30.)

Panocha String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, April 14, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Michael Brown, Francis Heilbut, and Zaidee Parkinson—Tenor and two pianists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 14, at 2.)

Elmar Oliveira—Violin, with Robert McDonald, piano, and the American String Quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 14, at 3.)

Harry Clark and Sanda Schuldmann—In a recital of Beethoven sonatas for cello and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 14, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The eleventh in a series of concerts, this one a performance by the Scottish Early Music Consort, a group making its first appearance here. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, April 14, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

North / South Consonance—Max Lifchitz conducting an ensemble and playing the piano in a program of American music. With the Manhattan Vocal Ensemble. (Trinity School Auditorium, 101 W. 91st St. Sunday, April 14, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—A program of Easter music, with Patrick Romano, tenor; Robert Stibler, cornet; and Frederick Renz, keyboard. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, April 14, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Winterfest Concerts—A program of Bach sonatas for flute and harpsichord, performed by Daniel Waitzman and Elaine Comparone. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, April 14, at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Joan La Barbara—Soprano, performing the New York première of a ninety-minute work by Morton Feldman. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Sunday, April 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Benjamin Verdery—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 14, at 8.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, April 15, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Composers' Forum—A program of music by David Diamond, honoring the composer's seventieth birthday, performed by Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; William Black, piano; Robert McDuffie, violin; and the Juilliard String Quartet. Mr. Diamond will be present. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 15, at 8.)

Daniel Phillips—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 16, at 8.)

Haskell Small—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 16, at 8.)

Patricia Neely—Viola da gamba, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 16, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program of music by John Cage and Donald Martino. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 16, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—The first in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesday, April 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4770.)

Kimball Wheeler—Mezzo-soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 17, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—A Haydn-Smetana-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 17, at 8.)

Peter Serkin—The second of two concerts of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 18, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music by Handel, Bach, and Schütz. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 18, and Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 19, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—A program of music by Mozart, Ravel, and Brahms. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 19, at 8.)

Paula Robison—Flute, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Eliot Fisk, classical guitarist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

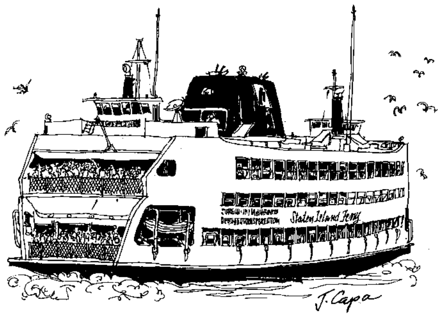
Janet Sullivan—Soprano, in the first of two performances of a program of poems set to music. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, April 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—An all-Schubert program, with Catherine Malfitano, soprano, and Artur Balsam, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

Carol Skarimbas and Martin Katz—Soprano and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera National Finals—Eleven singers chosen at the semifinals of the 1985 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council will appear. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, April 14, at 2:45.)



SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Thursday, April 11, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, April 12, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, at 1:35. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago (first American League games here), Tuesday, April 16, at 2, and Thursday, April 18, at 1. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday, April 19, at 8, and Saturday, April 20, at 2.

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Friday, April 12, at 9. . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, April 10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Saturday, April 13, at 7:30.

Boxing—A closed-circuit telecast from Las Vegas of the Marvin Hagler–Thomas Hearns Middleweight Championship bout, plus several live bouts. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, April 15, at 9.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 13.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 20.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 20.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 20.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, May 6. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 13; the Bold Ruler, Sunday, April 14; and the Wood Memorial Invitational, Saturday, April 20. . . . **Garden State Park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 15. The Garden State, Saturday, April 20.

Running—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 15.)

Trotting—At the Meadowlands: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Monday, April 15, at 6:30; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Jayne Anne Phillips reading from her own novels. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, April 11, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Jamaica Kincaid and Daniel Menaker reading from their own short stories. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 15, at 8.) . . . ¶ Mary Gordon reading from her novel "Men and Angels." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, April 16, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Theodore Weiss and Harvey Shapiro reading from their own poetry. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, April 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

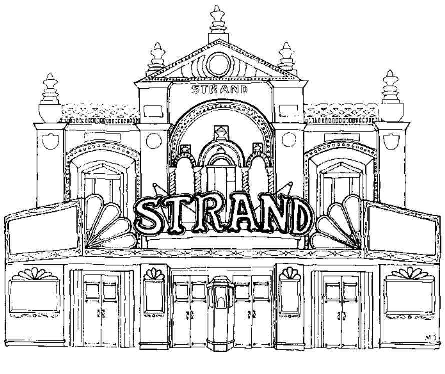
Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Park Slope, in Brooklyn, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, April 14, starting at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Arch in Grand Army Plaza, Brooklyn, at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (1000 Washington Ave. Wednesday through Friday, April 10-12, from 10 to 4, and Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, from 11 to 4.)

Auctions—At **Sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, April 10, at 2: Japanese works of art, belonging to Alan Hartman. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, April 12, at 10:15, and Saturday, April 13, at 2: English furniture and ceramics. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 16, at 10:15: Chinese snuff bottles, from the collection of Alice B. McReynolds. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 11. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 17, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, paintings, and furniture. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 11. . . . **Christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. Wednesday, April 10, at 10 and 2: American decorative arts.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 11: "French Cancan" (†).
April 12-18: A week-long program of thirty-seven video, film, and television documentaries.
From April 19: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 11: "Where the Green Ants Dream" (Werner Herzog); and "Swann in Love" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Jeremy Irons and Ornella Muti.
From April 12: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 18: "The Breakfast Club" (†).
From April 19: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 11: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay.
From April 12: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack. From April 12: "Cat's Eye" (Lewis Teague), with Drew Barrymore and James Woods.
Theatre 3: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Amadeus" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 11: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).
From April 12: "Ladyhawke" (Richard Donner), with Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through April 18: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
From April 19: "Petit Con" (Gérard Lauzier; in French).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 18: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack. From April 19: "Lost in America" (†).
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through April 18: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay. From April 19: "Lili in Love."
Theatre 2: "King David" (Bruce Beresford), with Richard Gere.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through April 11: "The Return of the Soldier" (†). From April 12: "A Test of Love" (Gil Brealey; an Australian film).
Theatre 2: Through April 18: "Lost in America" (†). From April 19: "My First Wife" (Paul Cox), with Wendy Hughes and John Hargreaves.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "Places in the Heart" (†). April 12-18: To be announced. From April 19: "The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: "Alamo Bay" (Louis Malle), with Ed Harris and Amy Madigan.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Witness" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Breakfast Club" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann). From April 12: "Cat's Eye" (Lewis Teague), with Drew Barrymore and James Woods.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 11: "The Killing Fields" (†).
From April 12: "Ladyhawke" (Richard Donner), with Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; directed by Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).
Theatre 2: Through April 16: "Ballad of the Little Soldier" (Werner Herzog) and "The Dark Glow of the Mountains" (Werner Herzog), both documentaries. From April 17: To be announced.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through April 18: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz). From April 19: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (Pedro Almodovar; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Blood Simple" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 11: "The Hit" (Stephen Frears), with Terence Stamp and John Hurt. From April 12: "Wildrose" (John Hanson), with Lisa Eichhorn.
Theatre 2: Through April 18: "The Makioka Sisters" (†). From April 19: "The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner.
Theatre 3: Through April 11: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French). From April 12: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).
Theatre 4: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "A Passage to India" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"King David" (Bruce Beresford), with Richard Gere. (No performances on Tuesday, April 16.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"A Passage to India" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Heartbreakers" (Bobby Roth), with Peter Coyote and Nick Mancuso.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Private Function" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 11: "The Wild Duck" (Henri Safran), with Jeremy Irons and Liv Ullmann.
From April 12: "The Return of the Soldier" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through April 11: "Stop Making Sense" (†). From April 12: "Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 3: "The 400 Blows" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret.
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
Theatre 3: "The Breakfast Club" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 3: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.
Theatre 4: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 5: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 6: (matinées only) "Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young; (evenings only) "Desperately Seeking Susan."

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "A Passage to India" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Rebecca De Mornay. From April 12: "Wildrose" (John Hanson), with Lisa Eichhorn.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 11: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). April 12-18: "Nine Deaths of the Ninja" (Emmett Alston), with Sho Kisugi. From April 19: "The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner.
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†); and "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin. From April 12: "Cat's Eye" (Lewis Teague), with Drew Barrymore and James Woods.
Theatre 3: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 4: "The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film. From April 12 (evenings only): "Fraternity Vacation" (James Frawley).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.
Theatre 3: Through April 18: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack. From April 19: "Moving Violations" (Neal Israel).
Theatre 4: "The Breakfast Club" (†).
Theatre 5: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 6: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262).
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen. From April 12: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).
Theatre 3: Through April 11: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). From April 12: "Fraternity Vacation" (James Frawley).
Theatre 4: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Witness" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann). From April 12: "Cat's Eye" (Lewis Teague), with Drew Barrymore and James Woods.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay. From April 12: "Ladyhawke" (Richard Donner), with Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through April 18: "Amadeus" (†). From April 19: "Alamo Bay" (Louis Malle), with Ed Harris and Amy Madigan.
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young. April 12-18: "Nine Deaths of the Ninja" (Emmett Alston), with Sho Kosugi. From April 19: "The Company of Wolves" (Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Hotel New York" (1985; directed by Jackie Raynal).

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

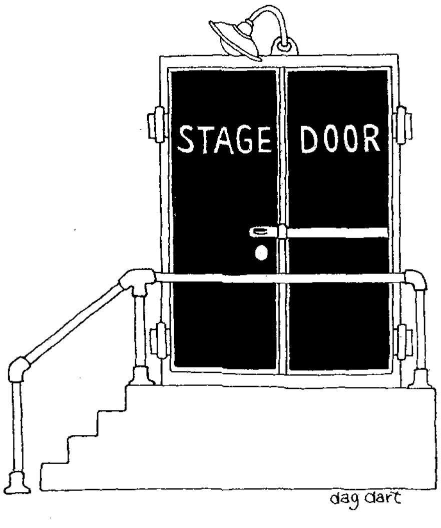
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 11: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.
From April 12: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 10: A program of French comedies.
April 11-16: A program of Yves Montand films.
From April 17: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 11: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.
April 12-13: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
April 14-16: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
April 17-18: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (†).
April 19-20: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
April 10: "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman; and "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin.
April 11-13: "Purple Rain" (1984; Albert Magnoli), with Prince; and "Streets of Fire" (1984; Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
April 14-15: "Macbeth" (1948 †) and "Hamlet" (1948 †).
April 16-17: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984; Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest; and "Hard to Hold" (1984; Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.
April 18-20: "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), and "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), all with the Marx Brothers.



Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through April 11: "Yentl" (1983; Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Mandy Patinkin, and Amy Irving; and "A Star Is Born" (1976; Frank Pierson), with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson.
April 12-13: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
April 14: "Cleopatra" (1963; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall.
April 15-16: "Eye of the Needle" (1981; Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan; and "The Riddle of the Sands" (1979; Tony Maylam), with Michael York and Simon MacCorkindale.
April 17-18: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, and Marie Dressler; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.
April 19-20: "Falling in Love" (1984; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep; and "The River" (1984; Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through April 11: "La Traviata" (1983; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo.
April 12: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "Vortex" (1983; Scott B and Beth B), with Lydia Lunch.
April 13: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards.
April 14: "Solaris" (1976; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
April 15: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.
April 16: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (†) and "Ordet" (†).
April 17: "The Family Game" (1984; Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese); and "The Sun's Burial" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
April 18: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
April 19: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; and "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
April 20: "Once Upon a Time in America" (1984; Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 10: "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers; and "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
April 11-13: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.
April 14-16: "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Notorious" (†).
April 17-20: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with

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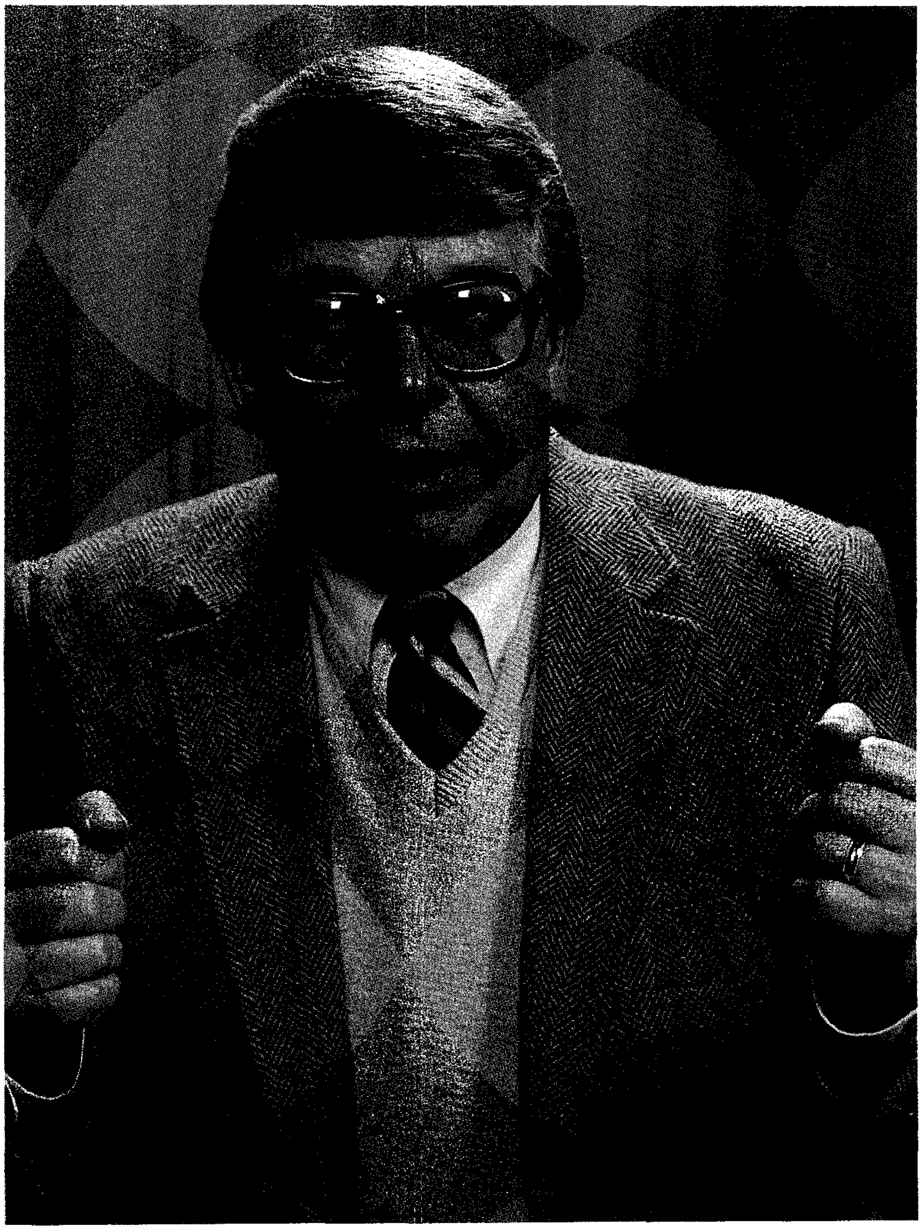

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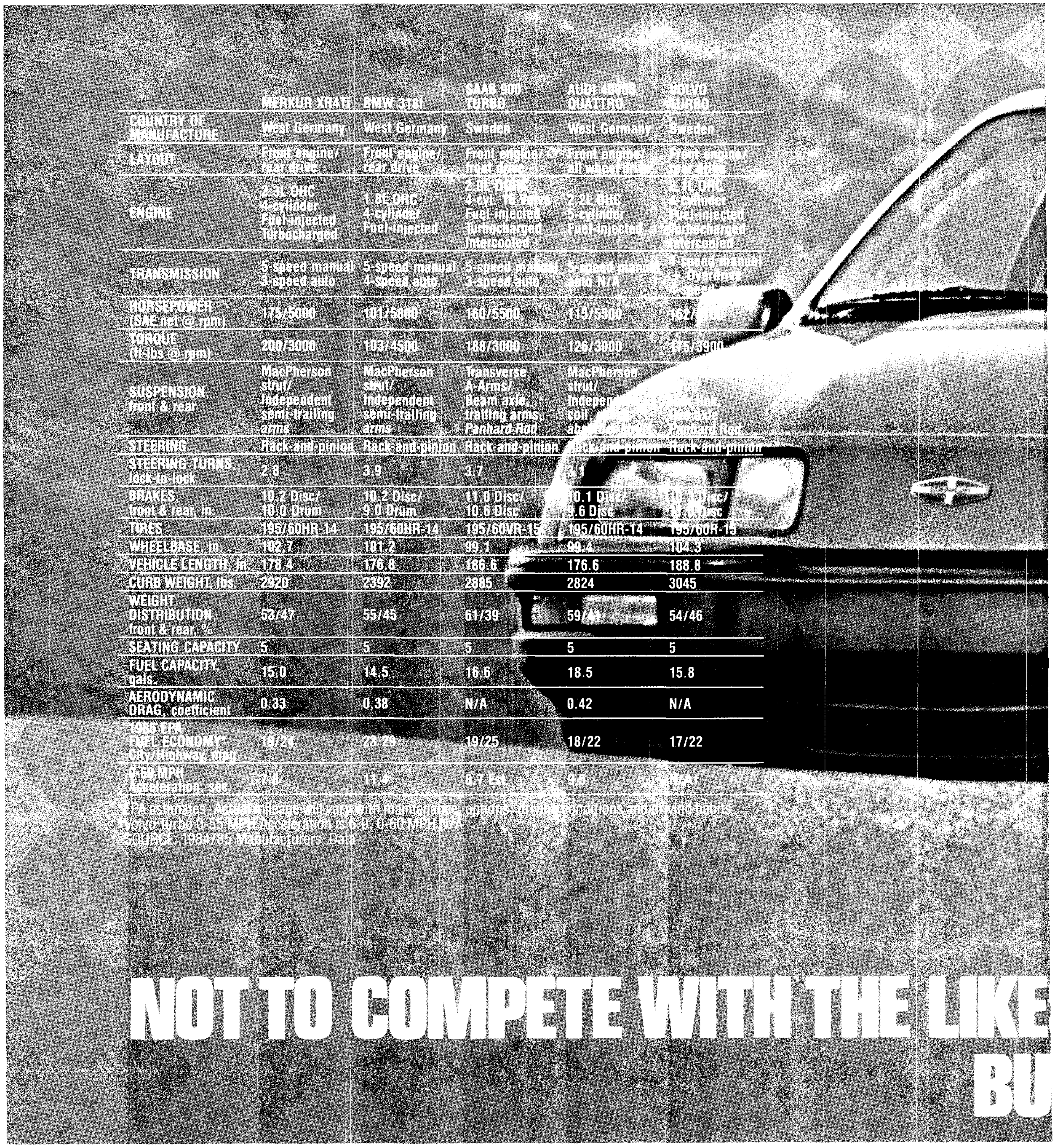

	MERKUR XR4TI	BMW 318i	SAAB 900 TURBO	AUDI 4000S QUATTRO	VOLVO TURBO
COUNTRY OF MANUFACTURE	West Germany	West Germany	Sweden	West Germany	Sweden
LAYOUT	Front engine/ rear drive	Front engine/ rear drive	Front engine/ front drive	Front engine/ all wheel drive	Front engine/ rear drive
ENGINE	2.3L OHC 4-cylinder Fuel-injected Turbocharged	1.8L OHC 4-cylinder Fuel-injected	2.0L DOHC 4-cyl. 16 Valve Fuel-injected Turbocharged Intercooled	2.2L OHC 5-cylinder Fuel-injected	2.1L OHC 4-cylinder Fuel-injected Turbocharged Intercooled
TRANSMISSION	5-speed manual 3-speed auto	5-speed manual 4-speed auto	5-speed manual 3-speed auto	5-speed manual auto N/A	4-speed manual + Overdrive 4-speed [illegible]
HORSEPOWER (SAE net @ rpm)	175/5000	101/5800	160/5500	115/5500	162/[illegible]
TORQUE (ft-lbs @ rpm)	200/3000	103/4500	188/3000	126/3000	175/3900
SUSPENSION, front & rear	MacPherson strut/ Independent semi-trailing arms	MacPherson strut/ Independent semi-trailing arms	Transverse A-Arms/ Beam axle, trailing arms, *Panhard Rod*	MacPherson strut/ Indepen[illegible] coil [illegible] ab[illegible]	[illegible] link, live axle, *Panhard Rod*
STEERING	Rack-and-pinion	Rack-and-pinion	Rack-and-pinion	Rack-and-pinion	Rack-and-pinion
STEERING TURNS, lock-to-lock	2.8	3.9	3.7	3.1	[illegible]
BRAKES, front & rear, in.	10.2 Disc/ 10.0 Drum	10.2 Disc/ 9.0 Drum	11.0 Disc/ 10.6 Disc	10.1 Disc/ 9.6 Disc	10.[illegible] Disc/ [illegible] Disc
TIRES	195/60HR-14	195/60HR-14	195/60VR-15	195/60HR-14	195/60R-15
WHEELBASE, in.	102.7	101.2	99.1	99.4	104.3
VEHICLE LENGTH, in.	178.4	176.8	186.6	176.6	188.8
CURB WEIGHT, lbs.	2920	2392	2885	2824	3045
WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION, front & rear, %	53/47	55/45	61/39	59/41	54/46
SEATING CAPACITY	5	5	5	5	5
FUEL CAPACITY, gals.	15.0	14.5	16.6	18.5	15.8
AERODYNAMIC DRAG, coefficient	0.33	0.38	N/A	0.42	N/A
1985 EPA FUEL ECONOMY* City/Highway, mpg	19/24	23/29	19/25	18/22	17/22
0-60 MPH Acceleration, sec.	7.8	11.4	8.7 Est.	9.5	N/A†

*EPA estimates. Actual mileage will vary with maintenance, options, driving conditions and driving habits.
†Volvo Turbo 0-55 MPH Acceleration is 6.9; 0-60 MPH N/A
SOURCE: 1984/85 Manufacturers' Data

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The XR4Ti's 4-cylinder, 2.3-liter overhead cam engine uses a Garrett AiResearch® "blow-through" turbocharger in conjunction with electronic fuel injection to develop a healthy 175 horsepower.* The "blow-through" design delivers excellent throttle response by introducing the fuel downstream of the turbo compressor. The result is 0-60 mph acceleration in only 7.8 seconds.

Responsiveness is further enhanced by the XR4Ti's exceptionally quick steering. Only 2.8 turns lock-to-lock. Variable-ratio, power-assisted rack-and-pinion, of course.

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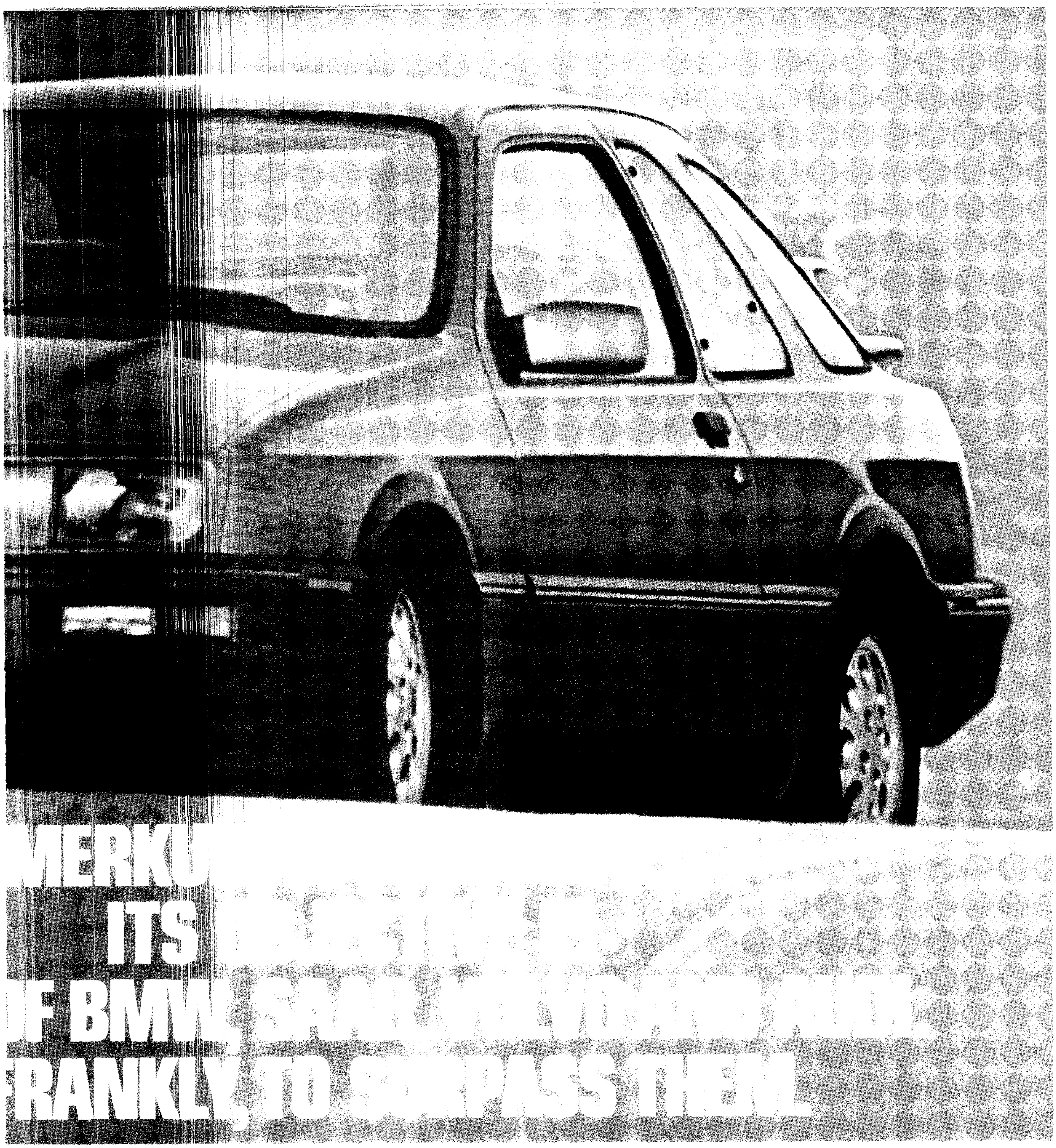

struts and shocks. And for added stability during hard cornering, there are stabilizer bars front and rear.

The XR4Ti's dedication to the art of driving is apparent in the functional design of the interior. The instrument panel wraps around the driver, providing ready access to all vital controls. The instrumentation is of analog design to allow for easy reading with just a quick glance, day or night.

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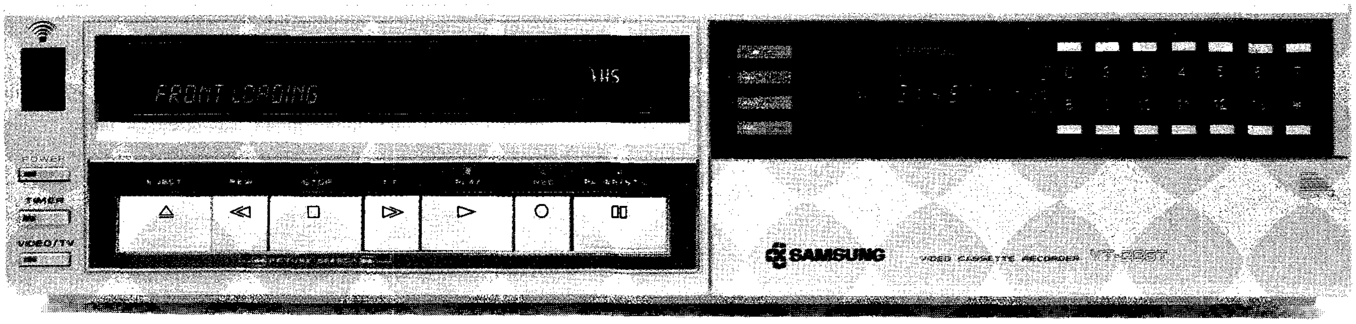

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Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 10: "The Lusty Men" (1952; Nicholas Ray), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Run for Cover" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Cagney, Viveca Lindfors, and John Derek.

April 11: "Soldier Girls" (1982; Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary; and "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (1981; Connie Field), a documentary.

April 12: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.

April 13: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.

April 14: "The Golden Coach" (1953; Jean Renoir; in French), with Anna Magnani; and "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.

April 15: "Don't Look Back" (†); and "Chords of Fame" (1984; Michael Korolenko), with Bill Burnett.

April 16: "Twentieth Century" (†); and "The Moon's Our Home" (1936; William A. Seiter), with Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda, and Beulah Bondi.

April 17: "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo" (1971; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese); and "Kill!" (1968; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese).

April 18: "Arruza" (1972; Budd Boetticher), a documentary; and three Carroll Ballard short films.

April 19-20: "Alice in Wonderland" (1951), a film with a cast of puppets, along with a couple of genuine actors, including Carol Marsh, Pamela Brown, and Felix Aylmer; and "Animal Farm" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 10: "Mandalay" (1934; Michael Curtiz), with Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Warner Oland, and Lyle Talbot; and "First Lady" (1937; Stanley Logan), with Kay Francis, Preston Foster, and Anita Louise.

April 11: "Ladies in Retirement" (1941; Charles Vidor), with Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, and Elsa Lanchester; and "The Sign of the Ram" (1948; John Sturges), with Susan Peters and Alexander Knox.

April 12-13: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster, and Ann Richards.

April 14: "Period of Adjustment" (†) and "The World of Henry Orient" (†).

April 15: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

April 16: "Charade" (†) and "Wait Until Dark" (†).

April 17: "The Mask of Fu Manchu" (†) and "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation" (†).

April 18: "On the Avenue" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell; and "Born to Dance" (†).

April 19-20: "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Through April 14: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center." . . . ¶ April 18 at 2:30 and 6: "Potemkin" (1925; directed by Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ April 19 at 2:30: "Family" (1957; Chen Xihe and Ye Ming; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 19 at 6 and April 20 at 2: "Under the Bridge" (1983; Bai Chen; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 20 at 5: "Family."

Theatre 2: Through April 14: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center." . . . ¶ April 16 at 3 and 6:30: "America" (1924; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster. . . . ¶ April 18 at 3 and 6:30: "Joint Custody: A New Kind of Family" (1983; Josephine Hayes Dean), a documentary. . . . ¶ April 20 at 2:30 and 5:30: "America, America" (1963; Elia Kazan), with Stathis Giallelis.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—The final programs in a seventeen-day festival of new films by new directors. April 10 at 6: "Small Happiness: Women of a Chinese Village" (United States; Carma Hinton and Richard Gordon) and "Tokyo Melody" (France/Japan; Ryuchi Sakamoto). . . . ¶ April 10 at 8:30: "Holi" (India; Ketan Mehta). . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: "Sylvia" (New Zealand; Michael Firth). . . . ¶ April 11 at 8:30 and April 12 at 6: "In Love at His Own Choice" (U.S.S.R.; Sergei Mikaelyan). . . . ¶ April 12 at 8:30: "Sylvia." . . . ¶ April 13 at 10 A.M. and April 14 at 11 A.M. (in Theatre 2 only): "Heimat" (West Germany; Edgar Reitz). The entire sixteen hours of the film will be shown in two eight-hour sessions, with a break for lunch. . . . ¶ April 13 at noon and April 14 at 1:30 (in Theatre 1 only): "Heimat." The final eight hours of the film will be shown, in five-hour and three-hour sessions. (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 708-9503.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Lincoln Plaza . . . ¶ U. A. Twin; through April 18.)

Animal Farm (1954)—A British animated version of the Orwell political satire. The animation, unfortunately, is not especially imaginative. (Thalia; April 19-20.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (34th St. East, D. W. Griffith, and Embassy . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through April 11.)

Blood Simple—A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. Directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan. (2/25/85) (Waverly.)

Born to Dance (1936)—The plot of this big, unimaginative M-G-M musical is a half-hearted reprise of "42nd Street" and "On with the Show;" this time Eleanor Powell is the understudy who replaces the star (Virginia Bruce). Directed by Roy Del Ruth, the movie was designed to show off Powell, who had just scored a success in "Broadway Melody of 1936;" the chief woman tapper of the period, she had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. Here she falls for a sailor on leave (James Stewart) and in the finale she taps on a battleship. Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around. Also Frances Langford and Una Merkel. The Cole Porter score includes the great "I've Got You Under My Skin," as well as "Easy to Love." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18.)

The Breakfast Club—Set mostly in the library of a suburban Chicago high school, this encounter-session movie by the writer-director John Hughes is about five students—a cross-section of the student body—who in the course of serving a 7 A.M.-4 P.M. Saturday detention peel off their layers of self-protection, confess their problems with their parents, and are stripped down to their "true selves." The five are: a champion wrestler (Emilio Estevez), a popular redhead "princess" (Molly Ringwald), a grind (Anthony Michael Hall), a glowering rebel-delinquent (Judd Nelson) who wears an earring, and a shy, skittish weirdo (Ally Sheedy). With the exception of Sheedy, who's a marvellous comic sprite and transcends her role until she is jerked back into the script mechanics, the movie is about a bunch of stereotypes who complain that other people see them as stereotypes. Hughes has talent, and when the kids are just killing time the dialogue has an easy, buggy rhythm, but this is a very wet enterprise. It appeals to young audiences by blaming adults for the kids' misery and enshrining the kids' most banal longings to be accepted and liked. Judd Nelson, who is supposed to represent what authorities want to crush, has the worst-conceived role, though Paul Gleason's part as the callous dean is a close runner-up. Also with John Kapelos as the school janitor. (4/8/85) (Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres . . . ¶ Gramercy; through April 18.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps, and love triumphs. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 16.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in an affected cinema-verité film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. (Thalia; April 15.)

The Falcon and the Snowman—The movie isn't really interested in why the intelligent Chris Boyce and his coked-up buddy, Daulton Lee, two boys from well-heeled, conservative Southern California backgrounds, sold key documents about U.S. surveillance satellites to the Russians. The director, John Schlesinger, wants to shock the hell out of us by justifying Boyce, making the point that his actions weren't the traitorous ones—the C.I.A.'s were. While Schlesinger gives you the feeling that he knows what he's doing, he has no staying power—he doesn't develop any of the ideas he tosses in. Timothy Hutton, who plays Boyce, makes you respond to the freak hidden inside the proper manners, but the attention shifts to Sean Penn's whiny, strung-out Daulton Lee—an attention-getting bummer of a performance. With David Suchet, Dorian Harewood, Lori Singer, Pat Hingle, Boris Leskin, and Joyce Van Patten. (2/11/85) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through April 11.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's elo-

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quent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Lincoln Plaza.)

French Cancan (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 11.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier produced and directed this fluid, handsome, satisfyingly paced version, and he himself is a witty and active platinum-blond Hamlet. It is a tribute to Shakespeare's passionate immediacy that everyone has his own idea of the play, and many will find much to quarrel with in this film. (For example, the soliloquies have been turned into interior monologues, which diminishes them.) But even if you feel that certain scenes should be done differently, when has the rest of the play been done so well? With Jean Simmons as Ophelia, Basil Sydney as the King, Eileen Herlie as the Queen, Stanley Holloway as the Grave Digger, Felix Aylmer as Polonius, Norman Wooland as Horatio, Terence Morgan as Laertes, Esmond Knight as Bernardo, Anthony Quayle as Marcellus, Harcourt Williams as First Player, and John Laurie as Francisco. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 14-15.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through April 11.)

Lost in America—Original and pleasantly snappy. It lacks the fullness of a major comedy, but Albert Brooks, who stars in it and directed, is on to something: satirizing the upper middle class from within, he shows the nagging terror along with the complacency. And he keeps you laughing fairly steadily. As David, an L.A. advertising whiz, he's an only slightly exaggerated specimen of a large number of rising young businessmen and professional men—the insecure successes, the swollen-headed worriers. He's an anxious wreck who tortures himself and his wife over every detail of his existence. With her little-girl breathiness and her look of panic, Julie Hagerty is an ideal choice for the timid, depressed woman who puts up with him. The picture is about what happens when these two buy a luxury motor home, and, with the security of a nest egg of roughly a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, set out to find themselves and get in touch with the real America. With Garry Marshall as the pit boss of the Desert Inn Casino, and Art Frankel and Michael Greene. The script is by Brooks and Monica Johnson. Note on the magic of movies: the L.A. offices where David works look very familiar—they were Jerry Lewis's New York offices in "The King of Comedy." (4/8/85) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through April 18. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting April 19.)

Macbeth (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 14-15.)

The Makioka Sisters (1983)—Kon Ichikawa celebrates the delicate beauty of the four Makioka sisters—the four heiresses of an aristocratic Osaka family, who move as if always conscious that they must be visual poetry—and at the same time he makes you feel that there's something amusingly perverse in their poise and their politesse. Set in 1938, the film is like a succession of evanescent revelations—the images are stylized and formal, yet the quick cutting melts them away. The venerable Ichikawa is doing what so many younger directors have claimed to be doing: he's making visual music. And he's doing it without turning the actors into zombies, and without losing his sense of how corruption and beauty and humor are all rolled up together. In Japanese. (3/11/85) (Quad Cinema; through April 18.)

The Mask of Fu Manchu (1932)—Fortunately, Boris Karloff doesn't seem to take his Oriental accoutrements too seriously. As the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter, Myrna Loy isn't as archly bemused as Karloff, but she's fun to see in her slinky getup. A tolerable, campy entertainment, with Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. Charles Brabin and Charles Vidor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 17.)

Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (1939)—There were nine of these ingratiating, mildly clever B pictures starring Peter Lorre as the smiling, super-polite, super-smart Oriental detective. This is the eighth of the batch; in it, Mr. Moto perceives, from an examination of footprints, that a man who pretends to be lame is only faking. Norman Foster directed; with Joseph Schildkraut, Lionel Atwill, and Virginia Field. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 17.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: Will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. Great trash, great fun. With Claude Rains and Louis Calhern. (Regency; April 14-16.)

Ordet (1955)—Carl Dreyer made two emotionally overpowering great films—"The Passion of Joan of Arc" (see below) and "Day of Wrath." But "Ordet," which the world press greeted as his masterpiece, may be considered less than that. Kaj Munk, author of the play, was a Danish pastor. His play, written on the text "O ye of little faith," deals with a modern Resurrection, and Dreyer treats it with extreme literalness. Some of us may find it difficult to accept the holy-madman protagonist (driven insane by too close study of Kierkegaard!), and altogether impossible to get involved in the factional strife between bright, happy Christianity and dark, gloomy Christianity—represented as they are by people sitting around drinking vast quantities of coffee. In Danish. (Metro Cinema; April 16.)

A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, Festival, and New Yorker.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1928)—One of the greatest of all movies. The director, Carl Dreyer, based the script on the trial records, and the testimony appears to be given for the first time. Dreyer turns the camera on the faces of Joan and the judges, and in giant closeups he reveals his interpretation of their emotions. In this enlargement Joan and her persecutors are shockingly fleshly—isolated with their sweat, warts, spittle, and tears, and (as no one used makeup) with startlingly individual contours, features, and skin. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Silvain as Cauchon, Michel Simon, André Berley, Maurice Schutz, and the young Antonin Artaud. The film is silent, but as you often see the (French) words forming you may have the illusion that you've heard them. (Metro Cinema; April 16.)

Period of Adjustment (1962)—A slapstick comedy about a pair of young married couples and how hard they find the married state. Based on the less comic play by Tennessee Williams, and starring Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. Directed by George Roy Hill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (Guild. . . . ¶ Gemini; through April 11.)

A Private Function—It never quite makes the final leap into lewd farce, but it's pretty funny anyway. The action is set in a small Yorkshire town in 1947, during the worst of the postwar austerity, and the plot involves the efforts of the local pillars of society (Denholm Elliott, John Normington, Richard Griffiths) to fatten a hidden, "unlicensed" pig for a banquet celebrating the nuptials of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. They run into trouble when the pig is stolen by a mild-mannered chiropodist (Michael Palin), who is encouraged by his Lady Macbeth of a wife (Maggie Smith). The movie is trivial, but alive and unruly; the characters cheat and conspire on such a low level that it suggests "Volpone" set in a cabbage patch. With Liz Smith, Bill Paterson, and Rachel Davies. Directed by Malcolm Mowbray. (3/25/85) (Paris.)

The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema Studio, and Movieland.)

Return of the Jedi (1983)—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax—a chance to engage the audience emotionally with something awesome—the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Billy Dee Williams, Anthony Daniels as C-3PO, and Peter Mayhew as Chewbacca. (Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Plaza; through April 18.)

The Return of the Soldier—Directed by Alan Bridges, this film version of Rebecca West's first novel, published in 1918, isn't great or exciting, but it's very enjoyable. Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret play the three women who love the shell-shocked amnesiac Captain Chris Baldry (Alan Bates), who has forgotten the last twenty years of his life and regressed to the time of his greatest joy. The conflict is: Should he be allowed to remain in his boyish state of happiness, or should he be forced to confront the truth? As Chris's wife, Julie Christie is so outrageously vain that she's funny; Glenda Jackson takes the literary conception of an instinctual, loving woman and plays it with an ease and leanness that's fairly astounding; and Ann-Margret has a thankless role, but she acquits herself with likable dignity. In a part that could seem ludicrous, Alan Bates has a weight and an aura of middle-aged bewilderment that you don't laugh off. The cast includes Ian Holm, Frank Finlay, and Jeremy Kemp. (3/11/85) (Cinema I; through April 11. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting April 12.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes the supremely regal (and supremely funny) Constance Collier, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn. Directed by Gregory La Cava. (Cinema Village; April 17-18.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through April 11.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Quad Cinema.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—A first-rate hard-boiled farce about theatrical personalities. John Barrymore was a great farceur, and his performance as the egomaniac producer Oscar Jaffe is a roaring caricature of theatrical drive and temperament. It was Carole Lombard's performance as Jaffe's protégée that established her as a comedienne. Most of the action takes place on the crack train of the title—the Twentieth Century, going from Chicago to New York—which represented the latest thing in speed and luxury. Howard Hawks directed in a fast, entertaining style, punching up the lines. (Thalia; April 16.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 16.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Odd and erratic but often touching film about two young New York girls who go celebrity hunting. With Peter Sellers, Angela Lansbury, Paula Prentiss, and Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14.)

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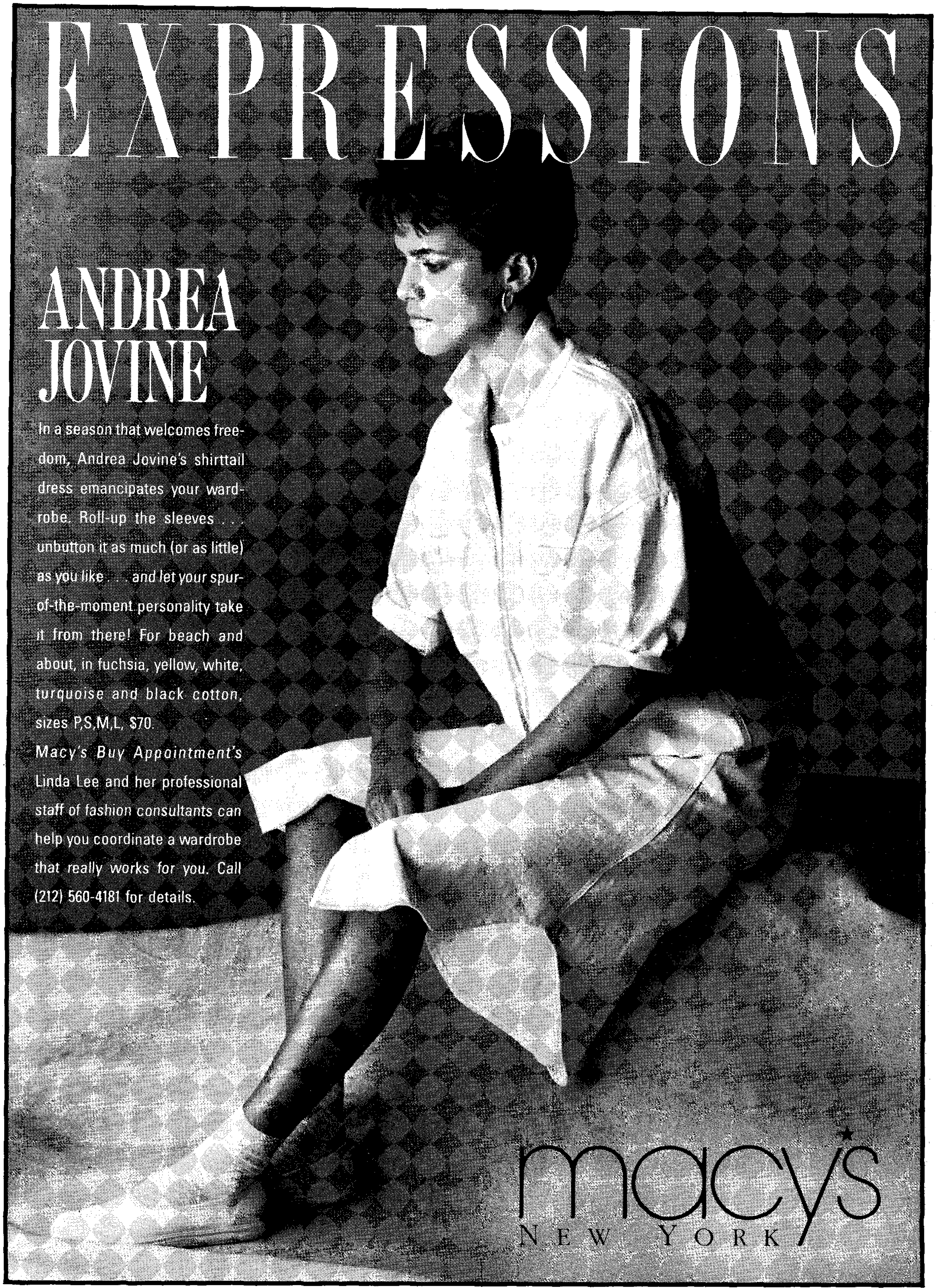

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN recent weeks, preceding and following the three-hundredth anniversary of Johann Sebastian Bach's birthday, on March 21st, Bach's music has been flooding into the world, as concert halls, radio stations, and—in this Easter season—churches have been dedicating themselves to the performance of his works. Bach's music lends itself to broadcasting. Listening to Bach on the radio, one is perfectly satisfied. One cares less about seeing the performers than one might in listening to the works of another composer—say, Beethoven. The music seems to come from nowhere or everywhere, and that seems appropriate to Bach. It is as though the airwaves themselves had taken it into their heads to sing—as though the universe had burst into song. All of Bach's music, wherever and however it is performed, has some of this quality, but there is a particular piece that, to our own ear, conveys it especially strongly—the first movement of the Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto, with its long harpsichord cadenza near the end. In listening to most concerti, we feel that the soloist represents the individual person and the orchestra represents the world, or the universe, or fate, against whose backdrop the individual enacts his destiny. But in listening to the Fifth "Brandenburg" we feel that the soloist represents the background, and the orchestra a sort of crowd in the foreground. In the opening orchestral passage, the harpsichord starts off in the workhorse continuo role that was so often assigned to that instrument in the Baroque period, but very soon it emerges as a soloist, together with a solo flute and a solo violin. As the piece proceeds, the flute and the violin seem to retire gradually from prominence, until finally they fall silent. Then the great harpsichord cadenza unfolds, and the world itself, in whose immensity all individual lives rise and fall, seems to have been given a voice in which to speak to us.

In recent weeks, too, the Soviet and American delegations to the nuclear-arms talks have been getting down to work in Geneva, and what they are concerned with also has to do with the life of the whole world, which the two powers threaten with their nuclear arsenals. The meaning of life will not form a part of their discussions—they will appoint no subcommittee to weigh up the value of mankind to itself, and instead will be speaking, as they must, of verification, megatons, throw-weight, and the like—and certainly they did not go to Geneva to listen to concerts, yet it is our hope that at some point in the proceedings some strains of the music of Bach now sounding throughout the world will seep into the conference room, reminding them, as it has reminded all of us, why they must succeed.

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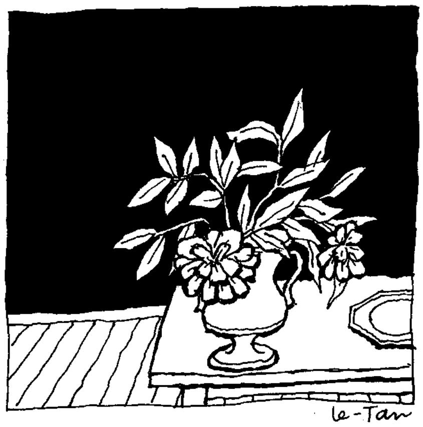
IN a striking article in the *Times Magazine* the other Sunday, Joseph Lelyveld reports that in conversations with some young people around the country about the war in Vietnam he found their impressions of it to be remarkably dim. At one point, he tried out a series of names on the students in a Sunday-school class in Missouri: Ho Chi Minh, McNamara, the Chicago Seven, Thieu, and Ky. The students, high-school juniors and seniors, could identify none. A young woman in Fort Benning, Georgia, who was preparing for airborne training in the Army thought that the United States had won the war, and was surprised to learn otherwise from Lelyveld. Reading this article, which confirmed what other writers have said about the low level of information among young people concerning even very recent events, we were reminded of all the talk not so many years ago about "the global village," which, it was said, was being inaugurated by the new electronic media. And, in fact, thanks to the invention of communications satellites and other technical marvels, a system of virtually instantaneous global communications has been installed, reaching from the remotest parts of the world into the living rooms of millions. There are several things that have not happened, though. One is that information in repressive societies—including, notably, those behind the Iron Curtain—has not been made available to the system. Large blacked-out patches survive in the wired-up globe—in Cambodia and in Afghanistan, for example, where horrors continue to occur in comparative obscurity. It seems that the global village has a political precondition—freedom of speech and freedom of the press, which exist only in certain parts of the world. More surprising, though, has been a result in the free countries—a result suggested by Mr. Lelyveld's findings among young people in this country: what the news has gained in volume and speed it appears to have lost in durability. Information is more available but also more perishable. Part of the reason may be the very nature of the electronic media. They



offer the news in a present that has neither a past nor a future. You cannot look back up the page of a television broadcast to check what you have just seen, or down the page to see how it might relate to what follows. The pictures flicker on the screen and then are gone forever. We speak of a newspaper of record, but no one ever speaks of a television station of record. (Libraries of television news programs, for example, are few.) Through television, we are enclosed in a vivid present that is immediately not only replaced but effaced by another vivid present. That the increase in the horizontal spread of news, through the new global technology, may have been won at the expense of its vertical spread in time—in memory—is, in fact, suggested by the experience of countries that lack freedom, and so have been left out of the global revolution. In Poland, for example, news crawls laboriously from hand to hand by means of dog-eared samizdat but, once learned, leaves an indelible mark. There each event takes its place, and finds its meaning, in the historical chain, and no people is more occupied with its history than the Poles are. Behind the Iron Curtain, people obtain information with difficulty and retain it with ease. Here we obtain it with ease and retain it with difficulty. The new communications media may be giving rise to a new ignorance. Each generation brings a clean slate into the world. But the world itself is not a clean slate, and what happened before needs to be learned and remembered.

• •

Cat

MUSIC—recorded safari music, the singing of many porters—filled the air of the restaurant called The Ballroom. On its stage, hefty packages were piled up. Each was wrapped in orange-yellow paper bearing the legend "MIGHTY CAT" and a full-face drawing of a tiger, but nobody paid attention to the packages when three new arrivals appeared at the other end of the room—a man, a woman, and a real tiger. The tiger looked large (perhaps most tigers do), and he trod the floor very proudly as his escorts—the man holding a long chain attached to the animal's collar—followed rather than led him up onto the stage. The tiger seemed cheerful about everything. Onstage, he moved around sniffing at chairs and walls, and then, when the man holding the leash said something to him, he subsided on the floor in a Mme. Récamier attitude.

The press—for this was a press conference—were awed and quiet for a minute or so. Then they jumped up and drew close to the stage with their cameras and recorders. Mighty Cat—that was the tiger's name—was not interested in them, but they were fascinated by him.

The man with the chain rubbed Mighty Cat's head and neck in a caress and made a soothing noise. Cat responded with an utterance hard to describe. It was not a purr—too loud. It was not a growl—too good-natured. Whatever one called it, it occupied the air as long as the tiger wished to speak, and when it died away there were various attempts to imitate it. Failing to do this, people laughed fondly nevertheless.

On each of our tables was a printed sheet saying, "HELP SAVE THE MIGHTY CATS OF AFRICA: News from Mighty Cat premium scented litter." Another paper told us that the handlers of the tiger Mighty Cat, Gene and Rusti Schuler, are the proprietors of the Wild Animal Retirement Village, in Waldo, Florida.

"How old is he?" someone asked.

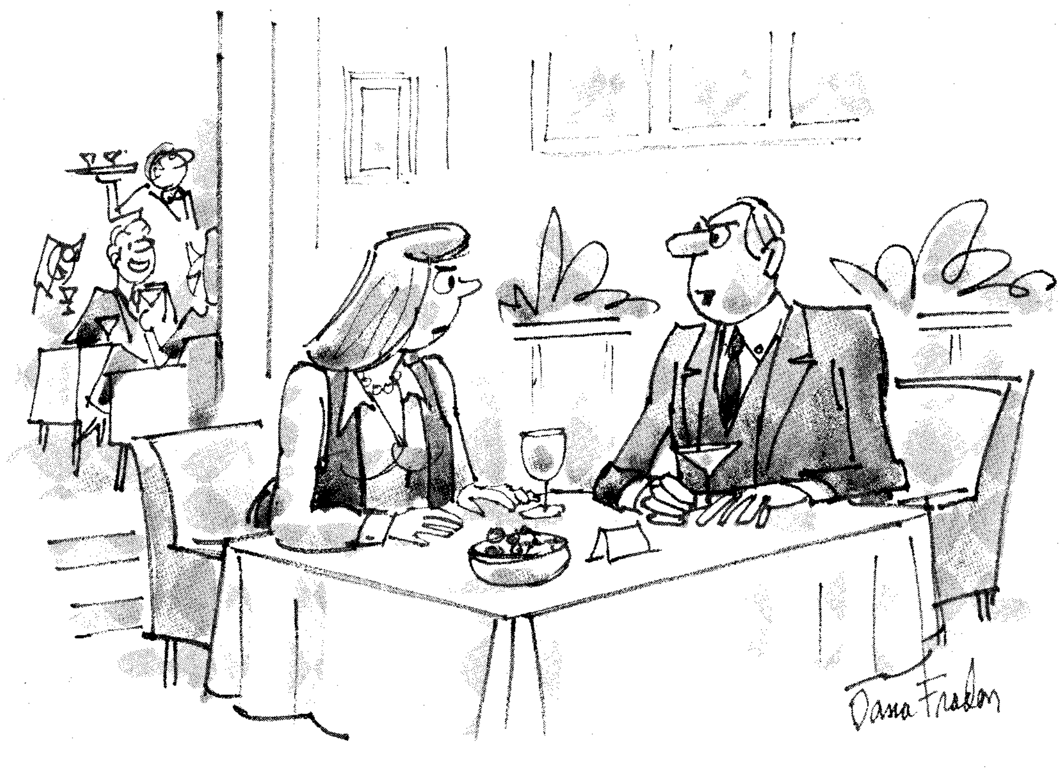
"Just four in January," Mr. Schuler replied.

"Is he a Bengal tiger?"

"He's a Siberian. In fact, he's really a cross, but he's got more Siberian in him than anything else. . . . Weight? Four-fifty, five hundred pounds. Right now, that's as accurate a weight as you can get for him, but he can grow a little bit more. The males generally don't mature until they reach the age of five, and females somewhere between three and four, the same as with lions. . . . He has no enemies—no. Tigers have been known to tackle an elephant, also to swim out and attack people in a boat, but that's usually out of desperation. There's usually something wrong with them when they attack people—they're crippled, or whatever."

"Before you bring him out like this, do you tranquillize him, or something?" asked a man with a camera.

"No," Gene Schuler said in an indulgent tone. "The best tranquillizer of all is a hearty meal before going out. The only one who needs tranquillizing is me. He's just like you and me. When he's eaten plenty, all he wants is to dive for the couch. Tigers can

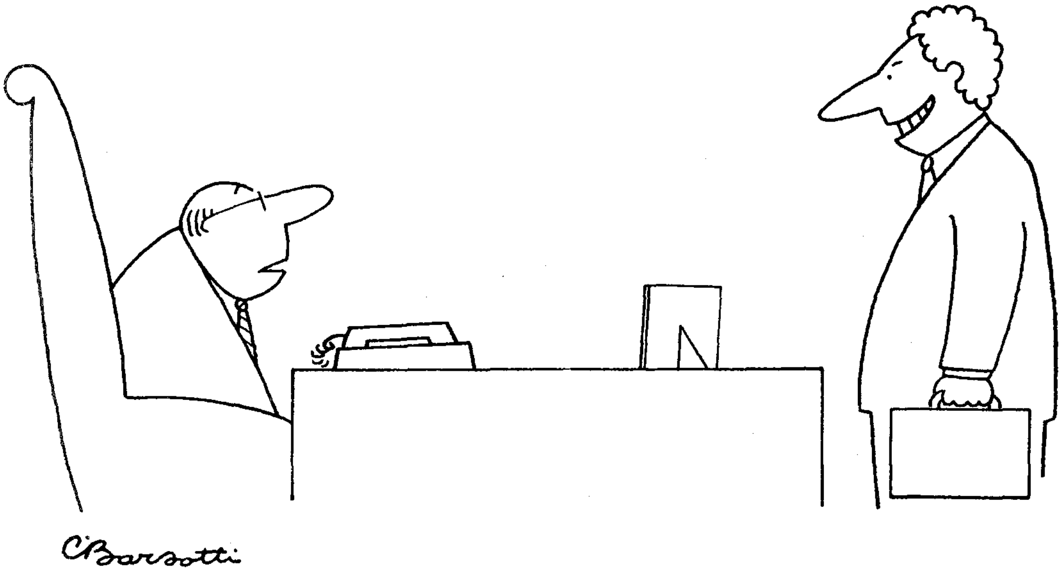


"I'll make an agreement with you. You stop talking about Cyndi Lauper and I'll stop talking about T. Boone Pickens!"

eep twenty hours a day they have enough to it.”

Mr. Wayne Lynch, vice- resident of sales and arketing for Mighty Cat tter, introduced himself nd explained the connec- on between the scented tter and the presence of e handsome tiger. The chulers, with their Wild nimal Retirement Vil- ge, are somewhat like eorge Adamson, of Ken- a, who has devoted his ife to saving lions and ther great cats in Africa, xcept that Adamson tries o put them back in the vild, whereas the Schulers an only protect and sup- ort captive wild animals o longer used in zoos or ircuses, many of whom ave been abused. They became inter- sted in George Adamson when they ead a *Smithsonian* article about him n 1983. Husband of the late Joy Adamson, who wrote “Born Free,” Adamson lives in a remote spot called Kampi ya Simba—Swahili for Camp f the Lion—which is in the Kora National Reserve, about two hundred nd thirty miles from Nairobi. Adam- on is not in Africa right now, hough, the reason being that, at eventy-nine, he is having a cataract peration in Vienna, while Tony Fitz- ohn, his associate in the Kora Nation- l Reserve, stands by at the Camp of he Leopard, near the Camp of the Lion. “It was suggested to us by the Schulers that we should help George if we could,” Mr. Lynch said, “so over the next twelve months we are contributing a proportion of the scented litter’s earnings to a fund for him. We figure it ought to bring him between thirty-five thousand and fifty thousand dollars. Now Dick Houston, an authority on George Adamson and Tony Fitzjohn, will tell us something about their work.”

Battling with a difficult projector, Mr. Houston (who had written the *Smithsonian* story) managed to show some stills of the camps in the shadow of Kora Rock. Then lunch was announced—people would have a choice of those Spanish hors d’oeuvres called *tapas*, a Ballroom specialty—and everyone trooped into the room next door. Everyone but the Schulers, Mighty Cat, and a few absorbed worshippers.



“*Your motto is ‘Dare to reach for greatness’? Goodness, I don’t* *__have__* *a motto.*”

• •

“He doesn’t want to leave,” Greg Dawson, the proprietor, reported in a gratified tone. “I asked Schuler if the tiger wouldn’t like some *tapas*, but Schuler said, ‘No, no. You wouldn’t know him when he’s eating—he’s a totally different animal. He’d tear your arm off.’ ” Mr. Dawson beamed.

Actual and Proposed

OVER here! Sir! We have something new to add to the debate—the debate over press conferences. Not necessarily press conferences involving tigers. Just press conferences in general. This Op-Ed Old Faithful erupted about on schedule a few weeks ago when the President called on a certain reporter because she was wearing a dress the same shade of bright red as one of Nancy’s dresses. We have become dupes—sheep grazing on carefully fertilized lawns—said some newsmen. It is our job to be obedient fact-Hoovers, sucking up what lies in our path, replied others. Our new personal rule is: Attend press conferences only in rooms where the ceiling is covered with mirrors, as was the case at the recent opening of Herald Center, the city’s first “vertical theme retail” complex. Normally, we would have sat there and figured out some issue to worry over. For instance, Herald Center has found occupants for only just over half the stores in its ten-level building (which is directly across Thirty-fourth Street from Macy’s). Does this mean that the shopping fever has broken? If so, what will take its place? Chautauquas? Marionettes? But when we happened to look up and see it all reflected in the mirrors we realized what a cheery thing it is merely to be attached to the earth. Gravity works—that is what it’s all about. Also, a lot more people than you would expect are bald right on top.

Herald Center boasts some great stuff:

A store that sells only windups—toys and music boxes.

The Everything Yogurt restaurant.

Ten levels, each designed to suggest a different Manhattan neighborhood. The Village level has “brick-like ceramic flooring,” Central Park has green slate, and so on.

The only carrousel in the world known to “*revolve around a column of an existing building*.” (Mayor Koch took the inaugural spin. “Where’s the ring?” he hollered, six times.)

But none of these features can compare with the mirrored ceilings. In them, shoppers glide like water bugs on the surface tension of commerce, and reporters hang on every word like acrobats. A news conference is the world arranged; in a ceiling mirror, it is hype turned goofy. “I think the word ‘unique’ is really called for today,” said Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein.

•

WHEN Mayor LaGuardia ripped down the Sixth Avenue “L,” more than forty years ago, he installed in its place a subway (not nearly as dear to essayists as the shady, rumbling

Elevated) and also a pedestrian tunnel running from Herald Square to Forty-second Street. Except on days of pelting rain, when some savvy commuters actually walk along the thirty-foot-wide passage instead of going aboveground and getting wet, it is almost deserted. "You come down here at rush hour and there are only a few people," Claude Samton told us as we stood under the corner of Thirty-eighth Street. "The proof is there's no graffiti on the walls."

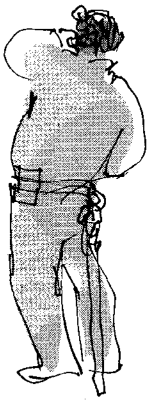
Why should this dim tunnel sit here unused, when above it throngs crowd the streets and crowds throng the avenues? Why shouldn't the tunnel become a lower-level sidewalk and shopping mall, the spine of the largest mall on the planet—a mall stretching along other existing pathways to Penn Station and Grand Central, and perhaps even to Rockefeller Center? Why shouldn't there be electric trams and natural light and moving sidewalks? No one has come up with answers to those questions good enough to deter Mr. Samton, who is an architect and has spent much of the last six years working with his partner, Edward Cohen, on plans for an Underground City. "We've presented the plan probably twenty or twenty-five times to city agencies, to the M.T.A. board," Mr. Samton said. "Every time, there's interest. There are always people who say, 'Fantastic idea.' Half the M.T.A. board didn't even know the tunnel existed, and were just amazed to find out they owned it. But the project needs someone to back it—a mayor, a developer."

Everywhere else in Manhattan, something already is, and to build something big and new, like the Underground City ("This will be two million square feet of retail space—including the basements of adjoining buildings—which is bigger than the mall in Tokyo, and that's the biggest"), you usually have to tear down something big and old. But there's *nothing* in the tunnels; it's as if Samton and Cohen had found a new dimension to build in. Samton imagines lowering Herald Square, and sinking a plaza on Broadway at Forty-third, and, best of all, installing moving sidewalks where the shuttle train now clatters between Times Square and Grand Central. In our imagination, moving sidewalks are Krazy Glued to the World of Tomorrow, or the day after. Any excuse for a moving sidewalk! "And these moving sidewalks will be very unusual ones," Samton told us. "Most moving sidewalks—say, your airport models—move at set speeds. What we want to use is a new, accelerated type developed in France—it moves slowly at the points where you step on and off but quite fast in the middle. *Quite* fast. They've tried it with the elderly and the handicapped, and had no problem."

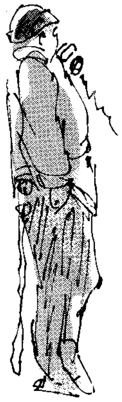
When Samton and Cohen's plans were exhibited last month at the Urban Center, a written introduction to the display noted, "This proposal may be more visionary than it is practical." The statement, frankly, steamed Samton a little. "People say things like 'visionary,' but no one goes down to look at the tunnels," he said. "It's all there. What does 'visionary' mean? It seems to mean big concepts that include a lot of ideas. In New York, people think one corner of one block is a big project. But this is going to happen. Sometimes I almost feel like Olmsted preaching about Central Park. It took years before he got people to listen."

Phone Calls

IT was 47°, according to a digital sign above Nathan's restaurant at Forty-third Street and Broadway, and the time, an instant later, 8:96, or what looked like 8:96 from across Times Square, where there were three telephone booths next to the curb. Business in the booths was sparse at this time of the morning. Two men who had ropes hanging from their belts (mountaineers? window-washers?) were taking turns using one of the phones. A dark-haired one (*Illus. A*) called first, while the other, wearing a wool cap, waited. No luck. The first hung up, emerged; discussion ensued. The two men gazed up and dow Broadway for a while. Then th second man (*Illus. B*) gave it a tr

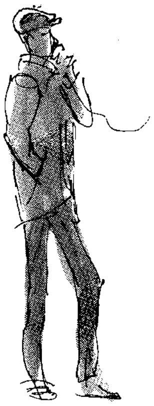


Illus. A

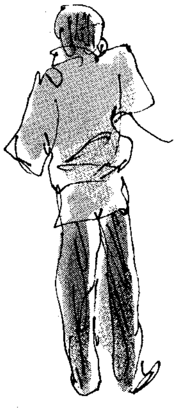


Illus. B

Still no luck. Both men stood aroun and waited some more. At the opposit end of the efficiency spectrum was a tall fellow (*Illus. C*) who darted int one of the booths, made a call that could not have been more than eight words in length, and was out like a shot and gone. Nearly as brisk was a caller who drove up in a maroon car, parked boldly next to the booth, made his call (*Illus. D*), and sped away

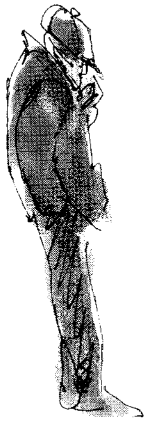


Illus. C



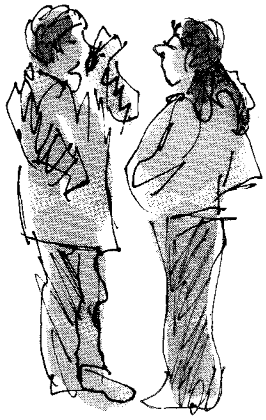
Illus. D

in a downtown direction. Next came a desolate-looking man (*Illus. E*) who placed a highly confidential, if not very promising, call and slouched off.

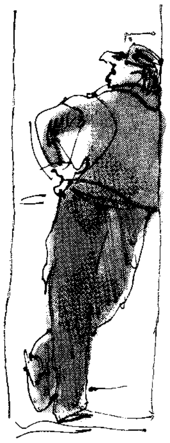


Illus. E

A collaborative team (*Illus. F*)—the man talking, the woman evaluating—were followed by what appeared to be a deliveryman or repairman (*Illus. G*).

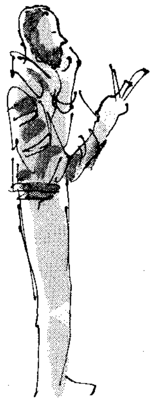


Illus. F



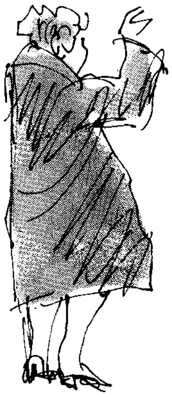
Illus. G

He had a company patch on his cap and another on his shoulder, and seemed to be the kind who is scheduled to come sometime between nine and five, so you are required to stay home all day and wait. He was in no hurry at all. A thin man in a striped shirt (*Illus. H*) was holding a pencil and a slip of paper during his call.

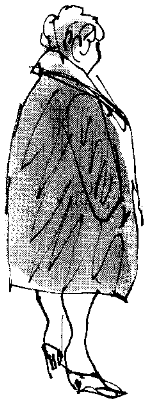


Illus. H

He may have been reading a list of items he needed to have fixed, if they could please send a repairman. A patient elderly woman placed a call (*Illus. I*), got no response, waited (*Illus. J*), tried again.

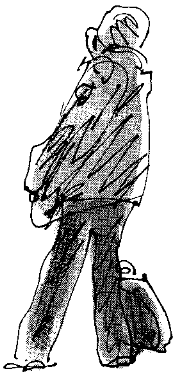


Illus. I

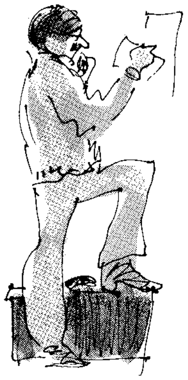


Illus. J

A security-minded man (*Illus. K*) kept one toe against his briefcase while he talked; another man (*Illus. L*)—just in from out of town, perhaps, and clutching what was perhaps a list of people to call—kept one boot on his suitcase as he delivered the good news of his arrival.

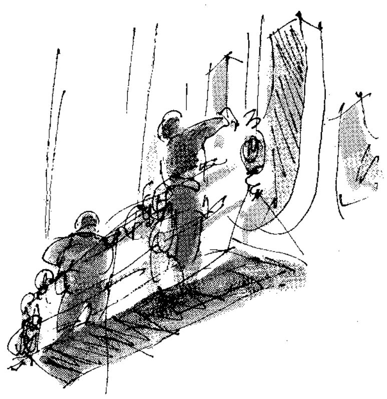


Illus. K



Illus. L

It was time to get to our office. Looking up, we saw the two mountaineers hard at work on a big sign high above (*Illus. M*).



Illus. M

Whatever they'd been phoning about, it must have turned out all right.

CANINE CHÂTEAU

(A CLASSIFIED DOCUMENT FROM THE PENTAGON'S ONGOING PROBE INTO THAT DEFENSE CONTRACTOR'S $87.25 BILL FOR DOG BOARDING)

DEAR SECRETARY WEINBERGER:

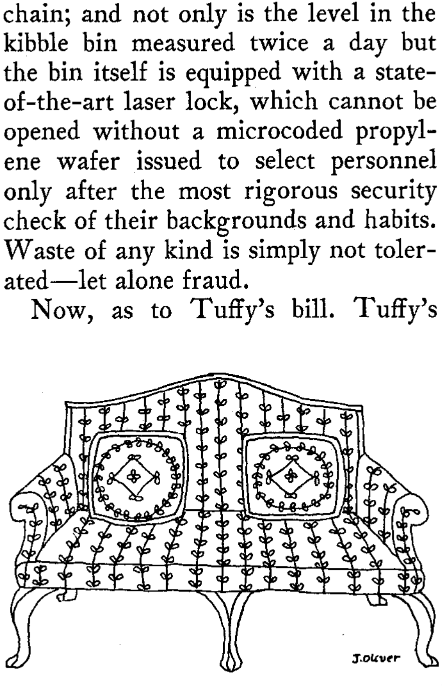
I have received your request for particulars about the "nauseating" and "preposterous" bill run up at this establishment by Tuffy. I would be more than happy to supply details—I would be *delighted.* As someone who devotes his life to the humane treatment of animals, I welcome this opportunity to enlighten the Department of Defense and the Congress, neither of which seems to have the faintest idea what a dog requires.

Before I get into that, however, may I point out that Canine Château is far from being some little fly-by-night dog dorm with a few bunk beds, a Small Business Administration loan, and a penchant for padding its bills to make ends meet. We have been a major and highly profitable concern since 1981. Up until that time, I had been a tool designer at Low-Bid Tool & Die (in Van Nuys), running a private specialty shop called Jeff's Claw Clipper out of my office. (And I suppose I'm going to get into trouble for *that* now with the I.R.S.) They phased out my job in favor of a computer when Low-Bid won the contract to produce the "manicure kits" (I think you know what I'm talking about) that President Reagan sent as gifts to Saudi Arabia. But I wanted to remain within the industry, and I realized the potential for expanding Jeff's Claw Clipper into a full-service kennel targeted specifically to the defense-contract segment of the pet-boarding market.

I had heard of a lovely old Spanish Colonial mansion for sale up on Mulholland Drive, and as soon as I saw it I knew it was absolutely right. At first I ran into all kinds of opposition—zoning boards, mortgage officers, you name it—but these people very quickly came around when they found out who our clientele would be. We are now the largest (and, to my knowledge, the only) kennel in California catering exclusively to the special needs of defense-contractor pets. These animals, as you may know, are extremely high-strung, and are vulnerable to kidnap by agents of foreign powers who might wish to extort from defense contractors certain classified information (such as details about the offensive capability of purported "tie clasps" regularly shipped by the U.S. to El Salvador). This is a particular danger during sensitive arms-negotiation talks. No kennels could be more relaxing and safe than ours: Canine Château, nestled on a sunny, grass-carpeted five-acre site behind bougainvillea-twined fencing of 33-mm. molybdenum-reinforced warhead-quality steel with FX-14 radial vidicon sensors and zinc-carbon detonators; and, farther south on Mulholland, in a newly renovated Art Deco villa, Maison Meow, similarly secured. (Birds, goldfish, and so on, may guest at either location, depending on space availability.) We are constantly upgrading these facilities, thanks to the many satisfied pet owners who generously donate not only their technological expertise but also a good deal of materials and equipment that would otherwise just be thrown away at the end of the defense-contracting workday and carted off to a garbage dump or landfill site (at government expense), where it would serve no conceivable purpose except to pollute the environment.

All things considered, then, perhaps I may be forgiven if I preen myself somewhat on our success and our high standards—aesthetic, hygienic, technological, *and* financial. Canine Château operates under my close personal supervision, and I have something of a reputation among the staff as a strict taskmaster. I wear the key to the pantry around my neck on a platinum chain; and not only is the level in the kibble bin measured twice a day but the bin itself is equipped with a state-of-the-art laser lock, which cannot be opened without a microcoded propylene wafer issued to select personnel only after the most rigorous security check of their backgrounds and habits. Waste of any kind is simply not tolerated—let alone fraud.

Now, as to Tuffy's bill. Tuffy's one-week stay at Canine Château was booked under our "No Frills" Plan. We are hardly a dog pound, of course, but I suspect that even you, Secretary Weinberger, with your military-barracks frame of reference, would find Tuffy's accommodations Spartan. We have had dogs in here—and I'm not going to say *whose* dogs they were, but I think you know the ones I mean—who have run up astronomical bills on shopping sprees at our accessories bar. I'm not criticizing them; most of these dogs are accustomed to a California standard of living, and we can't just suddenly alter a dog's life style, because the dog won't understand and will become morose. Nor am I suggesting that you, Secretary Weinberger, would seek favorable publicity at the expense of innocent animals whose taste for luxuries was created by profits in the very same industries that you depend upon for the perpetuation of your own livelihood and the good of the country. However, I question the Pentagon's decision to pay without a peep such previous bills as $3,000 for one golden retriever's ion-drive-propulsion duck decoy with optional remote aerial-guidance system and quartz-fiber splashdown shield, and then to quibble over Tuffy's, which was relatively modest.



But enough. As you requested, I am enclosing an annotated itemization of Tuffy's bill, which I trust will carry my point.

Very truly yours,
JEFF CHATEAU
President, Canine Château

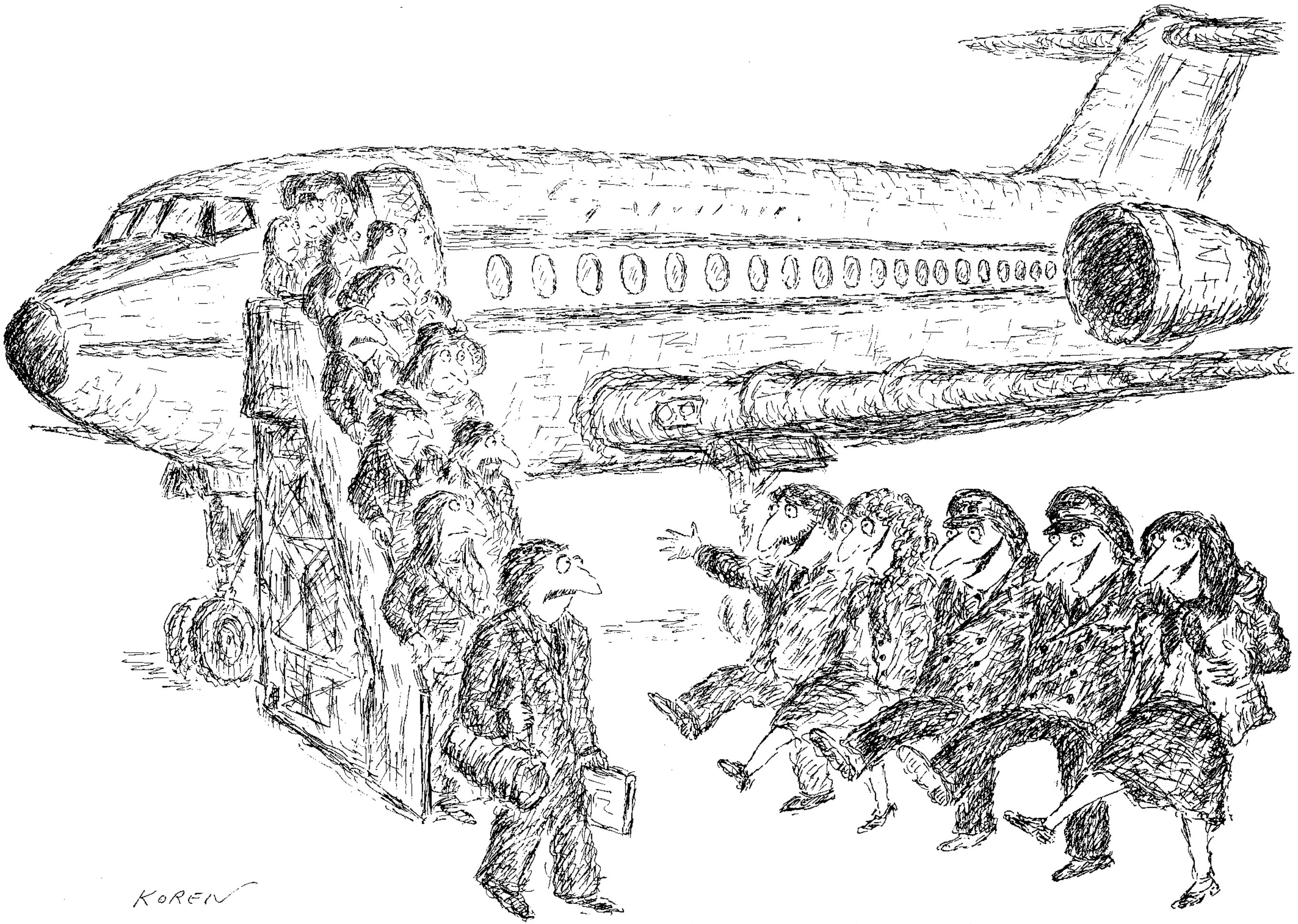
TUFFY 2/11/85–2/18/85

CATALINA SUITE . . . . . @ $40 = $280

[All "No Frills" accommodations are suites, and this is our cheapest rate. If it seems a bit steep, consider that each suite is actually an individual bunker, deployed with gyroscopic mounts on an elliptical underground track and activated to a speed of 35 m.p.h. by random changes in the earth's magnetic field. This is a security precaution and, we feel, an essential one.]

VARIETY MENU (Mature Dog Cycle), plus tips $340

[I suppose that you, Secretary Weinberger, when *your* family goes away, would be just thrilled to have a neighbor shove a bowl of something through the door once a day. Well, an animal is no different. Our gracious waiters and waitresses are trained to



"It's been real fun for all the crew
to take you through the sky.
Recall the super trip we had
next time you need to fly."

• •

make each animal's regular mealtimes as relaxed, enjoyable, and *safe* as possible. They carry conventional Geiger counters at all times, and constantly monitor food, water, and serving utensils with a combat-type bacterial scanner.]

Valet $15

[Dry-cleaning of hand-knitted dog sweater. This was February, remember, and winter in the Hollywood Hills can be cruel.]

3 Cases of Marinated Mouse Knuckles $156

[Obviously a computer billing error, as this item is served only at Maison Meow. We will be pleased to delete the charge from the original invoice.]

Contribution $100

[A tax-deductible, voluntary charge to support our lobbying efforts in Congress for continuation of the tax-deductible status for this charge.]

Insurance $10

[Indemnifies us against layoffs, work stoppages, and rises in the wholesale-price index.]

Cost Overrun $245

SUBTOTAL: $1,146.00

Discounts

[We then applied our discount schedule, which allows us to maintain a high volume of business while welcoming guests from a wide range of economic brackets: not just executive animals but those at entry level in the defense-contracting and subcontracting industries, whose owners may be privy to compromising information about seemingly innocuous items manufactured for the U.S. government. The discounts were offered at our discretion and may be revoked at any time (for instance, if government-required paperwork increases our operating costs).]

Discount for booking 30 days in advance $400

Special discount for off-peak arrival and departure $275

Rate reduction for booking through a state-certified pet-kennel reservations agent $149.75

Quantity refund for four or more stays per annum when the prime interest rate is at or below 15%... $200

Rebate for using Teamsters-approved pet-carrier $34

DISCOUNTS: $1,058.75

SUBTOTAL: $1,146.00
LESS DISCOUNTS: $1,058.75
TOTAL: $87.25

[Our billing is calculated by the same model of computer used to regulate the range finder on a Polaris submarine. We have every confidence in its conclusion that $87.25 is neither too low nor too high a price to pay for peace of mind.]

—Veronica Geng

THE CHOSEN HUSBAND

IN 1949, a year that contained no other news of value, Mme. Carette came into a legacy of eighteen thousand dollars from a brother-in-law who had done well in Fall River. She had suspected him of being a Freemason, as well as of other offenses, none of them trifling, and so she did not make a show of bringing out his photograph; instead, she asked her daughters, Berthe and Marie, to mention him in their prayers. They may have, for a while. The girls were twenty-two and twenty, and Berthe, the elder, hardly prayed at all.

The first thing that Mme. Carette did was to acquire a better address. Until now she had kept the Montreal habit of changing her rented quarters every few seasons, a conversation with a landlord serving as warranty, rent paid in cash. This time she was summoned by appointment to a rental agency to sign a two-year lease. She had taken the first floor of a stone house around the corner from the church of St. Louis de France. This was her old parish (she held to the network of streets near Parc Lafontaine) but a glorious strand of it, Rue St. Hubert.

Before her inheritance Mme. Carette had crept to church, eyes lowered; had sat where she was unlikely to disturb anyone whose life seemed more fortunate, therefore more deserving, than her own. She had not so much prayed as petitioned. Now she ran a glove along the pew to see if it was dusted, straightened the unread pamphlets that called for more vocations for missionary service in Africa, told a confessor that, like all the prosperous, she was probably without fault. When the holy-water font looked mossy, she called the parish priest and had words with his housekeeper, even though scrubbing the church was not her job. She still prayed every day for the repose of her late husband, and the unlikelier rest of his Freemason brother, but a tone of briskness caused her own words to rattle in her head. Church was a hushed annex to home. She prayed to insist upon the refinement of some request, and instead of giving thanks simply acknowledged that matters used to be worse.

Her daughter Berthe had been quick to point out that Rue St. Hubert was in decline. Otherwise, how could the Carettes afford to live here? (Berthe worked in an office and was able to pay half the rent.) A family of foreigners were installed across the road. A seamstress had placed a sign in a ground-floor window—a sure symptom of decay. True, but Mme. Carette had as near neighbors a retired opera singer and the first cousins of a city councillor—calm, courteous people who had never been on relief. A few blocks north stood the mayor's private dwelling, with a lamppost on each side of his front door. (During the recent war the mayor had been interned, like an enemy alien. No one quite remembered why. Mme. Carette believed that he had refused an invitation to Buckingham Palace, and that the English had it in for him. Berthe had been told that he had tried to annex Montreal to the State of New York and that someone had minded. Marie, who spoke to strangers on the bus, once came home with a story about Fascist views; but as she could not spell "Fascist," and did not know if it was a kind of landscape or something to eat, no one took her seriously. The mayor had eventually been released, was promptly reëlected, and continued to add lustre to Rue St. Hubert.)

Mme. Carette looked out upon long façades of whitish stone, windowpanes with bevelled edges that threw rainbows. In her childhood this was how notaries and pharmacists had lived, before they began to copy the English taste for freestanding houses, blank lawns, ornamental willows, leashed dogs. She recalled a moneyed aunt and uncle, a family of well-dressed, soft-spoken children, heard the echo of a French more accurately expressed than her own. She had tried to imitate the peculiarity of every syllable, sounded like a plucked string, had tried to make her little girls speak that way. But they had rebelled, refused, said it made them laughed at.

When she had nothing to request, or was tired of repeating the same reminders, she shut her eyes and imagined her funeral. She was barely forty-five, but a long widowhood strictly observed had kept her childish, not youthful. She saw the rosary twined round her hands, the vigil, the candles perfectly still, the hillock of wreaths. Until the stunning message from Fall River, death had been her small talk. She had never left the subject, once entered, without asking, "And what will happen then to my poor little Marie?" Nobody had ever taken the question seriously except her Uncle Gildas. This was during their first Christmas

Sea Wrack

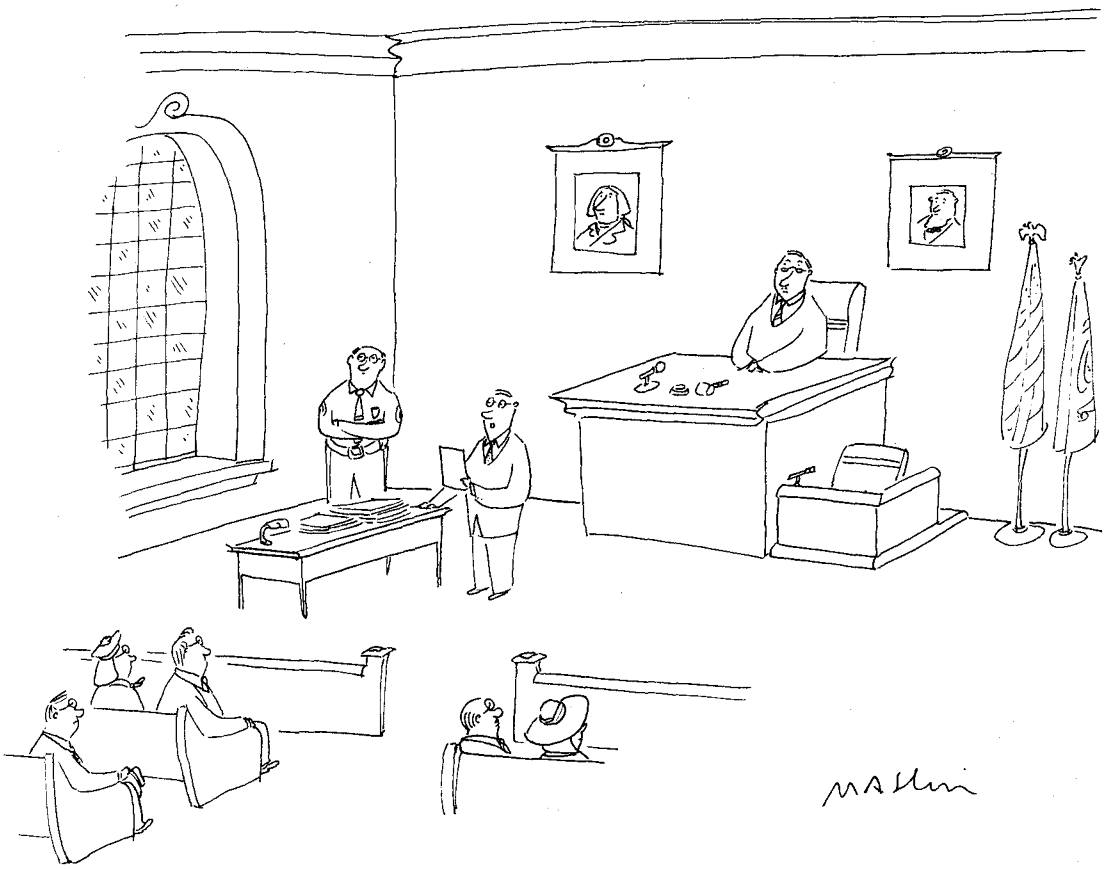
dinner on Rue St. Hubert. He said that Marie should pray for guidance, the sooner the better. God had no patience with last-minute appeals. (Uncle Gildas was an elderly priest with limited social opportunities, though his niece believed him to have wide and worldly connections.)

"Prayer can fail," said Berthe, testing him.

Instead of berating her he said calmly, "In that case, Berthe can look after her little sister."

She considered him, old and eating slowly. His cassock exhaled some strong cleaning fluid—tetrachloride; he lived in a rest home, and nuns took care of him.

Marie was dressed in one of Berthe's castoffs—marine-blue velvet with a lace collar. Mme. Carette wore a gray-white dress Berthe thought she had seen all her life. In her first year of employment Berthe had saved enough for a dyed rabbit coat. She also had an electric seal, and was on her way to sheared raccoon. "Marie had better get married," she said.



"Will Allen B. Brussel please come forward? New Jersey, the Garden State, has a bone to pick with you."

• •

Mme. Carette still felt cruelly the want of a husband, someone—not a daughter—to help her up the step of a streetcar, read *La Presse* and tell her what was in it, lay down the law to Berthe. When Berthe was in adolescence, laughing and whispering and not telling her mother the joke, Mme. Carette had asked Uncle Gildas to speak as a father. He sat in the parlor, in a plush chair, all boots and cassock, knees apart and a hand on each knee, and questioned Berthe about her dreams. She said she had never in her life dreamed anything. Uncle Gildas replied that anyone with a good conscience could dream events pleasing to God; he himself had been doing it for years. God kept the dreams of every living person on record, like great rolls of film. He could have them projected whenever he wanted. Montreal girls, notoriously virtuous, had his favor, but only up to a point. He forgave, but never forgot. He was the embodiment of endless time—though one should not take "embodiment" literally. Eternal remorse in a pit of flames was the same to him as a rap on the fingers with the sharp edge of a ruler. Marie, hearing this, had fainted dead away. That was the power of Uncle Gildas.

Nowadays, shrunken and always hungry, he lived in retirement, had waxed linoleum on his floor, no carpet, ate tapioca soup two or three times a week. He would have stayed in bed all day, but the nuns who ran the place looked upon illness as fatigue, fatigue as shirking. He was not tired or lazy; he had nothing to get up for. The view from his window was a screen of trees. When Mme. Carette came to visit—a long streetcar ride, then a bus—she had just the trees to look at: she could not stare at her uncle the whole time. The trees put out of sight a busy commercial garage. It might have distracted him to watch trucks backing out, perhaps to witness a bloodless accident. In the morning he went downstairs to the chapel, ate breakfast, sat on his bed after it was made. Or crossed the gleaming floor to a small table, folded back the oilcloth cover, read the first sentence of a memoir he was writing for his great-nieces: "I was born in Montreal, on the 22nd of May, 1869, of pious Christian parents, connected to Montreal families for whom streets and bridges have been named." Or shuffled out to the varnished corridor, where there was a pay phone. He liked dialling, but out of long discipline never did without a reason.

Soon after Christmas Mme. Carette came to see him, wearing Berthe's velvet boots with tassels, Berthe's dyed rabbit coat, and a feather turban of her own. Instead of praying for guidance Marie had fallen in love with one of the Greeks who were starting to move into their part of Montreal. There had never been a foreigner in the family, let alone a pagan. Her uncle interrupted to remark that Greeks were usually Christians, though of the wrong kind for Marie. Mme. Carette implored him to find someone, not a Greek, of the right kind: sober, established, Catholic, French-speaking, natively Canadian. "Not Canadian from

New England," she said, showing a brief ingratitude to Fall River. She left a store of nickels, so that he could ring her whenever he liked.

Louis Driscoll, French in all but name, called on Marie for the first time on the twelfth of April, 1950. Patches of dirty snow still lay against the curb. The trees on Rue St. Hubert looked dark and brittle, as though winter had killed them at last. From behind the parlor curtain, unseen from the street, the Carette women watched him coming along from the bus stop. To meet Marie he had put on a beige tweed overcoat, loosely belted, a beige scarf, a bottle-green snap-brim fedora, crêpe-soled shoes, pigskin gloves. His trousers were sharply pressed, a shade darker than the hat. Under his left arm he held close a parcel in white paper, the size and shape of a two-pound box of Laura Secord chocolates. He stopped frequently to consult the house numbers (blue-and-white, set rather high, Montreal style), which he compared with a slip of paper brought close to his eyes.

It was too bad that he had to wear glasses; the Carettes were not prepared for that, or for the fringe of ginger hair below his hat. Uncle Gildas had said he was of distinguished appearance. He came from Moncton, New Brunswick, and was employed at the head office of a pulp-and-paper concern. His age was twenty-six. Berthe thought that he must be a failed seminarist; they were the only Catholic bachelors Uncle Gildas knew.

Peering at their front door, he walked into a puddle of slush. Mme. Carette wondered if Marie's children were going to be nearsighted. "How can we be sure he's the right man?" she said.

"Who else could he be?" Berthe replied. What did he want with Marie? Uncle Gildas could not have promised much in her name, apart from a pliant nature. There could never be a meeting in a notary's office to discuss a dowry, unless you counted some plates and furniture. The old man may have frightened Louis, reminded him that prolonged celibacy—except among the clergy—is displeasing to God. Marie is poor, he must have said, though honorably connected. She will feel grateful to you all her life.

Their front steps were painted pearl gray, to match the building stone. Louis's face, upturned, was the color of wood ash. Climbing the stair, ringing the front doorbell could change his life in a way he did not wholly desire. Probably he wanted a woman without sin or risk or coaxing or remorse; but did he want her enough to warrant setting up a household? A man with a memory as transient as his, who could read an address thirty times and still let it drift, might forget to come to the wedding. He crumpled the slip of paper, pushed it inside a tweed pocket, withdrew a large handkerchief, blew his nose.

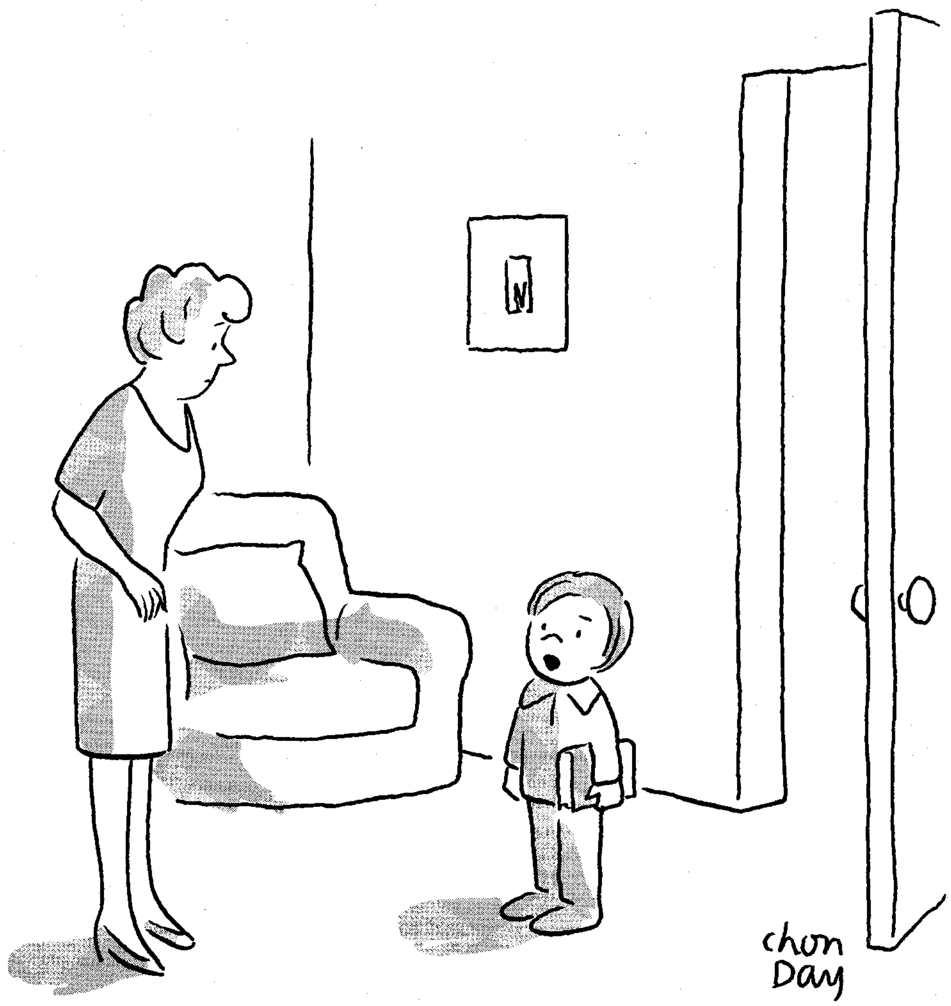
Mme. Carette swayed back from the curtain as though a stone had been flung. She concluded some private thought by addressing Marie: ". . . although I will feel better on my deathbed if I know you are in your own home." Louis meanwhile kicked the bottom step, getting rid of snow stuck to his shoes. (Rustics kicked and stamped. Marie's Greek had wiped his feet.) Still he hesitated, sliding a last pale look in the direction of buses and streetcars. Then, as he might have turned a gun on himself, he climbed five steps and pressed his finger to the bell.

"Somebody has to let him in," said Mme. Carette.

"Marie," said Berthe.

"It wouldn't seem right. She's never met him."

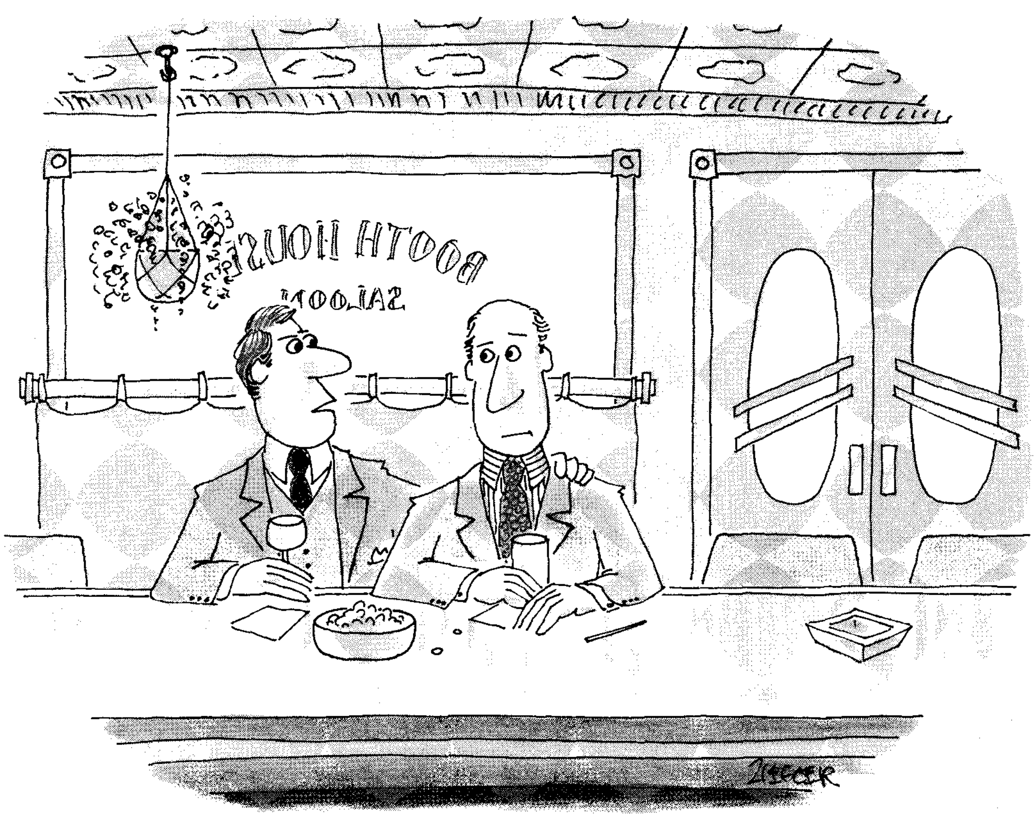
He stood quite near, where the top step broadened to a small platform level with the window. They could have leaned out, introduced him to Marie. Marie at this moment seemed to think he would do; at least, she showed no sign of distaste, such as pushing out her lower lip or crumpling her chin. Perhaps she had been getting ready to drop her Greek: Mme. Carette had warned her that she would have to be a servant to his mother, and eat peculiar food. "He's never asked me to," said Marie, and that was part of the trouble. He hadn't asked anything. For her twenty-first birthday he had given her a locket on



"Short day at school. The computers are down."

a chain and a box from Maitland's, the West End confectioner, containing twenty-one chocolate mice. "He loves me," said Marie. She kept counting the mice and would not let anyone eat them.

In the end it was Berthe who admitted Louis, accepted the gift of chocolates on behalf of Marie, showed him where to leave his hat and coat. She approved of the clean white shirt, the jacket of a tweed similar to the coat but lighter in weight, the tie with a pattern of storm-tossed sailboats. Before shaking hands he removed his glasses, which had misted over, and wiped them dry. His eyes meeting the bright evening at the window (Marie was still there, but with her back to the street) flashed ultramarine. Mme. Carette hoped Marie's children would inherit that color.



"Don't get me wrong, Ted. I like you, but you're not a special person. I'm a special person."

He took Marie's yielding hand and let it drop. Freed of the introduction, she pried open the lid of the candy box and said, distinctly, "No mice." He seemed not to hear, or may have thought she was pleased to see he had not played a practical joke. Berthe showed him to the plush armchair, directly underneath a chandelier studded with light bulbs. From this chair Uncle Gildas had explained the whims of God; against its linen antimacassar the Greek had recently rested his head.

Around Louis's crêpe soles pools of snow water formed. Berthe glanced at her mother, meaning that she was not to mind; but Mme. Carette was trying to remember where Berthe had said that she and Marie were to sit. (On the sofa, facing Louis.) Berthe chose a gilt upright chair, from which she could rise easily to pass refreshments. These were laid out on a marble-topped console: vanilla wafers, iced sultana cake, maple fudge, marshmallow biscuits, soft drinks. Behind the sofa a large pier glass reflected Louis in the armchair and the top of Mme. Carette's head. Berthe could tell from her mother's posture, head tilted, hands clasped, that she was silently asking Louis to trust her. She leaned forward and asked him if he was an only child. Berthe closed her eyes. When she opened them, nothing had changed except that Marie was eating chocolates. Louis seemed to be reflecting on his status.

He was the oldest of seven, he finally said. The others were Joseph, Raymond, Vincent, Francis, Rose, and Claire. French was their first language, in a way. But, then, so was English. A certain Louis Joseph Raymond Driscoll, Irish, veteran of Waterloo on the decent side, proscribed in England and Ireland as a result, had come out to Canada and grafted on pure French stock a number of noble traits: bright, wavy hair, a talent for public speaking, another for social aplomb. In every generation of Driscolls, there had to be a Louis, a Joseph, a Raymond. (Berthe and her mother exchanged a look. He wanted three sons.)

His French was slow and muffled, as though strained through wool. He used English words, or French words in an English way. Mme. Carette lifted her shoulders and parted her clasped hands as if to say, Never mind, English is better than Greek. At least, they could be certain that the Driscolls were Catholic. In August his father and mother were making the Holy Year pilgrimage to Rome.

Rome was beyond their imagining, though all three Carettes had been to Maine and Old Orchard Beach. Louis hoped to spend a vacation in Old Orchard (in response to an ardent question from Mme. Carette), but he had more feeling for Quebec City. His father's people had entered Canada by way of Quebec.

"The French part of the family?" said Mme. Carette.

"Yes, yes," said Berthe, touching her mother's arm.

Berthe had been to Quebec City, said Mme. Carette. She was brilliant, reliable, fully bilingual. Her office promoted her every January. They were always sending her away on company business. She knew Plattsburgh, Saranac Lake. In Quebec City, at lunch at the Château Frontenac, she had seen well-known politicians stuffing down oysters and fresh lobster, at taxpayers' expense.

Louis's glance tried to cross Berthe's, as he might have sought out and welcomed a second man in the room. Berthe reached past Mme. Carette to take the candy box away from Marie. She nudged her mother with her elbow.

"The first time I ever saw Old Orchard," Mme. Carette resumed, smoothing the bodice of her dress, "I was sorry I had not gone there on my honeymoon." She paused, watching Louis accept a chocolate. "My husband and I went to Fall River. He had a brother in the lumber business."

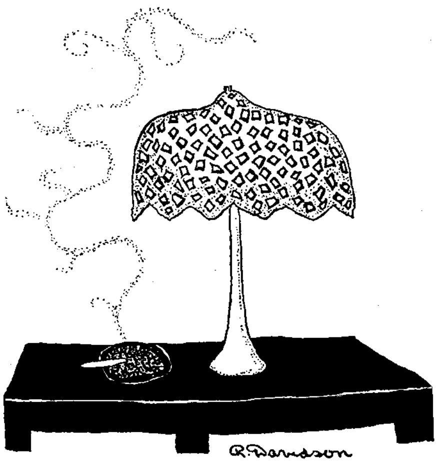
At the mention of lumber, Louis took on a set, bulldog look. Berthe wondered if the pulp-and-paper firm had gone bankrupt. Her thoughts rushed to Uncle Gildas—how she would have it out with him, not leave it to her mother, if he had failed to examine Louis's prospects. But then Louis began to cough and had to cover his mouth. He was in trouble with a caramel. The Carettes looked away, so that he could strangle unobserved. "How dark it is," said Berthe, to let him think he could not be seen. Marie got up, with a hiss and rustle of taffeta skirt, and switched on the twin floor lamps with their cerise silk shades.

There, she seemed to be saying to Berthe. Have I done the right thing? Is this what you wanted?

Louis still coughed, but weakly. He moved his fingers, like a child made to wave goodbye. Mme. Carette wondered how many contagious children's diseases he had survived; in a large family everything made the rounds. His eyes, perhaps seeking shade, moved across the brown wallpaper flecked with gold and stopped at the only familiar sight in the room—his reflection in the pier glass. He sat up straighter and quite definitely swallowed. He took a long drink of ginger ale. "When Irish eyes are smiling," he said, in English, as if to himself. "When Irish eyes are smiling. There's a lot to be said for that. A lot to be said."

Of course he was at a loss, astray in an armchair, with the Carettes watching like friendly judges. When he reached for another chocolate, they looked to see if his nails were clean. When he crossed his legs, they examined his socks. They were fixing their first impression of the stranger who might take Marie away, give her a modern kitchen, children to bring up, a muskrat coat, a charge account at Dupuis Frères department store, a holiday in Maine. Louis continued to examine his bright Driscoll hair, the small nose along which his glasses slid. Holding the glasses in place with a finger, he answered Mme. Carette: His father was a dental surgeon, with a degree from Pennsylvania. It was the only degree worth mentioning. Before settling into a dentist's chair the patient should always read the writing on the wall. His mother was born Lucarne, a big name in Moncton. She could still get into her wedding dress. Everything was so conveniently arranged at home—cavernous washing machine, giant vacuum cleaner—that she seldom went out. When she did, she wore a two-strand cultured-pearl necklace and a coat and hat of Persian lamb.

The Carettes could not match this, though they were related to families for whom bridges were named. Mme. Carette sat on the edge of the sofa, ankles together. Gentility was the brace that kept her upright. She had once been a young widow, hard pressed, had needed to sew for money. Berthe recalled a stricter, an unsmiling mother, straining over pleats and tucks for clients who reneged on pennies. She wore the neutral shades of half-mourning, the whitish grays of Rue St. Hubert, as though everything had to be used up—even remnants of grief.



Mme. Carette tried to imagine Louis's mother. She might one day have to sell the pearls; even a dentist trained in Pennsylvania could leave behind disorder and debts. Whatever happened, she said to Louis, she would remain in this flat. Even after the girls were married. She would rather beg on the steps of the parish church than intrude upon a young marriage. When her last, dreadful illness made itself known, she would creep away to the Hôtel Dieu and die without a murmur. On the other hand, the street seemed to be filling up with foreigners. She might have to move.

Berthe and Marie were dressed alike, as if to confound Louis, force him to choose the true princess. Leaving the sight of his face in the mirror, puzzled by death and old age, he took notice of the two moiré skirts, organdie blouses, patent-leather belts. "I can't get over those twins of yours," he said to Mme. Carette. "I just can't get over them."

Once, Berthe had tried Marie in her own office—easy work, taking messages when the switchboard was closed. She knew just enough English for that. After two weeks the office manager, Mr. Macfarlane, had said to Berthe, "Your sister is an angel, but angels aren't in demand at Prestige Central Burners."

It was the combination of fair hair and dark eyes, the enchanting misalliance, that gave Marie the look of an angel. She played with the locket the Greek had given her, twisting and

ABANDONED POEMS

It's awful how they look at you: consumptives,
all eyes in their white beds,
coughing delicately into their handkerchiefs
and feebly hissing, *Don't leave us here, you bastard,*
this is your fault. What can you do but agree?
It's no use to harden your heart,
no use to explain why you had to save yourself,
still less to confess how happy you are without them,
how already you see yourself under the trees in the park:
you read the paper, you eat a ham sandwich,
then shake out the crumbs for the pigeons
and walk on, savoring
the mild autumnal air of your new country,
the kingdom of health and silence.

—KATHA POLLITT

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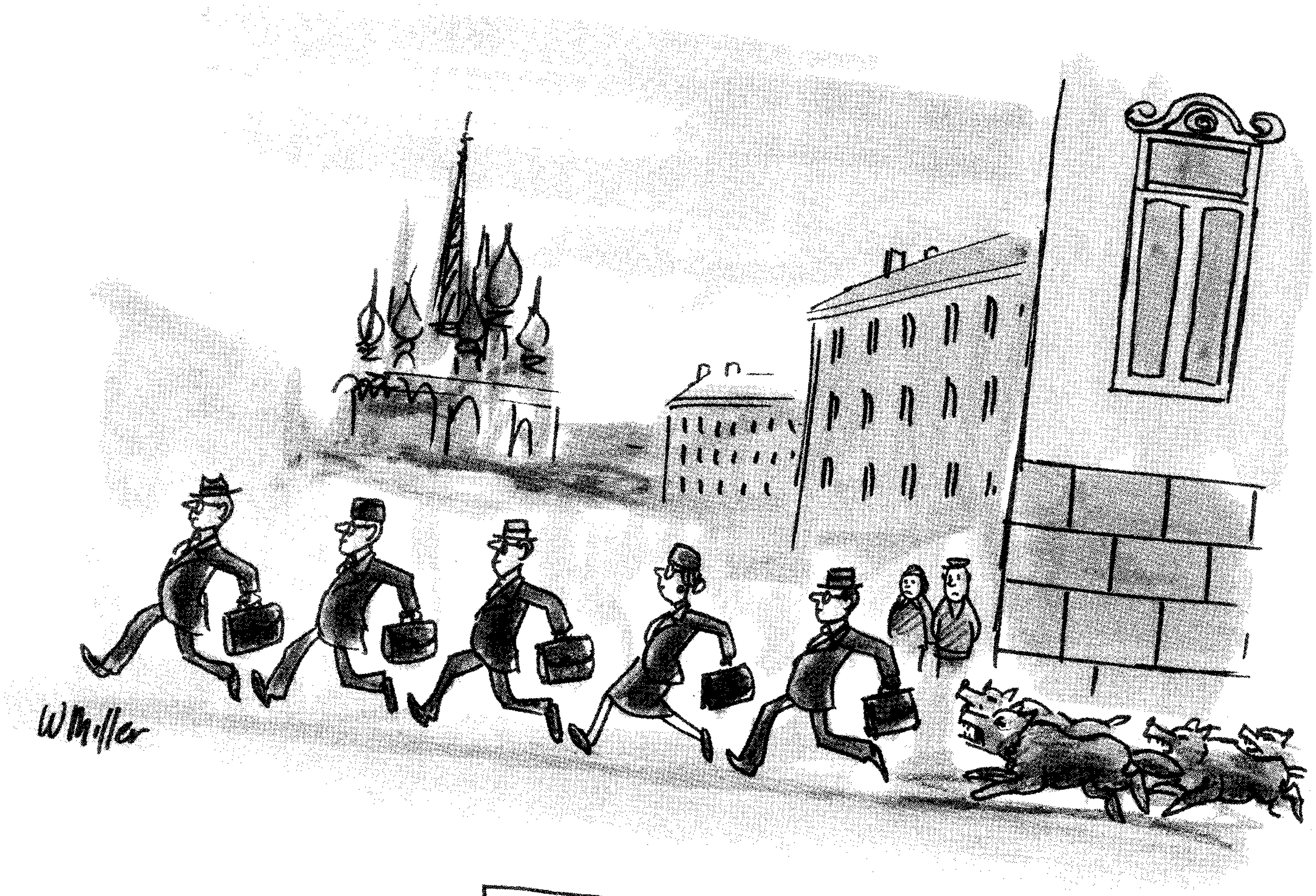


Yuppitniks

unwinding the chain. What did she owe her Greek? Fidelity? An explanation? He was punctual and polite, had never laid a hand on her, in temper or eagerness, had travelled a long way by streetcar to bring back the mice. True, said Berthe, reviewing his good points, while Louis ate the last of the fudge. It was true about the mice, but he should have become more than "Marie's Greek." In the life of a penniless unmarried young woman, there was no room for a man merely in love. He ought to have presented himself as *something:* Marie's future.

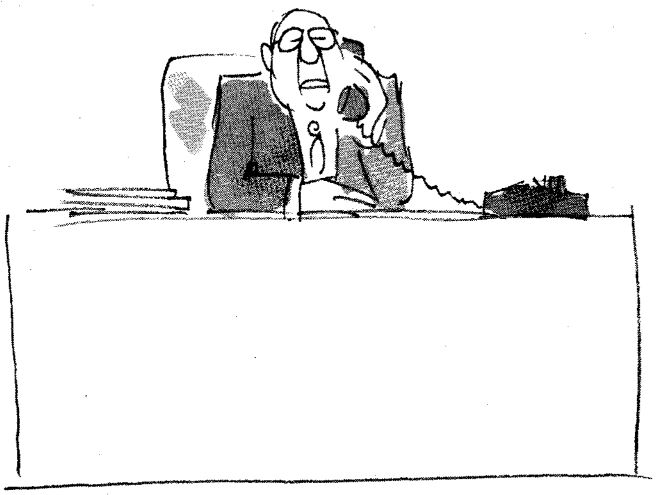
IN May true spring came, moist and hot. Berthe brought home new dress patterns and yards of flowered rayon and piqué. Louis called three evenings a week, at seven o'clock, after the supper dishes were cleared away. They played hearts in the dining room, drank Salada tea, brewed black, with plenty of sugar and cream, ate éclairs and mille-feuilles from Celentano, the bakery on Avenue Mont Royal. (Celentano had been called something else for years now, but Mme. Carette did not take notice of change of that kind, and did not care to have it pointed out.) Louis, eating coffee éclairs one after the other, told stories set in Moncton that showed off his family. Marie wore a blue dress with a red collar, once Berthe's, and a red barrette in her hair. Berthe, a master player, held back to let Louis win. Mme. Carette listened to Louis, kept some of his stories, discarded others, garnering information useful to Marie. Marie picked up cards at random, disrupting the game. Louis's French was not as woolly as before, but he had somewhere acquired a common Montreal accent. Mme. Carette wondered who his friends were and how Marie's children would sound.

They began to invite him to meals. He arrived at half past five, straight from work, and was served at once. Mme. Carette told Berthe that she hoped he washed his hands at the office, because he never did here. They used the blue-willow-pattern china that would go to Marie. One evening, when the tablecloth had been folded and put away, and the teacups and cards distributed, he mentioned marriage—not his own, or to anyone in particular, but as a way of life. Mme. Carette broke in to say that she had been widowed at Louis's age. She recalled what it had been like to have a husband she could consult and admire. "Marriage means children," she said, looking fondly at her own. She would not be alone during her long, final illness. The girls would take her in. She would not be a burden; a couch would do for a bed.

Louis said he was tired of the game. He dropped his hand and spread the cards in an arc.

"So many hearts," said Mme. Carette, admiringly.

"Let me see." Marie had to stand: there was a large teapot in the way. "Ace, queen, ten, eight, five . . . a wedding." Before Berthe's foot reached her ankle, she managed to ask,



"Yes, I'll hold."

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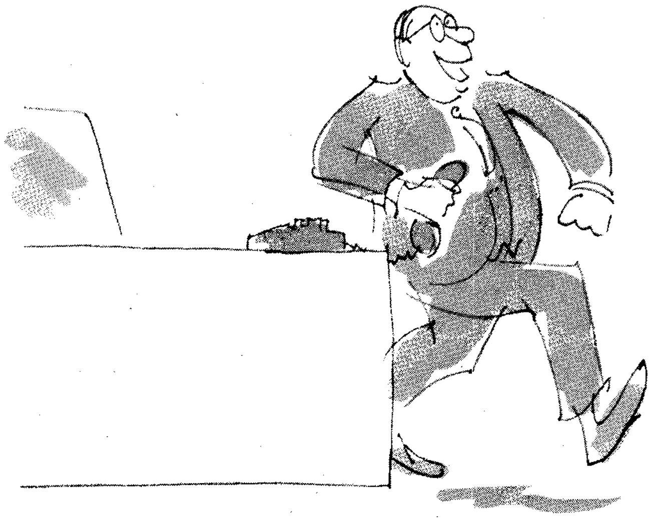

"I'm Popeye the Sailor Man."

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sincerely, if anyone close to him was getting married this year.

Mme. Carette considered Marie as good as engaged. She bought a quantity of embroidery floss and began the ornamentation of guest towels and tea towels, placemats and pillow slips. Marie ran her finger over the pretty monogram with its intricate frill of vine leaves. Her mind, which had sunk into hibernation when she accepted Louis and forgot her Greek, awoke and plagued her with a nightmare. "I became a nun" was all she told her mother. Mme. Carette wished it were true. Actually, the dream had stopped short of vows. Barefoot, naked under a robe of coarse brown wool, she moved along an aisle in and out of squares of sunlight. At the altar they were waiting to shear her hair. A strange man—not Uncle Gildas, not Louis, not the Greek—got up out of a pew and stood barring her way. The rough gown turned out to be frail protection. All that kept the dream from sliding into blasphemy and abomination was Marie's entire unacquaintance, awake or asleep, with what could happen next.

Because Marie did not like to be alone in the dark, she and Berthe still shared a room. Their childhood bed had been taken away and supplanted by twin beds with quilted satin headboards. Berthe had to sleep on three pillows, because the aluminum hair curlers she wore ground into her scalp. First thing every morning, she clipped on her pearl earrings, sat up, and unwound the curlers, which she handed one by one to Marie. Marie put her own hair up and kept it that way until suppertime.

In the dark, her face turned to the heap of pillows dimly seen, Marie told Berthe about the incident in the chapel. If dreams are life's opposite, what did it mean? Berthe saw that there was more to it than Marie was able to say. Speaking softly, so that their mother would not hear, she tried to tell Marie about men—what they were like and what they wanted. Marie suggested that she and Berthe enter a cloistered convent together, now, while there was still time. Berthe supposed that she had in mind the famous Martin sisters of Lisieux, in France, most of them Carmelites and one a saint. She touched her own temple, meaning that Marie had gone soft in the brain. Marie did not see; if she had, she would have thought that Berthe was easing a curler. Berthe reminded Marie that she was marked out not for sainthood in France but for marriage in Montreal. Berthe had a salary and occasional travel. Mme. Carette had her Fall River bounty. Marie, if she put her mind to it, could have a lifetime of love.

"Is Louis love?" said Marie.

There were girls ready to line up in the rain for Louis, said Berthe.

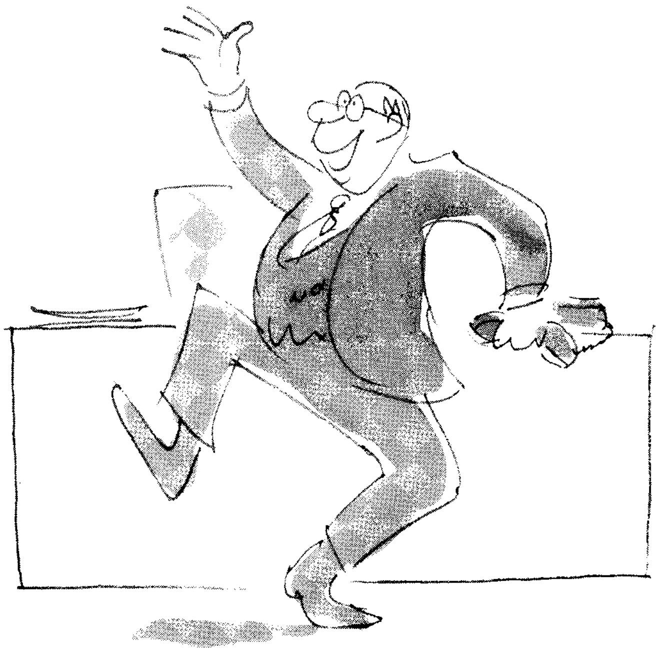
"What girls?" said Marie, perplexed rather than disbelieving.

"Montreal girls," said Berthe. "The girls who cry with envy when you and Louis walk down the street."

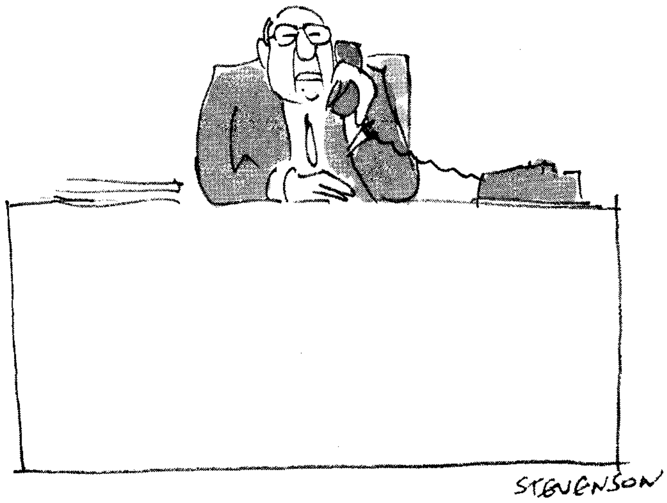
"We have never walked down a street," said Marie.

THE third of June was Louis's birthday. He arrived wearing a new seersucker suit. The Carettes offered three monogrammed hemstitched handkerchiefs—he was always polishing his glasses or mopping his face. Mme. Carette had prepared a meal he particularly favored—roast pork and coconut layer cake. The sun was still high. His birthday unwound in a steady, blazing afternoon. He suddenly put his knife and fork down and said that if he ever decided to get married he would need more than his annual bonus to pay for the honeymoon. He would have to buy carpets, lamps, a refrigerator. People talked lightly of marriage without considering the cost for the groom. Priests urged the married condition on bachelors—priests, who did not know the price of eight ounces of tea.

"Some brides bring lamps and lampshades," said Mme. Carette. "A glass-front bookcase. Even the books to put in it." Her husband had owned a furniture shop on Rue St. Denis. Household goods earmarked for Berthe and Marie had been stored with relatives for some twenty years, waxed and polished and free of dust. "An oak table that seats fourteen," she said, and stopped with that. Berthe had forbidden her to draw up an inven-



"Popeye the Sailor Man."



"This is Tom Folinsbee."

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tory. They were not bartering Marie.

"Some girls have money," said Marie. Her savings—eighteen dollars—were in a drawer of her mother's old treadle sewing machine.

A spasm crossed Louis's face; he often choked on his food. Berthe knew more about men than Marie—more than her mother, who knew only how children come about. Mr. Ryder, of Berthe's office, would stand in the corridor, letting elevators go by, waiting for a chance to squeeze in next to Berthe. Mr. Sexton had offered her money, a regular allowance, if she would go out with him every Friday, the night of his Legion meeting. Mr. Macfarlane had left a lewd poem on her desk, then a note of apology, then a poem even worse than the first. Mr. Wright-Ashburton had offered to leave his wife—for, of course, they had wives, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Macfarlane, none of whom she had ever encouraged, and Mr. Wright-Ashburton, with whom she had been to Plattsburgh and Saranac Lake, and whose private behavior she had described, kneeling, in remote parishes, where the confessor could not have known her by voice.

When Berthe accepted Mr. Wright-Ashburton's raving proposal to leave his wife, saying that Irene probably knew about them anyway, would be thankful to have it in the clear, his face had wavered with fright, like a face seen underwater—rippling, uncontrolled. Berthe had to tell him she hadn't meant it. She could not marry a divorced man. On Louis's face she saw that same quivering dismay. He was afraid of Marie, of her docility, her monogrammed towels, her dependence, her glass-front bookcase. Having seen this, Berthe was not surprised when he gave no further sign of life until the twenty-fifth of June.

During his absence the guilt and darkness of rejection filled every corner of the flat. There was not a room that did not speak of humiliation—oh, not because Louis had dropped Marie but because the Carettes had honored and welcomed a clodhopper, a cheapjack, a ginger-haired nobody. Mme. Carette and Marie made many telephone calls to his office, with a variety of names and voices, to be told every time he was not at his desk. One morning Berthe, on her way to work, saw someone very like him hurrying into Windsor Station. By the time she had struggled out of her crowded streetcar, he was gone. She followed him into the great concourse and looked at the times of the different trains and saw where they were going. A trapped sparrow fluttered under the glass roof. She recalled an expression of Louis's, uneasy and roguish, when he had told Berthe that Marie did not understand the facts of life. (This in English, over the table, as if Mme. Carette and Marie could not follow.) When Berthe asked what these facts might be, he had tried to cross her glance, as on that first evening, one man to another. She was not a man; she had looked away.

Mme. Carette went on embroidering baskets of flowers, ivy leaves, hunched over her work, head down. Marie decided to find a job as a receptionist in a beauty salon. It would be pleasant work in clean surroundings. A girl she had talked to on the bus earned fourteen dollars a week. Marie would give her mother eight and keep six. She did not need Louis, she said, and she was sure she could never love him.

"No one expected you to love him," said her mother, without looking up.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth of June he rang the front doorbell. Marie was eating breakfast in the kitchen, wearing Berthe's aluminum curlers under a mauve chiffon scarf, and Berthe's mauve-and-black kimono. He stood in the middle of the room, refusing offers of tea, and said that the whole world was engulfed in war. Marie looked out the kitchen window, at bare yards and storage sheds.

"Not there," said Louis. "In Korea."

Marie and her mother had never heard of the place. Mme. Carette took

"I should have listened to my wife when she said 'Don't get caught.'"

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it for granted that the British had started something again. She said, "They can't take you, Louis, because of your eyesight." Louis replied that this time they would take everybody, bachelors first. A few married men might be allowed to make themselves useful at home. Mme. Carette put her arms around him. "You are my son now," she said. "I'll never let them ship you to England. You can hide in our coal shed." Marie had not understood that the mention of war was a marriage proposal, but her mother had grasped it at once. She wanted to call Berthe and tell her to come home immediately, but Louis was in a hurry to publish the banns. Marie retired to the bedroom and changed into Berthe's white sharkskin sundress and jacket and toeless white suède shoes. She smoothed Berthe's suntan makeup on her legs, hoping that her mother would not see she was not wearing stockings. She combed out her hair, put on lipstick and earrings, and butterfly sunglasses belonging to Berthe. Then, for the first time, she and Louis together walked down the front steps to the street.

At Marie's parish church they found other couples standing about, waiting for advice. They had heard the news and decided to get married at once. Marie and Louis held hands, as though they had been engaged for a long time. She hoped no one would notice that she had no engagement ring. Unfortunately, their banns could not be posted until July, or the marriage take place until August. His parents would not be present to bless them: at the very day and hour of the ceremony they would be on their way to Rome.

The next day, Louis went to a jeweller on Rue St. Denis, recommended by Mme. Carette, but he was out of engagement rings. He had sold every last one that day. Louis did not look anywhere else; Mme. Carette had said he was the only man she trusted. Louis's mother sent rings by registered mail. They had been taken from the hand of her dead sister, who had wanted them passed on to her son, but the son had vanished into Springfield and no longer sent Christmas cards. Mme. Carette shook her own wedding dress out of tissue paper and made a few adjustments so that it would fit Marie. Since the war it had become impossible to find silk of that quality.

Waiting for August, Louis called on Marie every day. They rode the streetcar up to Avenue Mont Royal to eat barbecued chicken. (One evening Marie let her engagement ring fall into a crack of the corrugated floor of the tram, and a number of strangers told her to be careful, or she would lose her man, too.) The chicken arrived on a bed of chips, in a wicker basket. Louis showed Marie how to eat barbecue without a knife and fork. Fortunately, Mme. Carette was not there to watch Marie gnawing on a bone. She was sewing the rest of the trousseau and had no time to act as chaperon.

Berthe's office sent her to Buffalo for a long weekend. She brought back match folders from Polish and German restaurants, an ashtray on which was written "Buffalo Hofbrau," and a number of articles that were much cheaper down there, such as nylon stockings. Marie asked if they still ate with knives and forks in Buffalo, or if they had caught up to Montreal. Alone together, Mme. Carette and Berthe sat in the kitchen and gossiped about Louis. The white summer curtains were up; the coal-and-wood range was covered with clean white oilcloth. Berthe had a new kimono—white, with red pagodas on the sleeves. She propped her new red mules on the oven door. She smoked now, and carried everywhere the Buffalo Hofbrau ashtray. Mme. Carette made Berthe promise not to smoke in front of Uncle Gildas, or in the street, or at Marie's wedding reception, or in the front parlor, where the smell might get into the curtains. Sometimes they had just tea and toast and Celentano pastry for supper. When Berthe ate a coffee éclair, she said, "Here's one Louis won't get."

The bright evenings of suppers and card games slid into the past, and by August seemed long ago. Louis said to Marie, "We knew how to have a good time. People don't enjoy themselves anymore." He believed that the other customers in the barbecue restaurant had secret, nagging troubles. Waiting for the wicker basket of chicken, he held Marie's hand and stared at men who might be Greeks. He tried to tell her what had been on his mind between the third and twenty-fifth of June, but Marie did not care, and he gave up. They came to their first important agreement: neither of them wanted the blue-willow-pattern plates. Louis said he would ask his parents to start them off with six place settings of English Rose. She seemed still to be listening, and so he told her that the name of her parish church, St. Louis de France, had always seemed to him to be a personal sign of some kind: an obscure force must have guided him to Rue St. Hubert and Marie. Her soft brown eyes never wavered. They forgot about Uncle Gildas, and whatever it was Uncle Gildas had said to frighten them.

Louis and Marie were married on the third Saturday of August, with flowers from an earlier wedding banked along the altar rail, and two other wedding parties waiting at the back of the church. Berthe supposed that Marie, by accepting the ring of a dead woman and wearing the gown of another woman widowed at twenty-six, was calling down the blackest kind of misfortune. She remembered her innocent nakedness under the robe of frieze. Marie had no debts. She owed Louis nothing. She had saved him from a long journey to a foreign place, perhaps even from dying. As he placed the unlucky ring on her finger, Berthe wept. She knew that some of the people looking on—Uncle Gildas, or Joseph and Raymond Driscoll, amazing in their ginger likeness—were mistaking her for a jealous older sister, longing to be in Marie's place.

Marie, now Mme. Driscoll, turned to Berthe and smiled, as she used to when they were children. Once again, the smile said, Have I done the right thing? Is this what you wanted? Yes, yes, said Berthe silently, but she went on crying. Marie had always turned to Berthe; she had started to walk because she wanted to be with Berthe. She had been standing, holding on to a kitchen chair, and she suddenly smiled and let go. Later, when Marie was three, and in the habit of taking her clothes off and showing what must never be seen, Mme. Carette locked her into the storage shed behind the kitchen. Berthe knelt on her side of the door, sobbing, calling, "Don't be afraid, Marie. Berthe is here." Mme. Carette relented and unlocked the door, and there was Marie, wearing just her undershirt, smiling for Berthe.

Leading her mother, Berthe approached the altar rail. Marie seemed contented; for Berthe, that was good enough. She kissed her sister, and kissed the chosen husband. He had not separated them but would be a long incident in their lives. Among the pictures that were taken on the church steps, there is one of Louis with an arm around each sister and the sisters trying to clasp hands behind his back.

The wedding party walked in a procession down the steps and around the corner: another impression in black-and-white. The August pavement burned under the women's thin soles. Their fine clothes were too hot. Children playing in the road broke into applause when they saw Marie. She waved her left hand, showing the ring. The children were still French-Canadian; so were the neighbors, out on their balconies to look at Marie. Three yellow leaves fell—white, in a photograph. One of the Driscoll boys raced ahead and brought the party to a stop. There is Marie, who does not yet understand that she is leaving home, and confident Louis, so soon to have knowledge of her bewildering ignorance.

Berthe saw the street as if she were bent over the box camera, trying to keep the frame straight. It was an important picture, like a precise instrument of measurement: so much duty, so much love, so much reckless safety—the distance between last April and now. She thought, It had to be done. They began to walk again. Mme. Carette realized for the first time what she and Uncle Gildas and Berthe had brought about: the unredeemable loss of Marie. She said to Berthe, "Wait until I am dead before you get married. You can marry a widower. They make good husbands." Berthe was nearly twenty-four, just at the limit. She had turned away so many attractive prospects, with no explanation, and had frightened so many others with her skill at cards and her quick blue eyes that word had spread, and she was not solicited as before.

Berthe and Marie slipped away from the reception—moved, that is, from the parlor to the bedroom—so that Berthe could help her sister pack. It turned out that Mme. Carette had done the packing. Marie had never had to fill a suitcase, and would not have known what to put in first. For a time, they sat on the edge of a bed, talking in whispers. Berthe smoked, holding the Buffalo Hofbrau ashtray. She showed Marie a black lacquer cigarette lighter she had not shown her mother. Marie had started to change her clothes; she was just in her slip. She looked at the lighter on all sides and handed it back. Louis was taking her to the Château Frontenac, in Quebec City, for three nights—the equivalent of ten days in Old Orchard, he had said. After that, they would go straight to the duplex property, quite far north on Boulevard Pie IX, that his father was helping him buy. "I'll call you tomorrow morning," said Marie, for whom tomorrow was still the same thing as today. If Uncle Gildas had been at Berthe's mercy, she would have held his head underwater. Then she thought, Why blame him? She and Marie were Montreal girls, not trained to accompany heroes, or to hold out for dreams, but just to be patient.

—Mavis Gallant

•

DAY GHOSTS

Spring thaw peels loose
the leaves snow caught
last fall before they
had really settled down:

now, windy Sunday, they
stir over dry lawn
and remnant windrows of
ice, as if looking

for the place they'd meant
to go: but it's not now
as it was then
settling-down time, and

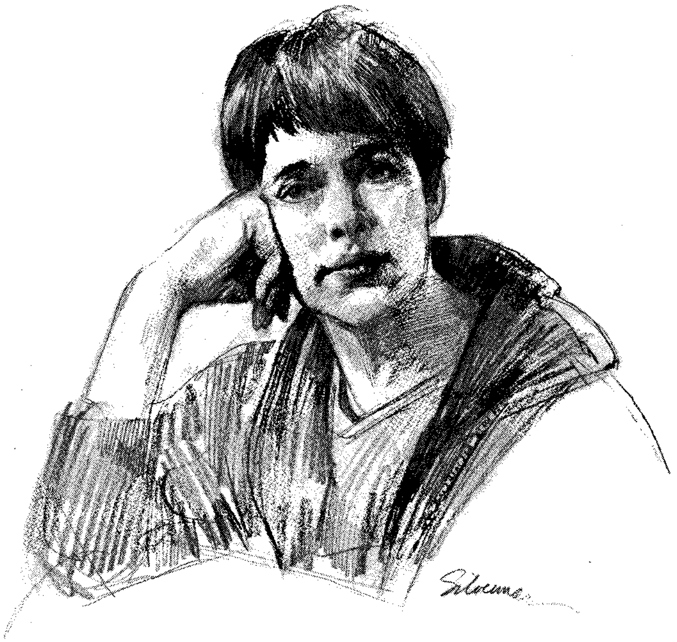
everywhere the leaves go
greens are
breaking out
amid the funeral arrangements

and the eyes of jonquils
hold on to their morning
tears and demure snowdrops
try not to look so bright.

—A. R. Ammons

PROFILES

GETTING EVERYTHING IN



Jennifer Bartlett's New York friends are often surprised to learn that she grew up in Southern California. How could that laid-back, sybaritic culture (as we tend to view it from the East Coast) have produced an artist of her energy, analytic rigor, and undissembled ambition? Bartlett herself says that California always seemed strange to her. When she was five years old, she told her mother she was going to be an artist and live in New York. Although she now lives part of the time in Paris in order to be with her husband, the film actor Mathieu Carrière, New York has been her real home for the last fifteen years and her aesthetic home for a lot longer than that.

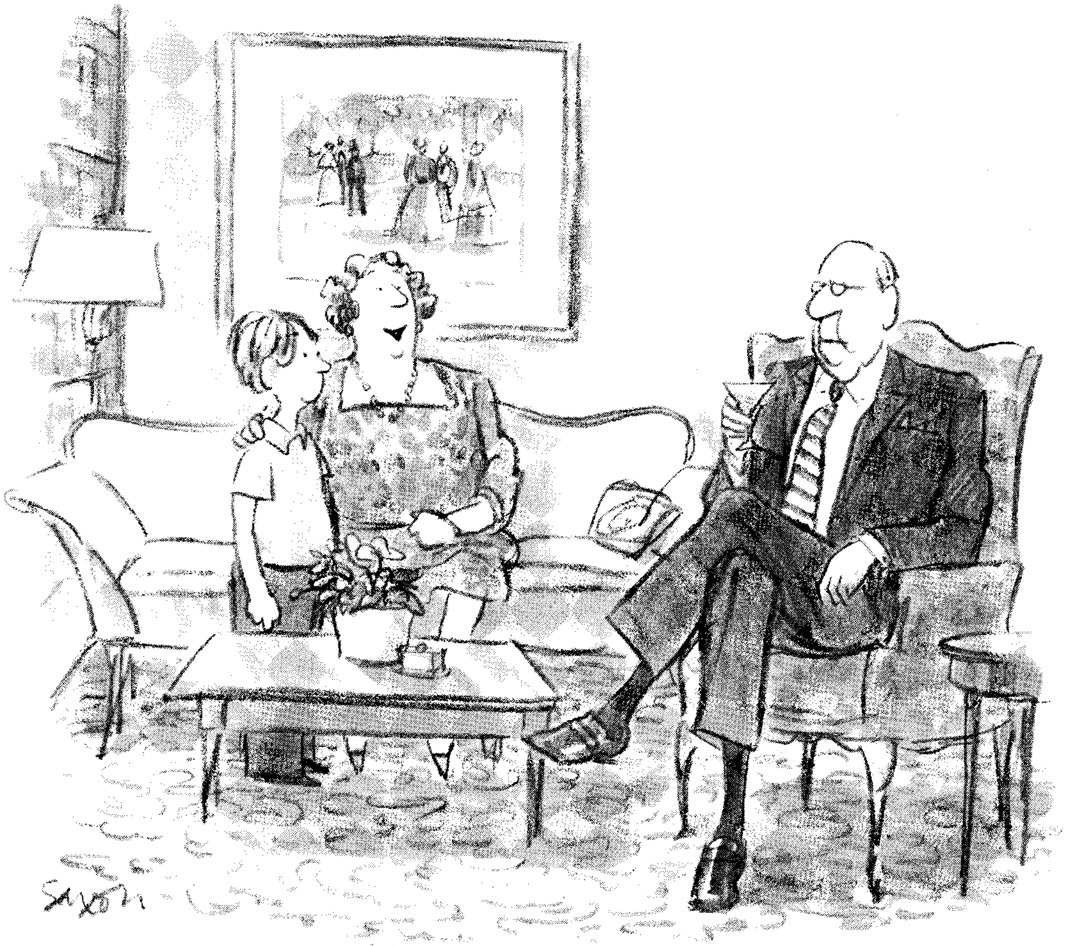
The art world becomes more diversified all the time, of course, and Bartlett's career reflects that fact. As one of the most widely exhibited artists of her generation—the generation that emerged in the late nineteen-sixties and the early nineteen-seventies—she is well known in Tokyo and in London, where her disconcertingly direct manner, her helmet of close-cropped dark hair, and her habit of cracking jokes at her own expense lead people to assume that she must be a native New Yorker. Nevertheless, she did grow up in Long Beach, California, and her childhood there—she was the eldest in a family of four children—seems to have been a reasonably conventional one. It was her response to it that was unusual. She was born in 1941, and she put in enough time at surfing beaches and on the sidelines of various athletic fields (she was briefly a cheerleader at Woodrow Wilson High School) to become permanently dubious about male supremacy—a trait that proved useful to her when, in 1963, she went to Yale. Her father, Edward Losch, was a pipeline engineer whose earnings fluctuated from year to year. The family's mode of living fluctuated accordingly, but most of the time they were able to consider themselves as in the upper middle class. Her mother had been a commercial artist, a fashion illustrator; she quit work when Jennifer was born. Jennifer went to the vast public schools of Long Beach, where she quickly established herself as the class nonconformist, arguer, and artist. "I never had the kind of natural talent that lets you draw portraits or horses or things like that," she recalls. "I'd do very large drawings on brown paper that showed, for example, everything I could think of underwater. Or scenes with people dropping from cliffs into boats, and Indians in the background. Art teachers always liked me, but I never really understood why what I did was good." In addition to drawing constantly, she developed an early passion for reading—stories and novels of all kinds. Sometimes, her reading took the place of her school assignments. Told to read one thing and write an essay on it, she would read something entirely different and write about that. For a while in her teens, she thought about becoming a lawyer, because she was so good at arguing, but aside from that there was no significant wavering from her decision, at age five, to be an artist.

The decision was reconfirmed at Mills College, in Oakland, California, which she entered in 1959. Although Mills was known as the Vassar of the West—as a place for young women of the best families—it had a strong art department, and an even stronger music department, both of which were open to advanced contemporary work. Fernand Léger and Max Beckmann had taught there, and so had Darius Milhaud and John Cage. Jennifer Losch absorbed a wide variety of aesthetic influences, and began painting in a loose abstract style derived mainly from the work of Arshile Gorky. She had her first one-person show at Mills in 1963, her senior year. The reactions to it were mixed, but the slides she had made of some of the paintings were impressive enough to get her into the graduate art program at Yale, which happened to be the best possible place just then for an ambitious art student.

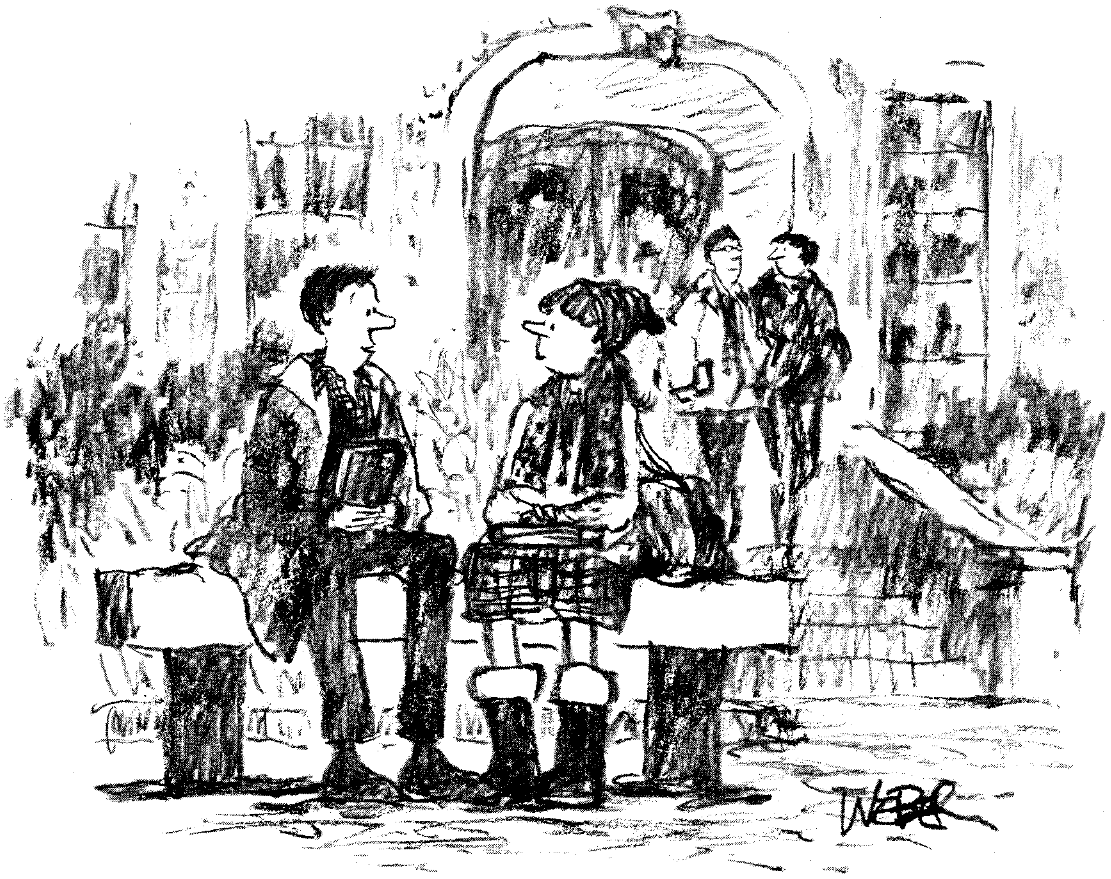
Yale's popular reputation as an incubator of stockbrokers has sometimes obscured its strength in fields that other Ivy League schools have barely begun to cultivate. The School of Art and Architecture, founded in 1869, is a good example. Teaching standards there have always been on a high and thoroughly professional level. In 1950, the school's fine-arts program came under the guidance of Josef Albers, the former Bauhaus teacher, who had established his American reputation at Black Mountain College, in North Carolina. Albers changed the program's conservative direction, putting the emphasis squarely on modern art and bringing in as guest teachers distinguished contemporary artists with widely divergent approaches—Willem de Kooning, Stuart Davis, Burgoyne Diller, José de Rivera, Ad Reinhardt, and James Brooks, among others. As a result, Yale in the nineteen-fifties became a mecca for the most adventurous art students. Albers retired in 1958, but the program continued to attract many more students than it could accommodate. (One out of twenty applicants got in.) When Jennifer Losch arrived, in the fall of 1963, Jack Tworkov had just taken over as the school's chairman. Tworkov was a well-known New York painter, one of the first generation of Abstract Expressionists. Unlike some artists of that generation, he took a lively and supportive interest in the work of Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, and other young people who were finding new paths, and he invited a number of them to Yale as guest teachers. Tworkov oriented the school primarily toward New York and its rapidly expanding art world. Midtown Manhattan was less than two hours away by car, and the students went down regularly to visit the galleries and the museum shows. The art world, which had been a small and tightly knit fraternity until the mid-nineteen-fifties, was opening up to all sorts of new influences—new art forms, new galleries, and a new public, whose interest was whetted by rising prices and by the controversy surrounding Pop Art. For the first time in many years, a career in art began to seem like something more than a quixotic gamble. Among Yale's highly competitive art students, the feeling was very strong that they were "the next generation" in contemporary art; they used to joke that the New York art world was an extension of Yale. "There was no question in our minds that we would be showing at Leo Castelli's any day," Bartlett recalls. "I remember hearing that Larry Poons had had his first New York show when he was twenty-six, and it was perfectly clear to me that if I hadn't had a show by the time I was twenty-six I was quitting."

A number of the students who got their B.F.A. or M.F.A. degrees, or both, at Yale during the years that Bartlett was there did become important figures in contemporary art: Richard Serra, Chuck Close, Jonathan Borofsky, Nancy Graves, Rackstraw Downes. One of the interesting things about this generation of artists is that so many of the good ones are women. In addition to Bartlett and Graves, the list includes Elizabeth Murray, Susan Rothenberg, Judy Pfaff (Yale, M.F.A. 1973), Lynda Benglis, Judy Rifka, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, Nancy Holt, Lois Lane, Audrey Flack, Pat Steir, Cindy Sherman, Louisa Chase, Catharine Warren, Susan Crile, and many more. The feminist movement of the early nineteen-seventies had a lot to do with the increasing recognition of women in art, but the movement had not surfaced when Bartlett was a student. Male supremacy was still the norm at Yale, and she reacted to it with considerable anger. "I adopted a completely macho attitude of my own," she told me. "I was terrified my first semester, but then I just started building huge stretchers that interfered with the people working near me." She also got married. Edward Bartlett, a pre-med student at Berkeley, had come East with her to enter Yale Medical School; they were married during their first year there, and moved into a small apartment off campus in New Haven. Neither of them had much time to devote to the marriage. Jennifer painted day and night—large splashy canvases that were still mainly Abstract Expressionist in style. Occasionally, one of the male students would infuriate her by saying you'd never know they had been painted by a woman.

BARTLETT took her B.F.A. degree in 1964 and her M.F.A. in 1965. Ed Bartlett still had two more years of medical school, so instead of moving immediately to New York she got a job teaching art at the University of Connecticut, in Storrs, which was nearly two hours northeast of New Haven. She went to New York every chance she got, though, and that put a strain on the marriage. After two years of this, she rented a small loft apartment for herself on Greene Street, in the part of lower Manhattan that would soon be called SoHo but was then a grimy, run-down industrial area where abandoned loft space could be rented quite cheaply. She commuted to Connecticut from there during the week; on weekends, her husband came



"It's called a dry Martini. When Grandpa was a young man, all the young men on the move drank dry Martinis."



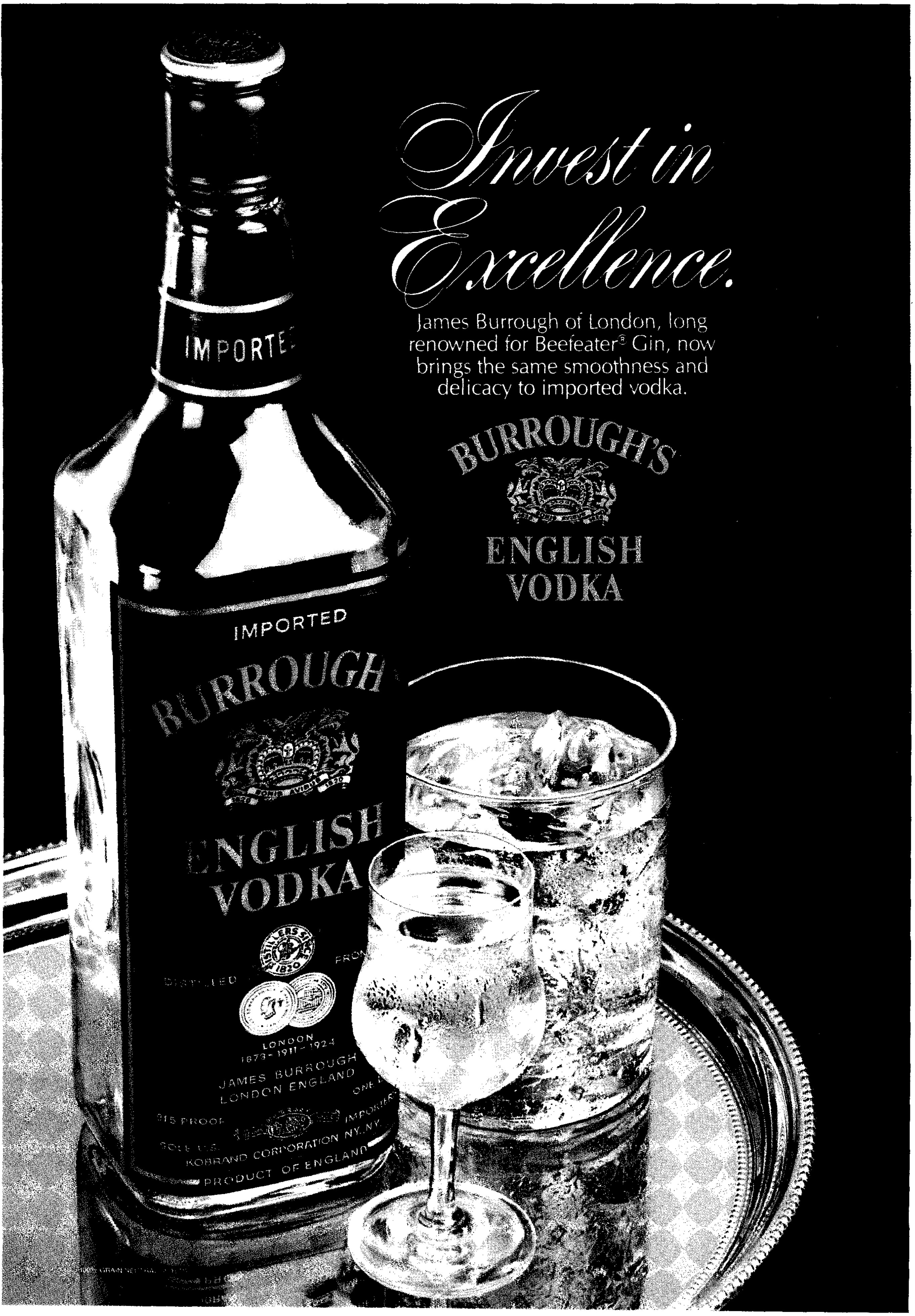
"My ambition is to be a talk-show host. I myself don't have much to say, but I'd like to offer encouragement to those who do."

• •

to see her in New York. Living in New York made her exhausting schedule bearable. She never once considered going back to California. "I didn't think it was possible to be a serious artist there," she told me. "And anyway I was just crazy about New York. I remember, the first time I got there, being knocked down by a big, fat woman when I was trying to hail a taxi—for some reason, this appealed to me enormously."

She had a built-in network of friends. Elizabeth Murray, an artist who had been her best friend at Mills College, had moved to New York the year before. Jonathan Borofsky had a loft just down the block on Greene Street, and Barry LeVa, who had been in her class at Woodrow Wilson High School, and was just becoming known in New York as a Conceptual artist, lived not far away. Through them she got to know most of the young New York artists and kept in touch with all sorts of new developments. The opening-up process of the early nineteen-sixties had led to a bewildering proliferation of experiments, styles, and ideas. Minimalism, which had started at about the same time as Pop, in the early sixties, but had taken longer to gain recognition, was on its way to becoming the dominant style of the seventies; many young artists, influenced by Frank Stella's stripe paintings and Donald Judd's metal-box sculptures, were trying to reduce painting and sculpture to their essential elements of shape, color, and volume, and to do so in ways that removed all traces of the artist's personal touch or sensibility. Others were moving in different directions: using the Nevada desert or their own bodies as art material (earth art, body art); becoming public performers of one sort or another (performance art); investigating language in its relation to art (art and language); or shedding the notion of the art object altogether and devoting their attention to mathematical, linguistic, or philosophical concepts, which in some cases did not take any material form (Conceptual Art). Some of this activity seemed to be a reaction against the increasing commercialization of the art world, although even the earth artists, whose labors in the desert and elsewhere looked like noncommercial ventures of the purest sort, were not averse, it turned out, to having the photographic evidence of their works offered for sale in high-priced galleries. It was a period of great uncertainty and confusion. Dozens of young artists were searching for the unique something that would single them out from the crowd—the new image, the new material, the new mode of expression.

"I liked all of it," Bartlett recalls. She wanted somehow to take it all in—not just the newest trends but also the work of artists who had already made their mark. One of the artists she and her friends particularly admired was Jasper Johns, but this did not prevent her from getting into heated arguments with Johns when they met. "Jennifer was sort of a brat," Elizabeth Murray has said. "She was outspoken, and she seemed very sure of herself, and she made people angry—especially men." The kind of work that Bartlett was doing then struck Elizabeth Murray as "unfathomable." Some of it looked like process art—a form that made use of non-art materials in ways that emphasized the processes through which they could become art. In Bartlett's case, though, the processes had to do mainly with her living in New York. She bought cheap merchandise from the second-hand outlets on Canal Street—quantities of red plastic sugar bowls, for example, which she subjected to various ordeals. One was dropped from a fourth-floor window; another was left outdoors for a week; a third was left outdoors for a month; a fourth was baked in an oven for ten minutes at three hundred degrees; and so forth. At the end, she set them all out on the floor of her loft, in a temporary tableau. She made a series of wall hangings out of stretched, interlaced canvas straps—the kind of straps people use to tie up their suitcases or trunks. She also painted, and she made a great many drawings—colored-dot drawings on graph paper, which often seemed to her the most interesting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things she was doing then. In addition, she had started to write. Some of the Conceptual artists appeared to be more interested in words than in visual images; Bartlett says that writing seemed easier to her than painting. She wrote a long, four-part essay called "Cleopatra" (it dealt with the historical Cleopatra and a quantity of other, unrelated subjects, and was published in 1971 by Adventures in Poetry, a small New York press), after which she commenced work on her autobiography—an open-ended document that would eventually turn into a thousand-page autobiographical novel, called, self-mockingly, "The History of the Universe." Trying out all these forms and moving in several directions at the same time tended to put her at a disadvantage among her peers, most of whom had charted what they hoped was a unique course and were sticking to it. She usually found herself on the defensive when talking with the artists at St. Adrian's or the other downtown bars where they gathered. "People had very definite opinions, and everybody was terrifically competitive," she recalls. "I imagine there were very few people doing abstract work who were acceptable to Brice Marden, and very few people doing sculpture who were acceptable to Richard Serra. I didn't really have a point of view like that. I liked a lot of different people's work."

"Tweet?"

• •

Few of the artists of her generation were making money from their art. They supported themselves any way they could—carpentry, bartending, teaching. Bartlett was still commuting to the University of Connecticut. Her teaching methods were unpredictable. After once criticizing a student's failure to use the whole space of a canvas—to "make every inch count," as she had been told to do at Yale—she began to think that maybe it would be interesting to have some blank space around the image after all, so she had her students try that. One of the problems in her own work was that other people's ideas interested her too much; she had a lot of trouble thinking up ideas of her own. Her best ideas always came out of the actual process of working. She felt that if she could find a new method that involved a great deal of physical work, a "labor-intensive" method, she would be a lot better off. "I was looking for a way to get work done without the burden of having to do anything good," she told me. "I wanted desperately to be good, of course, but whenever I sat down and tried to think of something that would be terrific to do I couldn't."

At this point, late in 1968, she hit on the notion of using one-foot-square steel plates as the basic module for her paintings. The Minimal artists often used modular units, but in Bartlett's case the idea had nothing to do with Minimalist sculpture, or with philosophical meditations on "the object." She wanted a simple, flat, uniform surface to paint on—a surface that did not require wooden stretchers, canvas, and all the bothersome paraphernalia of oil paint. "I thought that if I could just eliminate everything I hated doing, like stretching canvas, then I'd be able to work a lot more," she explained later. She tried a number of different surfaces—wood, plastic, aluminum—before settling on the steel plates, which were coated with a layer of baked-on white enamel (very much like the signs in New York subway stations, which gave her the idea), and on which she superimposed a silk-screened grid of light-gray lines (suggested to her by the graph-paper drawings she had been doing). All this had to be done for her by professional jobbers, and that suited her fine. Bartlett is an exceptionally fastidious worker; some of the inspiration for the steel plates must have come from her abhorrence of mess.

The paint that she found to use on the baked-enamel surface was Testors enamel, which is sold mainly in hobby stores to be used on model airplanes and cars. It comes in twenty-five colors, in small bottles that can be recapped when not in use. Bartlett started out by limiting herself to four colors—yellow, red, blue, and green—plus black and white. "It always made me nervous to use just the primary colors,” she told me. “I felt a need for green. I felt no need whatsoever for orange or violet, but I did need green. Of course, I know that yellow and blue make green, but not really in the same way that yellow and red make orange. I just had to have green.” She applied her colors in the form of dots, in strictly planned combinations and progressions. The sequence of colors was always the same—white, yellow, red, blue, green, black—but her combinations and progressions ran a gamut from simple to extremely complex. What she was doing *sounded* like Conceptual Art: she was using mathematical systems to determine the placement of her dots. But the results—all those bright, astringently colored dots bouncing around and forming into clusters on the grid—never looked Conceptual. For Bartlett, the mathematical system was not important in itself; its only function was to provide a means of getting work done. The benefits came from the physical act of applying the paint, not from the system.

It was indeed a great way to get a lot of work done. In 1970, she showed “about three or four hundred” painted steel plates (her memory is a bit vague here) in her first New York exhibition, at Alan Saret’s loft, on Spring Street. In those days, Saret, an artist who has since become well known, occasionally turned his loft into an exhibition space for himself and others. (The dancer-choreographer Laura Dean gave her first performances there.) Only a few art galleries had opened in the area south of Houston Street, and much of the activity there was still impromptu and informal. Before her show at Saret’s, Bartlett marched into the nearby Paula Cooper Gallery and borrowed its mailing list, which she used to send out announcements. This was not quite as brash as it sounds. Paula Cooper, the first person to open a gallery in SoHo, in 1968, did everything she could to help young artists. Her gallery, which was then on Prince Street, functioned almost like the nonprofit “alternative spaces” that appeared a few years later. She showed mostly unknown artists, and advised and encouraged a great many others. She also made her gallery available in the evenings for all kinds of special events—benefits, performances, poetry readings. Bartlett herself gave a reading at the Paula Cooper Gallery soon after her show at Alan Saret’s loft, from her autobiography-in-progress, and later she gave several more readings there.

Bartlett’s next show was at the newly opened Reese Palley Gallery, on Prince Street, in January of 1972. Palley had a large space, and by then Bartlett had more than enough work to fill it—hundreds of enamelled steel plates grouped together into multipart series paintings. (In the show at Saret’s, each plate had been presented singly.) It was hard even for her to tell where one painting stopped and the next one began. In hanging the show, she had left a two-foot space between series, a one-foot space between the various sets of plates within a series, and a one-inch space between individual plates. These separations tended to get overlooked, and the total effect was of a large room entirely filled with colored-dot paintings in a mind-boggling display of patterns. Although a majority of the patterns were abstract, she had also included a very large (sixty-plate) painting in which a rudimentary but clearly recognizable house—a square with a triangle on top—appeared in many different aspects and in a wide range of colors that suggested different times of day and different seasons of the year. A lot of people saw the show. There were even a few sales (the prices were modest), and there was a review in *Artnews* by Laurie Anderson, who was just getting started then as a performance artist, and who supplemented her income by writing gallery notes.

During the next year and a half, Bartlett continued to pour her energy into diverse activities. In 1972, she got a job teaching at the School of Visual Arts, in downtown Manhattan, which meant that she could quit commuting to Connecticut. She did a lot of painting, and her work was included in several group exhibitions outside New York. Her autobiographical novel, meanwhile, was getting longer and longer, its pages of personal history interspersed with brief prose portraits of friends, lovers, members of her family in Long Beach, fellow-artists, chance acquaintances. She was divorced from Ed Bartlett by this time. One of her closest friends was Paula Cooper, whom she described in an admiring prose portrait. “People find Paula beautiful, reserved, and don’t always know what she’s thinking,” it reads in part. “She is five feet, seven inches tall, thin, with dark hair, a large mouth, large brown eyes, and a small soft high-pitched voice. She is stubborn, slow to make decisions, and has an erratic explosive temper.” A decision that Paula Cooper had been slow to make involved taking Bartlett into her gallery. Bartlett had made no secret of her desire to be there, but Cooper had reservations about her work. She was a little put off by Bartlett’s wanting to crowd so many paintings

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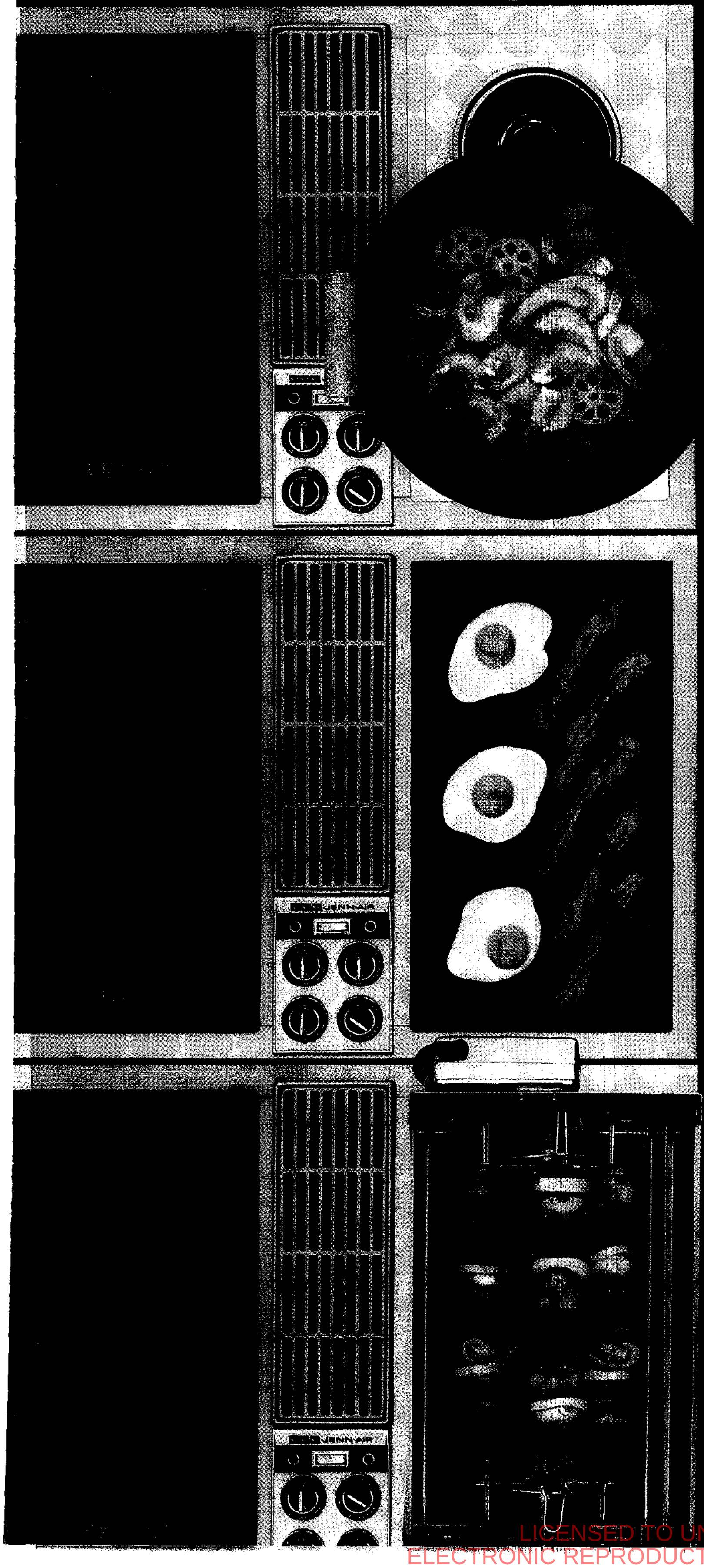

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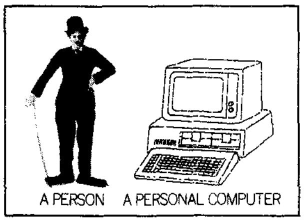

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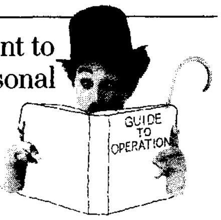

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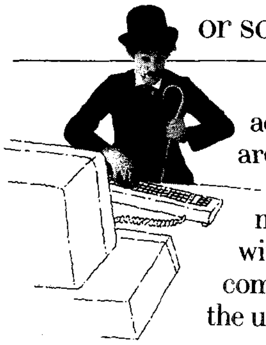

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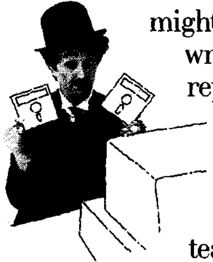

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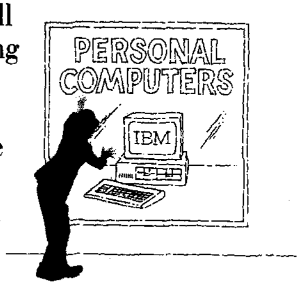

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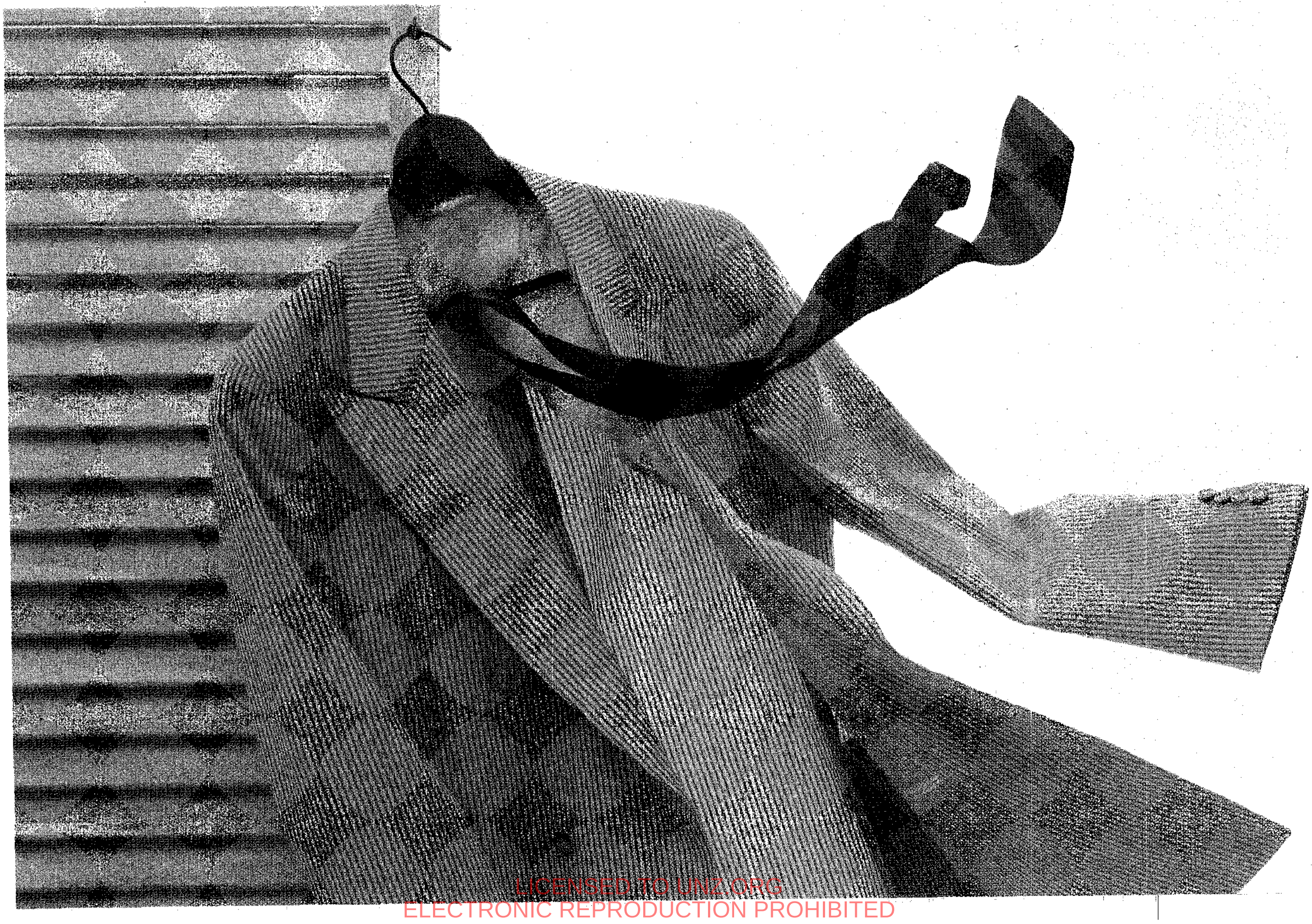

into a show, and also by her blithe way of following a mathematical system until it became inconvenient and then bending it or simply dropping it. She accused Bartlett of being a "nihilist" in this respect. Cooper admired very much the work of the Conceptual artist Sol LeWitt, whose first wall drawings (made directly on the wall) were done in her gallery. She felt that if you decided to use a mathematical system, as LeWitt and several other Conceptualists did, then you were involving yourself in an investigation that became, in effect, the content of the work, and for this reason you had no business breaking the system. It took her a while to understand that Bartlett had no real interest in the system or the concept—that for her it was just a means. Early in 1974, at any rate, Bartlett forced the issue by demanding to know what Cooper's "intentions" were toward her work. Reese Palley had closed his gallery. Several other dealers had made offers, Bartlett said, but she wanted to be with Paula Cooper, and, as Cooper puts it, "Jennifer usually gets what she wants." She agreed to give Bartlett a show that spring.

The "nine-point" paintings that Bartlett showed in the spring of 1974 were rigorously Conceptual—to a degree. She used only black dots and red dots this time. The placement of precisely nine red dots was identical on each one-foot square; it had been arrived at by a random procedure that involved drawing numbered cards from a coffee can (one number for the horizontal line on the grid, another for the vertical). The black dots went down according to a variety of prearranged systems: they might connect one or more red dots in a straight line, or descend vertically from the red dots (and then pile up chaotically at the bottom), or move about the grid in different directions. The general effect was somewhat austere, and quite perplexing. One piece in the show, called "Squaring," had no red dots at all. It was a sequence of thirty-three plates, with two black dots in the two top left-hand squares of the grid on the first plate, four black dots on the second, sixteen on the third, two hundred and fifty-six on the fourth, and then twenty-nine plates entirely filled (except for a section of the twenty-ninth) with black dots, representing the square of two hundred and fifty-six. It was the kind of mathematical system that Bartlett enjoyed—mathematics' goofy side.

Several group shows followed, in and out of New York. Bartlett went to Europe for a gallery show of her work in Genoa and a two-artist show with Joel Shapiro, a good friend of hers, at the avant-garde Garage, in London. Her medium was still Testors enamel on enamelled steel plates, but it was no longer austere; she had begun to use more and more of the twenty-five colors, sometimes mixing or layering them to make new colors. In a big work called "Drawing and Painting," which appeared in a group show at Paula Cooper's new Wooster Street gallery in the fall of 1974, some sections were done in colored dots, while others were actually painted with a brush, obliterating the grid. She was getting ready to throw away the Conceptual crutch.

IN the summer of 1975, Bartlett arranged to house-sit for well-to-do friends in Southampton, on Long Island's south shore. In exchange for taking care of the garden and the main house, she had the use of a small cottage on the property. She soon became so absorbed in her work that the garden dried up. Bartlett had laid in a large supply of her steel plates (more than a thousand), with which she planned to make a painting "that had everything in it." This idea had been knocking around in her mind ever since the Reese Palley show, in which it had been so difficult to tell where one picture stopped and the next began; the show might almost have been a single painting, she thought, except that it had not been planned that way. It struck her now that she could organize and orchestrate a really large work whose effect would be like the experience of a conversation, in which subjects are taken up, dropped, and then returned to in a different form, with many voices and interwoven themes. Since the conversation was to include "everything," she decided that it would have both figurative and nonfigurative images, and that they could appear in small scale, on individual enamelled squares, or spread out over a great many squares. She picked the first four figurative images that occurred to her: a house, a tree, a mountain, and the ocean. (Later, she greatly regretted the tree, which she claimed to find banal, but she refused to alter her original decision.) The nonfigurative images she chose were a square, a circle, and a triangle. There would also be color sections and sequences, sections devoted to lines (horizontal, vertical, diagonal, and curved), and several different methods of drawing (freehand, dotted, ruled). These and many other basic decisions were reached in her workroom in Southampton, including the decision that she would make up her mind about retaining or discarding a specific plate within one day of finishing it. "I didn't want to get involved too much with thinking about the piece," she told me. "If I didn't like what I'd done each day, I'd just wipe it out. I wanted the piece to have a kind of growth that was actual rather than aesthetic."

Bartlett finished the first hundred-odd plates in Southampton, and the rest—there were nine hundred and eighty-eight in all—in her New York loft that fall and winter, often working twelve or fourteen hours a day. Many more hours were spent in library research. She read dozens of books on trees, and dozens more on mountains. Although the figurative images she used were very simple ones, she wanted to show an *essential* tree and an *essential* mountain (the peak she used was taken from a book on the Alps), and, anyway, she loved to read. The huge work was organized in sections. The first section introduces all the major motifs; after that, each

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When they met, she was at the height of her powers, an actress adored, even worshiped, by all Italy. He, rising poet, novelist, journalist, was the pampered son of a wealthy landowner. Together, Eleonora Duse and Gabriele D'Annunzio were a memorable conflagration.

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It was on a warm evening in June that Duse and her coterie arrived at the cafe just as D'Annunzio's liqueur had been served. One of his friends insisted that he meet the great actress, taking him to her table. The full force of her beauty was overwhelming. Impetuously, he drew up a chair and fell deep into conversation.

As they talked, he toyed with his glass, dropping roasted coffee beans into it one by one until three floated there. Pausing to light a cigarette, he held the match for a moment close to the liqueur. A blue flame danced over its surface, matching the flame born at that instant in the hearts of poet and actress.

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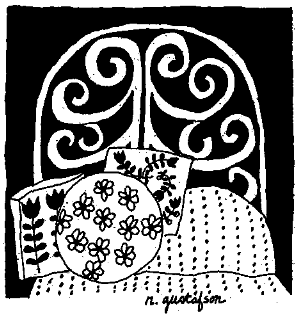
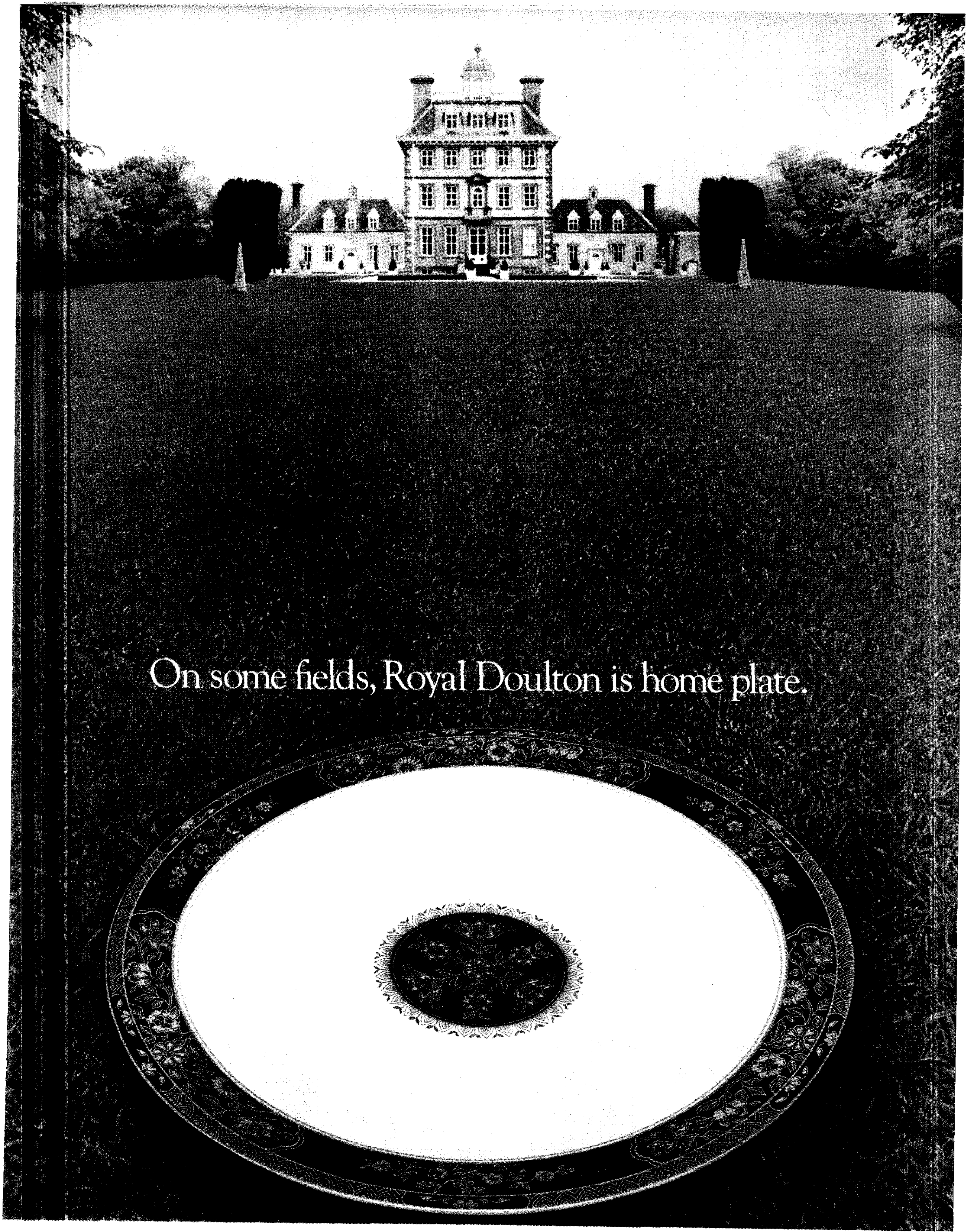
motif gets a section to itself, with some overlapping. The work gathers complexity as it goes along. The house, the tree, the mountain, the line and color sequences, the geometric shapes, the many different techniques of drawing and painting—all these elements and many more announce themselves individually and then begin to work with one another in the continuity of the whole, which culminates in a one-hundred-and-twenty-six-plate ocean sequence that employs fifty-four shades of blue. Bartlett never saw the entire painting together until it was installed in Paula Cooper's gallery; her loft could accommodate only a third of the plates at a time. Sometimes it struck her as the worst idea she had ever had. When it was nearly complete, she still had not decided on a title. An English friend, the architect Max Gordon, said he thought the title should have some reference to music; he suggested calling it "Rhapsody," and that appealed to Bartlett's self-deprecating sense of humor. "It was so awful I liked it," she said. "The word implied something bombastic and overambitious, which seemed accurate enough."



It took a week to install the nine hundred and eighty-eight square plates at Paula Cooper's. Each plate was nailed to the wall, in most cases separated from those around it by exactly one inch on all sides. Although Bartlett had never plotted the measurements of the complete work, it filled the available wall space of the gallery with almost mathematical precision. Word of the piece had been going around SoHo, and the gallery was crowded throughout the opening day, a Saturday in mid-May of 1976. Many visitors commented on the painting's strong narrative quality; unlike virtually all other contemporary painting, it was a work that you "read," from left to right, and in which you could easily become so absorbed that you lost your sense of time. Although "Rhapsody" was clearly an art-world "event," nobody was quite prepared for the lead article that appeared in the Arts and Leisure section of the next day's *Times*, in which John Russell, the paper's art critic, described it as "the most ambitious single work of art that has come my way since I started to live in New York," a work that enlarges "our notions of time, and of memory, and of change, and of painting itself." Russell's glowing review was an art-world event in itself, and the repercussions were large and immediate.

The gallery was closed on Sunday and Monday, but on Tuesday there was an even larger influx of visitors. At some point during that frantic morning, Paula Cooper took a telephone call from a man she did not know, who said his name was Sidney Singer. He wanted to know whether the work was still "available." Paula Cooper said that it was, and he told her to hold it for him—he would be there in forty-five minutes. Although Bartlett had decided that "Rhapsody" should not be broken up, she had never really thought it could be sold intact; if anybody wanted to buy a section of it, she planned to repaint that section. On that Tuesday, however, Sidney Singer, a relatively new collector, who lived in Westchester, arrived within the promised forty-five minutes and bought the complete work, for what seemed at that time the astronomical sum of forty-five thousand dollars. Paula Cooper persuaded him not to take possession of "Rhapsody" until it had been exhibited in a number of museums around the country—showings that gave an added boost to Bartlett's suddenly soaring reputation.

Bartlett's life did not change dramatically as a result. She paid off a lot of accumulated debts, bought some clothes, and kept right on painting. She also continued to teach at Visual Arts and to write her autobiographical novel. Nevertheless, something very big had happened to her. She had come into her own estate as an artist, and it had turned out to be a rather grand and impressive one. She had gained the confidence to trust her inclinations, which were neither Minimal nor Conceptual, and her work since "Rhapsody" has been a direct reflection of her unencumbered personality as an artist—lavish in scale, decorative, inclusive to the point of being omnivorous, frequently mocking or self-mocking, wildly eclectic, and startlingly ambitious. She is a little like Robert Rauschenberg in her willingness to risk failure at every turn. Her mistakes are all made out in the open, and as often as not they are turned into assets. She said to me one day, "I've developed an infinite capaci-



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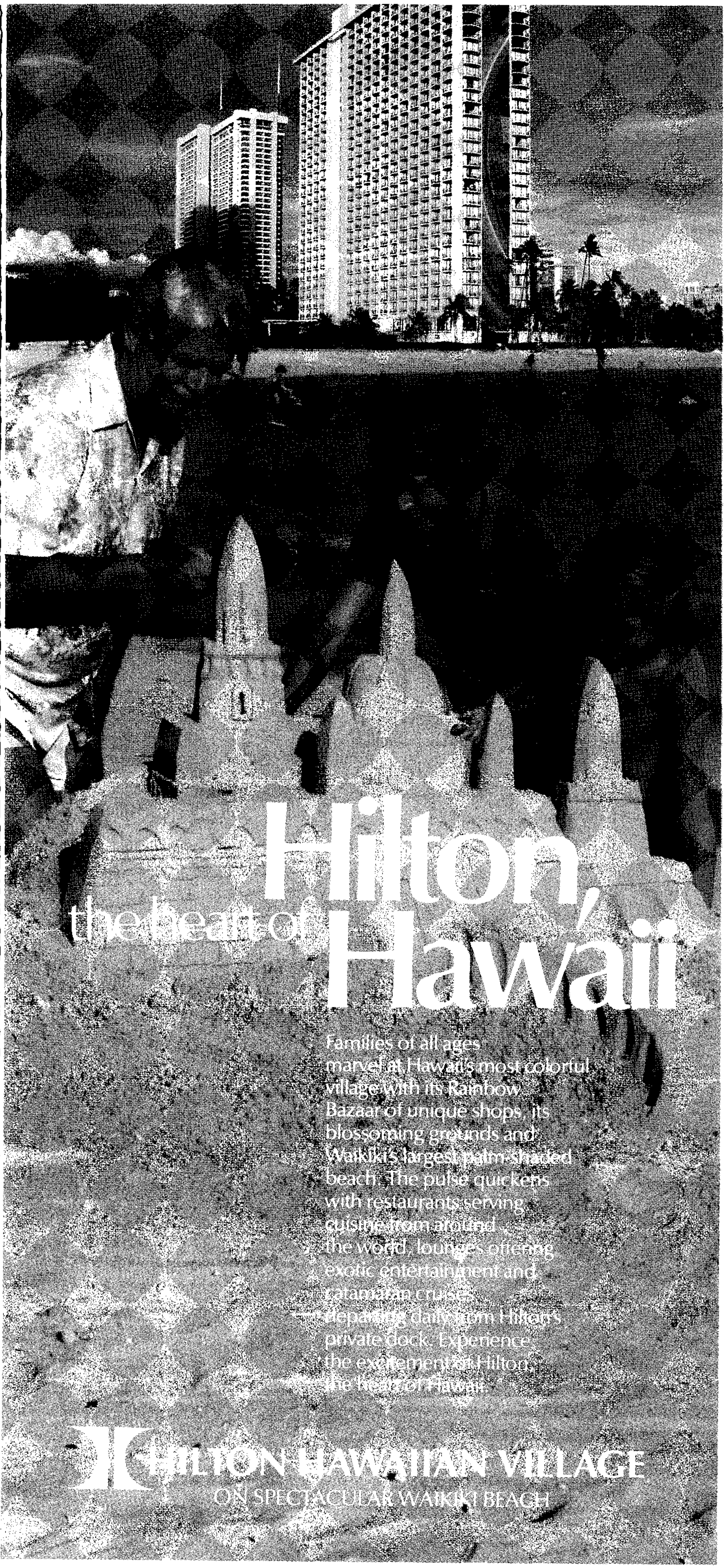
ty for work and none for reflection."

The series of "house paintings" that followed "Rhapsody"—multipart renderings of the same rudimentary house image—expanded her repertory of painting styles. Impressionism, Expressionism, Neo-Realism, Rayonism, Van Gogh, Matisse, Mondrian, Pollock—sometimes the entire history of modern art seemed to be making a guest appearance in her work, without quite upstaging the host. Bartlett was creating a style out of borrowed styles (and doing so long before the current fad for "appropriation"). Her new house paintings were really portraits of people. Their titles came from addresses of people she knew well (one was a list of the places where she herself had lived), and most of them had some abstract visual reference to a particular person. In "White Street" (Elizabeth Murray's New York address), she used all twenty-five of the Testors colors, to suggest the kind of "contained chaos" that she associated with her friend. The most impressive painting in this series was named for Elvis Presley's Graceland Mansion, because Presley, a childhood idol of Bartlett's, died while she was painting it. "Graceland Mansion" is really five paintings hung in a horizontal sequence, showing the same symbolic house image from five different angles, at five different times of day (its shadow falling to the left or to the right), in five different painting styles. Bartlett's most famous print is derived from this painting. Also called "Graceland Mansion," and published in an edition of forty, it is really five prints, each done in a separate technique: drypoint, aquatint, silk screen, woodcut, and lithography.

THE "swimmer paintings" came next. Elongated-oval shapes that had appeared for the first time in her final house painting (it was called "Termino Avenue," after the address of the hospital, in Long Beach, where her father died) became abstract swimmers in a series of more than twenty large pictures, and also in her first public commission, a General Services Administration grant to execute a work for a federal courthouse in Atlanta. The new pictures had a dual format: half of the picture surface was enamelled steel plates, the other half was oil paint on canvas. "I hadn't painted on canvas in years, so I decided I'd just try it," she said. She took great pains to match the colors in the two mediums; the enamel-on-steel surface was brighter and more reflective, but she was able to make the contrasts work together in interesting ways. For the hundred-and-sixty-foot-long lobby of the Atlanta courthouse, she proposed a series of nine paintings collectively entitled "Swimmers Atlanta" and ranging in size from two feet to eighteen feet square. Bartlett's sense of geography is a little hazy. When she made the proposal, she thought that Atlanta was on the ocean, or near it, and each of the nine paintings, for which she had made preliminary drawings in gouache, dealt with an aquatic subject—icebergs, whirlpools, eels, boats, and so forth—in a range of semi-abstract (or semi-figurative) styles. The G.S.A. accepted them without argument. Bartlett finished the commission on schedule, in 1979, and hurried back to her new living-and-working loft in SoHo, an immense space bought with income from the house paintings and redesigned in a spare, Art Deco style by the architect Peter Hoppner. She was working at full tilt, finishing the swimmers series, painting three big new dual-form works (steel plates and canvas) with more realistic imagery than she had used before ("At the Lake," "At the Lake, Morning," and "At the Lake, Night"), and immediately starting in on a series of even larger paintings—steel-plate paintings with canvas-cutout swimmers attached to the surface—on the theme "At Sea." Her work was in great demand by this time. Paula Cooper was selling it to a number of important collectors, and museums here and abroad were asking to show it. Life had become increasingly complicated as a result. Even though Bartlett generally shuns the New York art world in its social aspects, avoiding gallery openings and cocktail parties and late evenings, she was feeling the multiple pressures of success. What she needed, she thought, was some time to herself, in a place quite far from New York.

The perfect solution apparently presented itself in 1979, when she met the writer Piers Paul Read at a lunch party in New York and he proposed that they trade living quarters for a year—his villa in Nice for her loft apartment in SoHo. She agreed to it on the spot, sight unseen. Her acute disappointment when she moved into that dreary villa, on the wrong side of town and far from the sea, at a time of year (December) when the Côte d'Azur is at its worst, has been much written about. At first, she felt distinctly



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frightened, alone in her damp, cold house and knowing barely a word of French. She used to practice shouting "*Au secours!*" in case of burglars, although there wasn't much to steal. It rained and rained. Her plan had been to do no artmaking during her year in France. She would travel, go to museums, and write a new book, tentatively entitled "Day and Night." ("The History of the Universe," parts of which have appeared in several vanguard magazines, is still unpublished in its totality; a shortened version is scheduled to appear in 1985.) She did do some travelling, to England and to Italy—Ravenna for the mosaics, Padua for the Giottos, Florence for Renaissance art, which she had appreciated rather casually until then. Naturally, she visited the nearby Fondation Maeght, in Saint-Paul de Vence, and the Matisse Chapel, in Vence, which made a very strong impression on her. For some reason, though, she could get no writing done. And because she is "no good at just having fun," as she puts it, the lack of an absorbing activity began to weigh on her. Several projects were started and abandoned, and then, one day, she sat down with a pencil and paper at the dining-room table, looked out the window, and began to draw "the awful little garden with its leaky ornamental pool and five dying cypress trees."

"In the Garden," a series of two hundred drawings, in ten different media, that grew out of this unpropitious beginning, has running through it a remarkable sense of self-discovery. Picasso talked of forcing himself to forget how to draw. Bartlett had decided to learn to draw—to get down on paper what she saw, that is, with her eyes and her extremely active mind. She had taken no courses in this sort of drawing at Yale. Students who were accepted there were expected to know how to do it, but in our era a surprising number of well-established contemporary artists have never learned. Bartlett had some help from her sister Julie, who came to stay with her for several months in the villa. Julie had recently graduated from the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena and was on her way to becoming a commercial artist. She knew about shading, perspective, and other conventions that Bartlett had never bothered with, and she was able to pass some of this knowledge on. One of the delights of "In the Garden" is the increasing skill with which the artist

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renders the scene—the moribund pool with its kitschy statue of a small boy urinating, the background of dark, shaggy trees, the shrubs and the perennials in their unkempt beds. She shows it to us in every kind of light and shade (moonlight included), from every conceivable angle (in some cases, we are looking down from a considerable height), and in countless variations of style, from virtual abstraction to meticulous realism. Many of the drawings were done in pairs, with the more figurative one on the left and the more abstract one on the right. The "everything" that Bartlett usually aims for is here in full measure. Look at this absurd garden, she seems to be saying—look at it long enough and hard enough and you can find the world.

Bartlett spent fifteen months on the project. Some of the later drawings were done from photographs, after she returned to New York, and others were done from memory. Her godson posed for a group of figure studies in which the little statue comes to life. Each of ten mediums—pencil, colored pencil, pen and ink, brush and ink, Conté crayon, charcoal, watercolor, pastel, oil pastel, and gouache—is explored thoroughly and boldly, with particularly impressive results in pastel and in watercolor. When the complete series was hung together for the first time, at Paula Cooper's, in 1981, it had an even stronger narrative pull than "Rhapsody." Critics commented on the "cinematic" effect of the shifting points of view, and on the astonishing range of styles. An odd combination of qualities was visible throughout the series: spontaneity, bordering now and then on impatience, and, at the same time, a powerful analytical intelligence that stood back from the work in order to see where it was leading. The analytic side of her talent had always been there, leading some critics in the past to find her work cold and unfelt; here, it was in balance with her impulsive, risk-taking courtship of excess. The strongest narrative thread was Jennifer Bartlett's unflagging curiosity, her own high-spirited willingness to let the act of drawing call the shots.

The enormous critical success of "In the Garden" made Bartlett more sought after than ever. Although it was not possible to keep the series of drawings intact (the demand for individual drawings, pairs, and whole sequences was intense), Bartlett was able to design and oversee its reproduction

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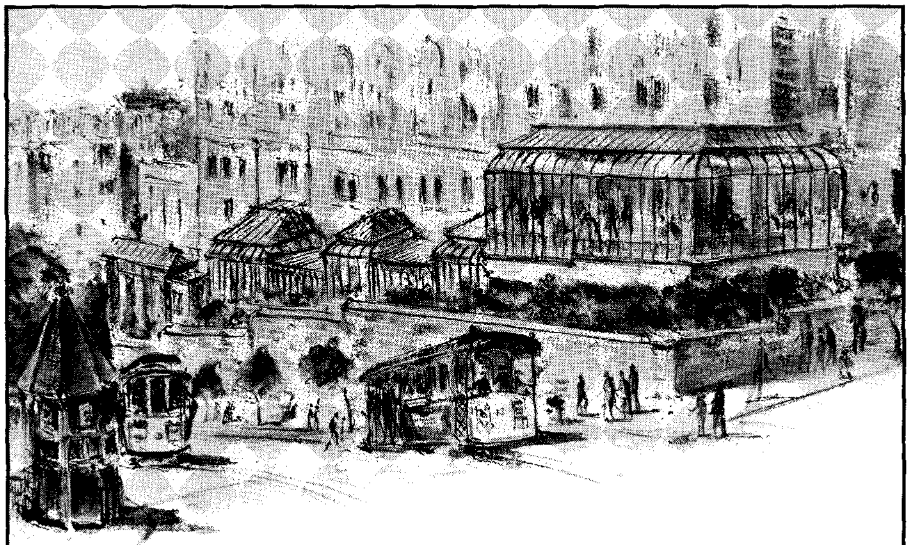

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in a handsome art book ("In the Garden," Abrams, 1982) with a graceful introduction by John Russell. Since then, of course, she has been working harder than ever. Although she often says that she hates commissions and will never undertake another, she has undertaken four major ones since "In the Garden": the dining room of Charles and Doris Saatchi's house in London, for which she executed works in oil, charcoal, fresco, enamel, tempera, and collage; a huge steel-plate mural for the Institute for Scientific Information, in Philadelphia, a building designed by Robert Venturi; two thirty-foot murals for the staff dining room of Philip Johnson's A.T. & T. Building, in New York; and a multipart work for the new international headquarters of the Volvo Corporation, in Sweden, which includes several pieces of large, freestanding sculpture as well as paintings. Meanwhile, new paintings, prints, and drawings emerge from her studio with such frequency that Paula Cooper is hard pressed to keep up with them. The recent work has been increasingly figurative, and involved with landscape—or, to be more accurate, with land- and waterscape, since Bartlett's passion for lakes, streams, and the sea has not abated. Some of her admirers wonder whether in these fluent, realist landscapes Bartlett may not at last be finding her own particular style. Paula Cooper doubts this, and so does the artist. When I asked her about it, she said, "I certainly hope not."

THE feminist movement had a significant effect on the New York art world in the nineteen-seventies. While Bartlett would hardly agree that full equality is at hand, the situation for women artists here is certainly more open than it used to be and a great deal more open than it is in Europe. In spite of this, the generation of American artists that came along after Bartlett's—the generation of Julian Schnabel, David Salle, Richard Longo, and others whose work began to attract public notice in the late nineteen-seventies and early eighties—is dominated once again by men. It is too soon to tell whether the shift is temporary and accidental or whether it reflects social or aesthetic considerations, or both. In the present climate of heavy-handed, macho, neo-expressionist painting, however, Bartlett's inclusive, analytical approach may tend to make her work appear more "decorative" than it actually is. This issue does not trouble her. All painting is decorative to some degree, she feels; what it is in addition to that is what counts. She does not see why she should do without the decorative element, or any other element that appeals to her. There may be something of Long Beach in that attitude, but there is also a lot of New York.

Never doctrinaire in feminist matters, Bartlett does not see why she should do without a husband who is a film star. She met Mathieu Carrière at a New York dinner party in 1980 (it was one of the few dinner parties she went to that season), and they were married in 1983. Carrière has been a highly successful actor in European films since he was thirteen (he is now in his late thirties), and because his work is in Europe Bartlett now spends about half the year living in Paris, in a fairly grand apartment near the Luxembourg Gardens. She has told friends that she dislikes living in Paris. "Paris is so boring," she said last spring, just before going back to rejoin her husband. "After I'd been there for six months, last year, I realized that I'd hardly laughed once the whole time. I'm very frightened that being away from New York half the year may be bad for my work. But I also know that I don't want to be a great artist if what I have to give up includes someone to live with, kids, and so forth—which I guess sounds pretty conventional and female."

Elizabeth Murray reports that after Bartlett returned to Paris in the summer of 1984 she sounded, over the transatlantic telephone, somewhat more enthusiastic about life there. Paula Cooper is sure she will make something out of the place, just as she did out of the dingy garden in Nice. Paris may not be New York, but it is not entirely without interest for an artist. Paris, in fact, might turn out to be just the place for an ex-Long Beach cheerleader to lose and then find herself in a gigantic new work of art.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From "Over the Coffee Cup," by Tommye Miller, in the Mobile* (*Ala.*) *Register*]

Christine and Alex Bowab are having a party on St. Pat's Day, Sunday, which is unusual to say the least. This is their fifth annual Corned Beef & Kibbie Party to which no one will be admitted unless appropriately dressed in either PLO or IRA attire. The house is to be cordoned off into four military sections where food appropriate to that area will be available.

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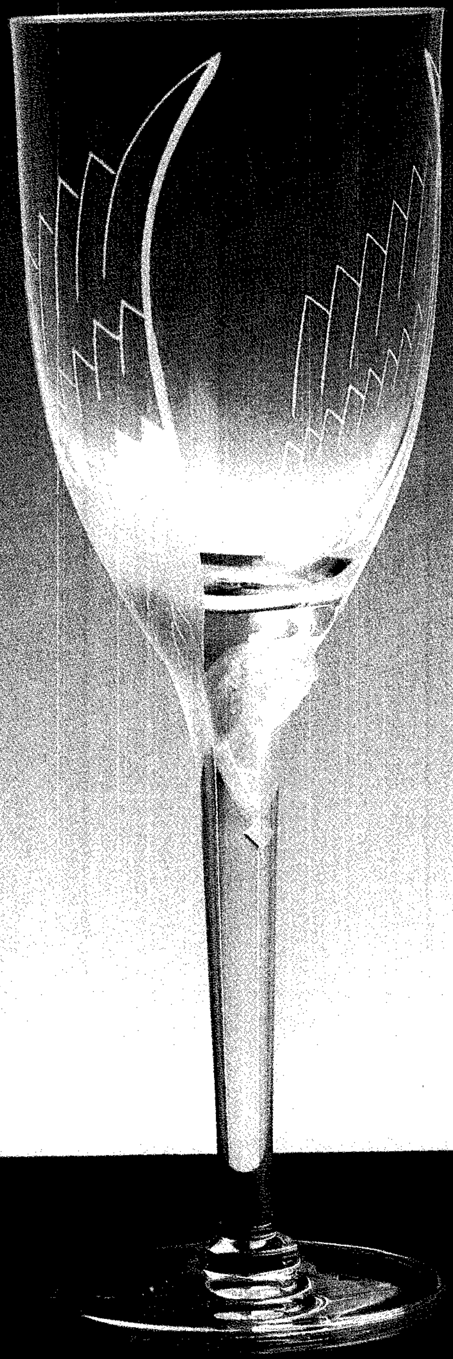

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

We are enormously tenderhearted, but we are not ideological. The terrifying intelligence in the eyes of a French plumber alarms us.—*The Reverend Richard Chartres, Rector of St. Stephen's, Westminster.*

LONDON, APRIL 3

IT used to be that the colliers of the county of Durham went to church once a year, in July, on Miners' Gala day. Each pit village in the county would send a band to Durham, and the bands—there were nearly two hundred—would parade through Durham town, banging drums and blowing trumpets, and the colliers would follow them to the race track for speeches and on to the cathedral for a sermon and prayers. The colliers of Durham were not notably churchgoing men, even in the days before television football—the days when there was nothing on Sundays to keep them home. Coal miners who went to church regularly were not apt to be Church of England anyway; they were Methodist or Irish Catholic, and they probably thought of the fine Anglican cathedral on top of the hill in Durham as a place where the sort of people who owned mines worshipped, a place that served established faith to the established classes. When they climbed that hill on Miners' Gala day, it was an exercise in sentiment. They were playing their parts in the old folk drama of British class, which holds that under the vicious divisions of wealth and privilege there is a heartfelt social contract—that Englishmen, in the end, are devoted to one another as Englishmen. They expected a sermon dedicated to them, and to England's coal, and so they came to town from the miserable little villages around the collieries where they had to live.

The diocese of Durham is what is known in England as a "prince bishopric." There is a ducal coronet on the bishop's arms, and this means that the diocese once "belonged" to the bishop, and its rents and a share of its crops went directly to his palace, at Bishop Auckland—the way that Yorkshire, just south of Durham, once belonged to the Duke of York and paid a share of its wealth to him. When coal was discovered in Durham, a lot of it was under Church of England wheat fields and Church of England pastures. The Church was still in the coal business, with a couple of collieries in its name, when Durham's pits were nationalized, after the Second World War—which may be why the bishops had a patronly as well as a priestly interest in Miners' Gala day. They would polish their pectoral crosses and put on their best chasubles and preach to the miners in their charge the way a businessman might dress up for a company Christmas party and share a bottle with the staff and maybe offer up a toast—in a shrewd gesture of community. The miners seem to have been truly fond of the Victorian bishop Joseph Lightfoot, and of his successor, Brooke Foss Westcott, who settled a bitter strike in Durham in 1892, helped the miners to start coöperatives in their villages, and, when he was ill and had to retire, chose their Gala for his farewell sermon. But in 1926, the year of the worst general strike in British history, the Bishop of Durham was Hensley Henson, and he used his Gala sermon to try to frighten the Durham miners back to work. The miners got mad and decided to throw the Bishop in the River Wear. They were drunk by then, and got the wrong man and threw him in the river instead.

The Church of England, the saying goes, is the Tory Party at prayer. Even now, it evokes images of pleasant country Sundays—the honest squire in the front pew of a village church, the local doctor behind him, and the tradesmen and then the simple folk, the farmers and their bonneted wives and daughters and the colorful, pious bumpkins out of some Dorothy Sayers novel before the murder makes everybody seem a little queer. There was never room in that imaginary village church for the children of an industrial revolution so wrenching and disaffecting that it produced, along with its coal and its steel, the model for "Das Kapital." The nineteenth-century miners who joined Methodist chapels (and the other "chapel" churches) were not involved in theological distinctions; they were a defeated working class looking for solace, and it did not occur to them to

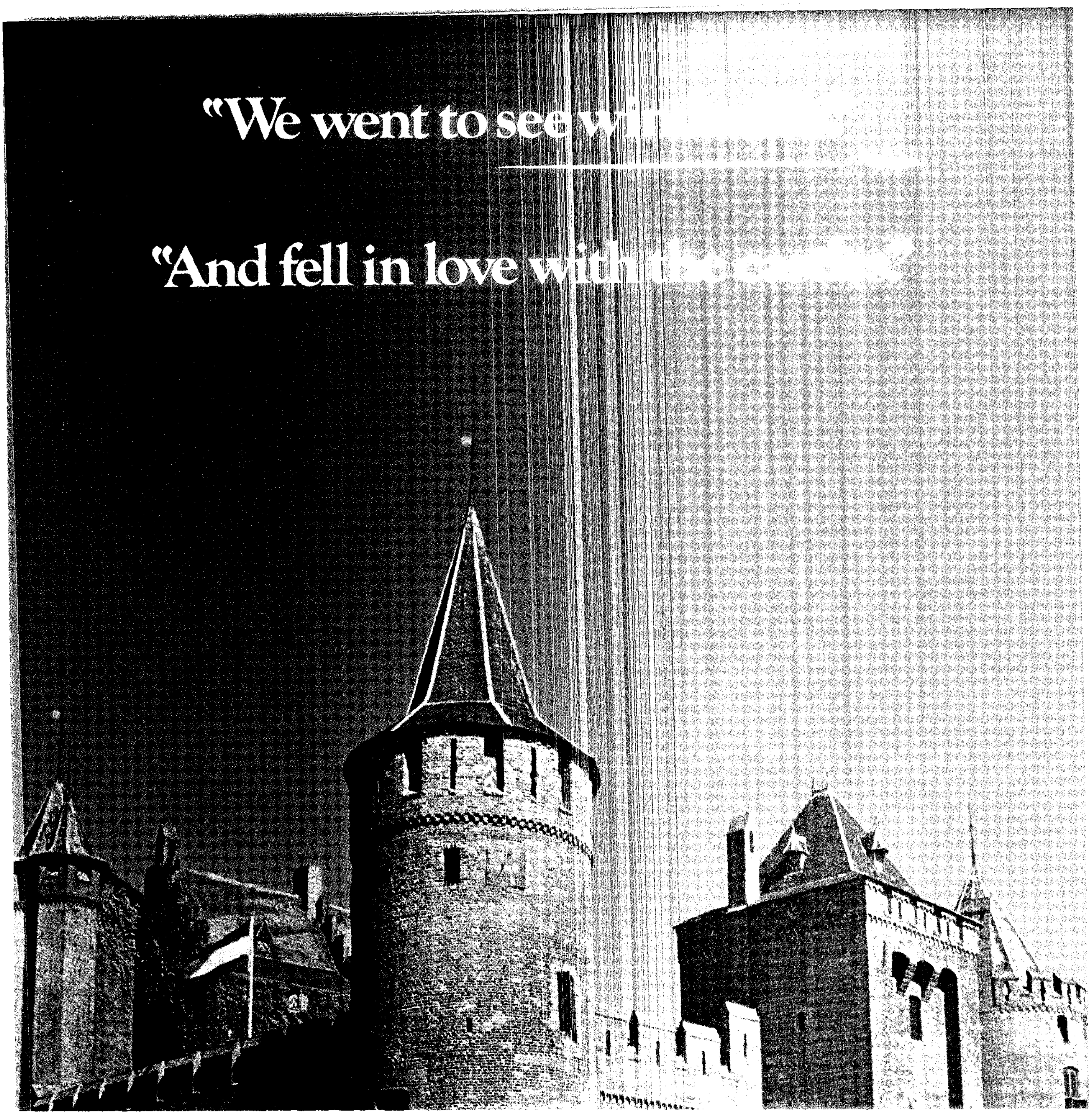
"You can have two tacos and one enchilada, or one taco, one enchilada, and one burrito, or one frittata and two burritos. Or fish."

look for it in the church of people they considered their oppressors. The churches that Anglicans in the countryside still call "nonconformist" or "dissenting" grew with that working class, and served it in places where the Church of England was serving soup and sympathy but rarely fellowship. There were vicars then who wanted to reclaim the working class. Some of them wrote books and tracts (in what they took for common speech) about the temptations of Methodism, published them as the confessions of, say, a repentant collier, and passed them out in pubs and at chapel doors. And, like George Eliot's estimable Reverend Amos Barton, a few actually believed in the existence of that mythical workingman "who out of pure zeal for the welfare of his class took the trouble to warn them in this way against those hypocritical thieves, the Dissenting preachers"—but not many. A hundred years ago, Methodist preachers were organizing in coal mines and factories and steel mills by way of church recruitment, and standing up with those workers they got in trouble when the workers had to account for themselves to judges who were as likely as not Church of England clergymen. (At one point, over a third of the magistrates in England were Anglican priests.) When the miners began to hold meetings, the preachers opened their churches. Some of the first coal miners' union meetings were held in Methodist churches in Wales and Yorkshire, and the miners, for their part, got in the habit of calling their union branches "chapels." They used to hand over their dues to the preachers for safekeeping, the feeling being that only a Methodist preacher would be strict enough and sour enough to hold on to a union's money instead of drinking it. The miners were puritan. English socialism had its roots in their puritanism, in their Sunday-morning testimony about the wages of Saturday-night sin—which were really the wages of poverty. They are still puritan, if not Methodist. Wales is Methodist in its pit villages, but only about six per cent of England is Methodist, and most of the miners in the northeast would probably describe themselves as Church of England if they had to describe themselves at all. In the county of Durham, four or five thousand coal miners belong to Anglican churches, but so many of their mines have closed that there were only eight or ten pit bands left to lead them to the cathedral in the last Gala parade they had, in July of 1983—or, for that matter, to lead them back to work when the coal miners' strike that began in March of 1984 ended this March, after fifty-one weeks.

Durham changed bishops during the miners' strike. The old bishop—his name is John Habgood, and he is the Archbishop of York now—spent ten years in Durham and watched while the coal-mining population of the northeast was dropping from a hundred and twenty-five thousand men to twenty-five thousand. The new bishop, David Jenkins, was appointed just as most of those twenty-five thousand miners started striking. By Miners' Gala day last year, they were five months into the strike, with no strike pay to spend, nothing to do, and no one to negotiate for them, because Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, was using the strike to try to break their union, and Arthur Scargill, the president of the National Union of Mineworkers, was using the strike to try to break the Government. They cancelled the Gala, and held a demonstration instead. Dr. Jenkins had sympathy for the miners. Like Dr. Habgood before him, he made what Anglicans would call a liberal bishop, to distinguish him from the evangelicals in the Church, who are fundamentalists and often charismatics, and who think of themselves as England's Moral Majority (some priests think of them as "suburbanized Methodists"), and from the Anglo-Catholics, who are the aesthetes of the Church, and extremely formal in matters of dogma, faith, and practice. In the Church of England, a liberal means someone who is either theologically liberal or socially and politically liberal or both. Dr. Jenkins was thought to be both.

It has been the tradition in Durham to have dons as bishops. Bishops of Durham have come out of the Theology Department of one university or another since the nineteenth century, and—despite the evidence from the days when bishops railed at miners and miners tried to throw them in the river for it—to a lot of the Anglican faithful a Theology Department is a radical and seditious place, where people talk about doubt and argue about doctrine and do whatever else they can to undermine the bland tranquillity of the Christian lives around them. The new Bishop of Durham had been a don at the University of Leeds. He had degrees (seconds) in classics and literature along with his first in theology. Before he went to Leeds, in 1979, he was fifteen years at Oxford, five years at the World Council of Churches, in Geneva, and another five with the William Temple Foundation, in Manchester, raising social consciences. His job in Geneva was director of "humanism studies." He was there when priests and pastors began to elaborate something they called "liberation theology." He read the Peruvian Father Gustavo Gutiérrez, and liked him. He met the Jesuits and the Maryknoll priests and nuns from Nicaragua and Guatemala. He was a pink-cheeked, white-haired English cleric nearing sixty—charming, voluble, distracted, a little cluttered in his library and in his thoughts. He loved to talk. He entertained himself talking. He talked as if the world were a fascinating dictionary he was leafing through, and rarely finished a sentence on the subject he had started. It was a common-room style—thinking out loud, discovering and defining and revising opinion that way, making up one's mind in discourse. Style, not doctrine, was what really separated the Church's dons from its parish clergy.

There is an acknowledged difference in the Church of England between intellectual responsibility and pastoral responsibility. A theologian is supposed to probe and provoke when he talks. A priest is supposed to correct and comfort. The trouble with David Jenkins was that he moved from his rooms at Leeds to his palace at Bishop Auckland as if it were the same job but with a bigger audience. The Bishop of Durham (like the Bishops of London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England's miners are a lost tribe. It is hard to think of any other people in the West who are literally left over, in the way the miners here are left over. The Government calls them "redundant workers." Mrs. Thatcher likes to talk about redundant workers making new lives for themselves—like the steelworkers whose mill was closed, and who went to work in a factory making marshmallows—but none of her stories really apply to the coal miners, because England's coal miners refuse to move. The miners here have never lived in big towns or cities, where in better times than these there

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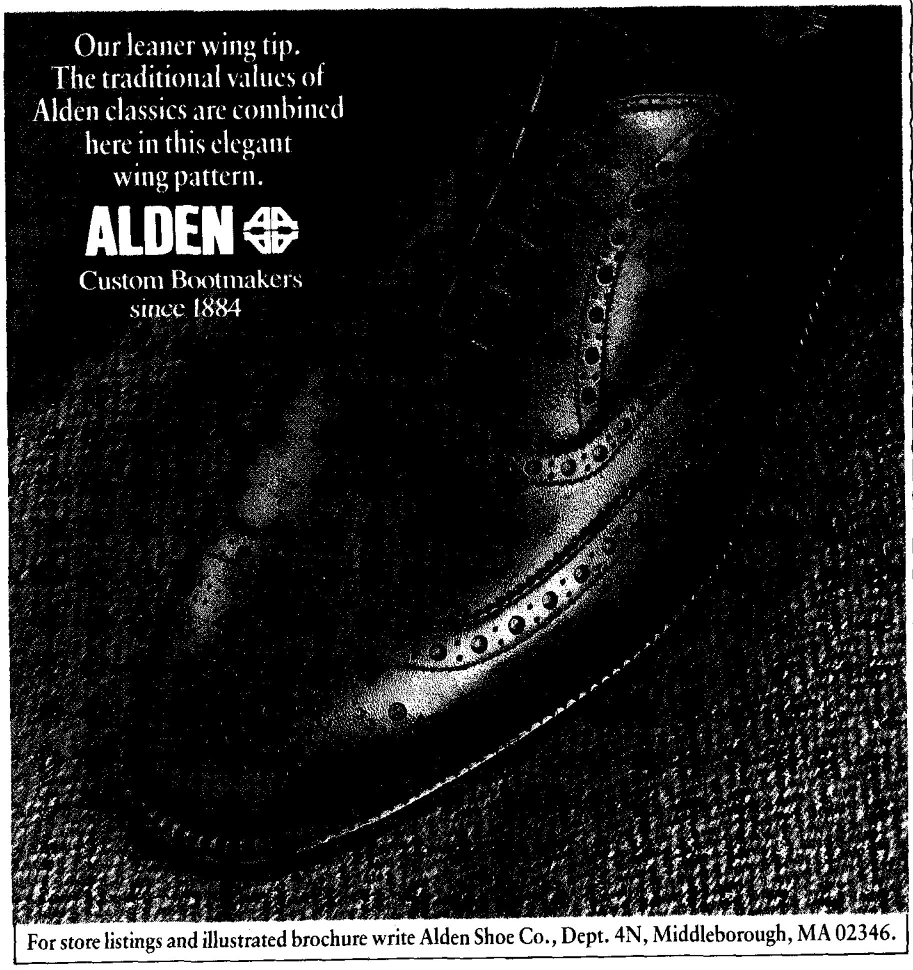
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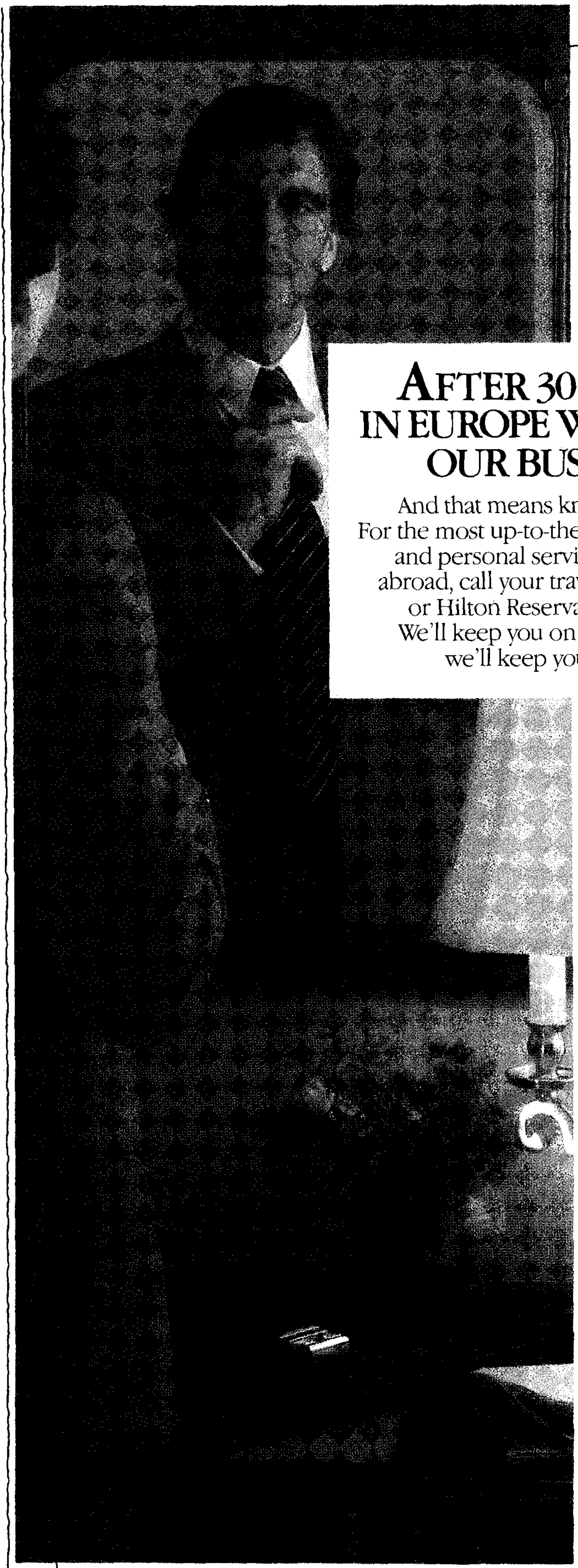
might have been something besides mining for them to do, some other way of earning money. Their pit villages are just that—villages that were built by coal companies around coal pits. They were built to save coal companies the cost and the trouble of getting the miners to the mines in the morning and getting them home again at night. They were cheap, convenient, and even profitable, because the companies usually made money out of their company stores and company clubs and company houses. Most miners who lived in pit villages rarely got to see anybody but other miners and a few bosses. The assumption was that they were less likely to be restless or disgruntled and start complaining than miners who had friends and neighbors with better jobs. There are counties in Wales and northeast England dotted with pit villages the way the Kalahari Desert is dotted with acacias: the villages look close enough from an airplane, but from the ground they are patches in an empty landscape. They lose everything when a pit closes. They lose their schools and stores along with their collieries and union locals and workingmen's clubs and lodges. Eventually, they are ghost towns whose people have refused to die. In Durham, where the coal seams run close to the surface in mid-county and deepen toward the coast, you can follow a seam east to the North Sea and trace the whole, sad history of British mining in the pit villages along your way. The first pit villages were built on farmland. The miners were local men, and had connections to that land. For a hundred years, as mines were exhausted and replaced by deeper mines, nearer to the sea, the villages were also replaced, and each new village had fewer local men and more strangers. Scots came down to mine. Irish came. The Irish were dropped at ports along the coast and started walking and didn't stop until they found a colliery. If the colliery was big, there would soon be two more churches—a Presbyterian chapel for the Scots and a Catholic church for the Irish—and two more workingmen's clubs, to keep the Scots and the English and the Irish from fighting. The pit "community" that Scargill talked so much about saving was appealing mainly to writers like W. H. Auden and D. H. Lawrence, who didn't have to live in one. (Auden wrote madrigals about miners: "O lurcher-loving collier, black as night, Follow your love across the smokeless



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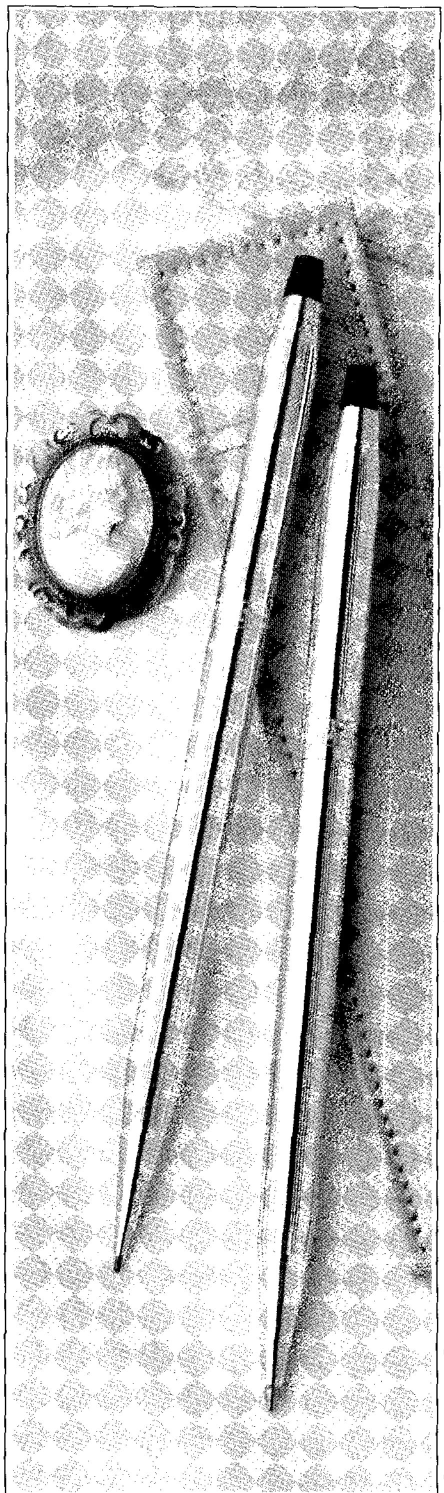

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hill; Your lamp is out and all the cages still.") Certainly the miners never thought of their villages as tender or romantic places until they heard on television how tender and romantic those villages were. It was mainly the greed of the coal companies that fostered "community" among miners. They needed to survive that greed. They needed to survive in the mines, too. Men who worked together a mile underground—helpless, at risk, depending entirely on one another to stay alive in a cave-in or a fire—had no choice but to learn "community." In the end, it was all they had.

LAST month, I met the young vicar—call him Reverend Denby—in a pit village south of Durham that was built over seventy years ago and is still producing. The Vicar told me that the village is so inbred by now that you can recognize the children by what he called "their slow, special, round-faced look." He said that villagers only marry other villagers. Even their adulteries, he said, are in the village. There is a kind of extended incest to village life—a vicious circle of village marriages and the dulled-out children of those marriages, children incapable of any other life, any other job, any other kind of marriage themselves. Mr. Denby's village is big as pit villages go. There are a few thousand houses, and every one of them except the vicar's, the Catholic priest's, the Methodist preacher's, and the two primary-school teachers' belongs to a miner or a retired miner or a miner who is out of work. About six hundred of the men still work at the colliery (along with a couple of hundred miners from villages whose collieries have closed). Another six hundred have been laid off or have grown up since the mine stopped hiring, and the rest either are too old to mine or are dying of black-lung disease or emphysema. I did not hear any of them talk about "preserving a way of life" for their children and grandchildren. In the village, they say that you can dig a mine and a town will grow around it, like a farm town, and people will work together, live together, drink in the same pubs, and even starve for a year on the same picket line, but none of this means that miners believe in a "right to be underground" or in some sacred quality to their lives that they want their children to inherit. Mr. Denby has been in the village for four years now, and he says the one conclusion he has drawn in those four years

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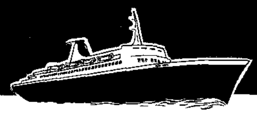

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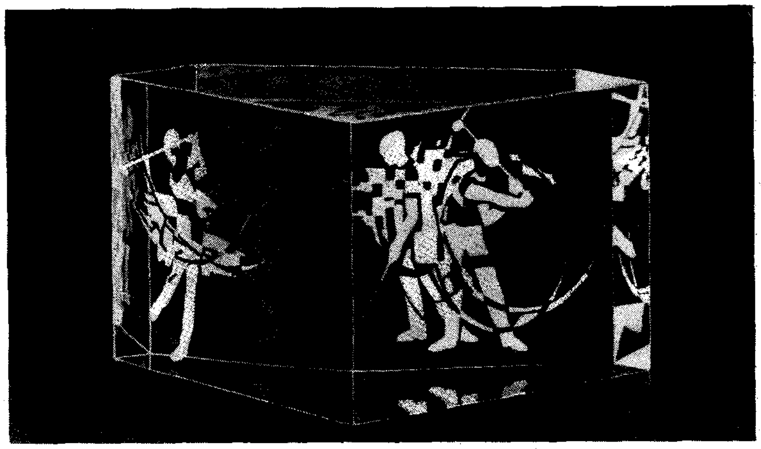
is that sending a human being into a coal mine is immoral.

Denby is what the English would call a redbrick cleric. He went to a small northern seminary, not far from another mining town, though he clearly would rather have gone to Oxford or Cambridge, where Anglican priests from good schools and good families get their theology degrees. He is chippy—touchy about class. He does not like miners the way that young Oxbridge priests, enjoying a few years of real life in a pit village before moving on in their careers, like miners. He has worked too hard getting away from real life to enjoy a ministry in a dying village or to regard the people around him as friends, but he is precisely the sort of young clergyman the Church assigns to the collieries. In a colliery village, there is no way for Denby to offend the faithful with his accent or pick up the wrong fork at a party or serve a duchess meat-and-potato pie on a plastic dinner tray. On the other hand, there is not much for him to do in a village like his besides, as people in the Church say, "hatching, matching, and dispatching." Only a hundred families belong to Denby's church, and only six or seven men come regularly to the church at all. During the strike, there was violence in the village. Four men crossed the picket line and were badly beaten for it, and ended up in the hospital. After that, they left for the pit while it was still dark, and took a different road every day (the other miners who broke the strike arrived in armored vans), and often came home at night to find their windows smashed and their doors smeared with paint and their children crying from fights at school and their wives crying from fights at the co-op. One miner asked Mr. Denby for advice during the fifty-one weeks of the strike; his wife was complaining because he was home all day, and underfoot, and she was used to having the house to herself. Denby told him to go fishing.

The Church of England is a state church. It has never been disestablished. Its synod is a legal parliament, a kind of theological branch of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and its bishops and priests are servants of the state—spiritual servants. They consider all England, and not just Anglican England, their responsibility. (Richard Chartres, the rector of St. Stephen's here, refers to the Catholic Cardinal Basil Hume, who lives in his neighborhood, as



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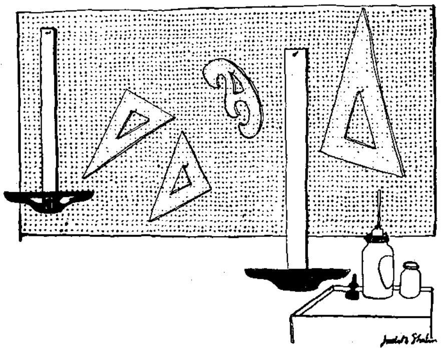
"my parishioner.") Vicars like Mr. Denby take it as a parish duty to visit the picket lines during a miners' strike, and to lend their church kitchens to miners' wives, who use them for hot lunches for unmarried picketers and for soup-kitchen dinners. When a pit village dies, the Anglican church is the last to close. Occasionally, it survives the village. A historian I know at the University of Durham bought a house in an old pit village whose mine had shut down in 1967, when two hundred coal-mining families were living there. There are a hundred families now, but most of them are people like my friend from the university, who moved in when the Coal Board started razing, and "gentrified" whatever houses they could save. Three miners are left. They travel to coal mines near the coast to work. Their school, their store, their union club and offices, and their Methodist chapel closed years ago, but the Anglican church stayed open—with no parishioners. Now the professors go.

The Bishop of Durham had Methodist preachers for grandfathers, and that may help to explain what his colleagues refer to as "David's enthusiasm." He made no secret of the fact that he found Mrs. Thatcher's strike policy inhuman and Mr. Scargill, whose vision of England resembled Eastern Europe with a few free labor unions, "not unredeemable." There are two hundred and thirty-nine Church of England parishes in the county of Durham, and three hundred and thirty Anglican clergy, and a lot of them felt, like Mr. Denby, that if their bishop-designate had spent his time in a colliery village instead of a Theology Department he would have thought twice about redeeming Arthur Scargill—for God or for anything else. Dr. Jenkins was consecrated as Bishop of Durham on July 6, 1984, in York Minster. His archbishop and predecessor, John Habgood, officiated, and a friend from the University of Bristol by the name of Dennis Nineham gave the sermon, taking for his text this passage from Joshua: "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." Professor Nineham was more acute, perhaps, than he suspected. There were a lot of places the new bishop was passing for the first time—the collieries of northeast England, for one, and the BBC, for another, where he had answered questions about miracles by saying that there was more to the Resurrection than "a conjuring trick with bones." Professor Nineham said at the consecration that the trouble with most bishops is that they are, "generally speaking, generally speaking"—something that Bishop Jenkins likes to repeat, because he is one bishop with very specific things to say. Nineham spoke for the theologians, who were mainly pleased by the appointment. The evangelicals in the Church were not at all pleased. They did not care for Bishop Jenkins' inventive readings of *their* realities—believing, as they did, that the appropriate exercise of Christian imagination took place not on radio shows and television panels but in charismatic visits from the Holy Spirit. The Anglo-Catholics were more sophisticated but not much happier. Anglo-Catholics think of their church as a repository of ritual and doctrine, a kind of British Museum of the faith, surviving, as one of their chaplains put it, "through confidence, continuity, and censers." They enjoy the mysteries and the miracles of Catholic Christianity. They think that liberal bishops like Dr. Jenkins dilute those mysteries or muddy them up with explanations and explications and disclaimers. They blame the liberals in the Church for defections to tantric orgy cults and Hindu gurus and, lately, the Russian Orthodox Church. (The Metropolitan of Britain is an émigré doctor called Anthony Bloom, who has been drawing crowds for years with his riveting Easter vigils.) Anglo-Catholics tend to prefer the Orthodox Church to their own in, say, its American Episcopal version. They do not like the idea of women priests or Apache Masses. The fact that the Episcopal Cathedral of New York can put on a proper High Church Easter Eucharist and at the same time invite a feminist sculptor—her name was Edwina Sandys, and she happened to be Winston Churchill's granddaughter—to exhibit a crucifix with a female Christ in the ambulatory confuses them. Some of them think that David Jenkins belongs in a country like America, where nobody seems to mind if bishops undermine their own authority by talking all the time about politics and economics. They like to quote Stanley Baldwin, who was Prime Minister during the strikes in 1926: he asked a group of meddlesome churchmen how they would like it if he asked the Iron and Steel Federation to take over the revisions of the Athanasian Creed.



DR. JENKINS' consecration service was on a Friday. There were summer storms that weekend, and a little after two on Monday morning lightning struck York Minster. By two-thirty, the roof of the south transept was on fire, its big rose window lit like an unearthly diadem; by dawn, when the first firemen could enter, its thirteenth-century beams and vaults were cinders on the stone floor. It was said by people who did not like David Jenkins that the fire was an act of God. The newspapers put it this way: If God set fire to the largest Gothic cathedral in England, did He do it because He disapproved of Bishop Jenkins or because He thought the World Council of Churches was getting too left-wing or because He wanted to put a stop to people naming rock groups after the Holy Family? The principal of Westcott House, which is an Anglican seminary at Cambridge, apparently believed that God struck York Minster. The evangelical vicar of Jesmond, which is a Newcastle parish, believed it. Letters about Dr. Jenkins and the fire started arriving at the Archbishop's palace, in Bishop Thorpe, south of York, and kept on arriving until (according to the Archbishop's secretary) they made a pile over a foot high. Most of the letters came from evangelicals in the Church. Dr. Habgood, who is a cool, charitable man, referred to them later as "a small number of intellectually self-confident fundamentalists at the edge of the Church." They talked about "scum" and "Judas"—which was not altogether in the spirit of a national church that had always made a proud point of eclecticism and tolerance. Once they had exhausted the Archbishop's patience, they started on the newspapers. The vicar of Jesmond—his name is David Holloway—wrote to the *Times* of London, so often that the paper seemed to be giving him a columnist's space and credits. Holloway liked to point out in his letters that even William Temple, who, after all, was a Christian socialist, had "publicly stated his belief in the Virgin Birth and the empty tomb." Temple, as it happened, had led the meddlesome bishops in their "clerical initiative" during the 1926 strikes. He was Bishop of Manchester then; by the time he moved to Lambeth Palace as the Archbishop of Canterbury, he had begun to wonder about his "tendency to try to make capital for the church" out of crises that might be better served with less publicity and more discreet, if not "entirely private," pressure. Archbishops of Canterbury are supposed to be discreet—though not necessarily as discreet as Temple's successor at Canterbury, a public-school headmaster named Geoffrey Fisher, who in the nineteen-fifties told the English to stop worrying so much about hydrogen bombs. "At its very worst," the Archbishop said, "all a hydrogen bomb can do is to sweep a vast number of persons at one moment from this world into the other, and more vital, world—into which anyhow they must all pass at some time."

Robert Runcie is the Archbishop of Canterbury now. He used to be known as Killer Runcie, but that was during the war, when he was a tank commander in Normandy. Today, he is known as a cautious, conciliatory sort of man, who tries to keep his colleagues from rushing into things like the ordination of women or clerical divorces and upsetting the Catholics and the Orthodox primates, whom the Church is courting. Dr. Runcie has worked for years with commissions on Christian unity. Mostly, the commissions involve people from the Vatican—whenever they agree on something, they draft a report to say that Christian unity is at hand—but Dr. Runcie's particular project has been unity with the Orthodox Church, and he is sensitive about his bishops' making "untimely" pronouncements about female priests and female Christs and in-vitro babies when delegates from the Patriarch of Moscow are in town. (The Orthodox Church is not so accommodating. Orthodox holy places like the monasteries of Mount Athos do not let Anglicans in for services but make them sit outside on the porch.) The Orthodox have been Dr. Runcie's portfolio, so to speak, since he was the Bishop of St. Albans, in the nineteen-seventies. If Catholics interest him less, it may have something to do with the conviction of Englishmen like him that, having been Catholics themselves for a thousand years, theirs is the true Catholic Church, free from

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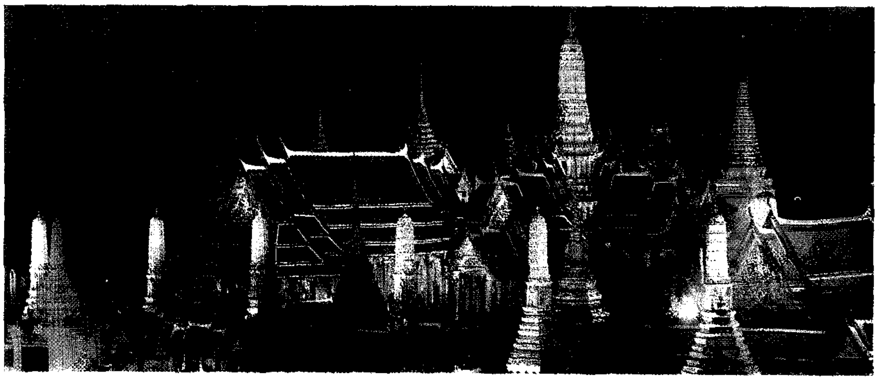

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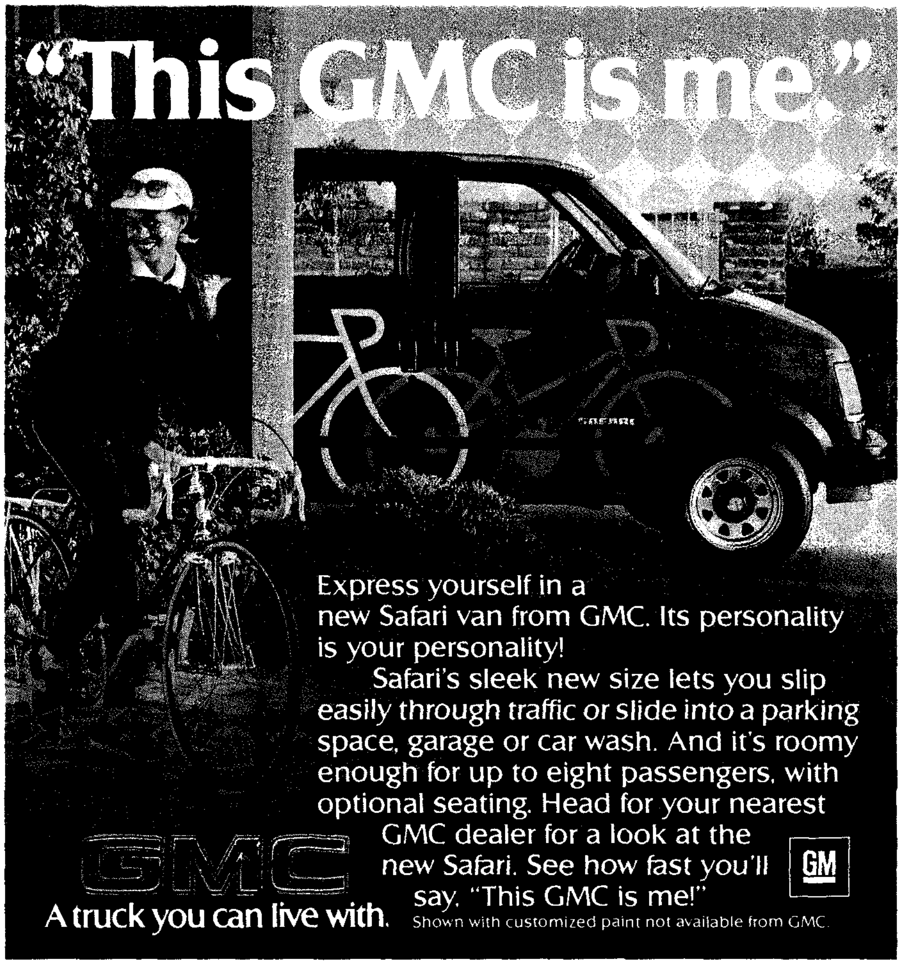

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Rome. The latest round of meetings with the Vatican ended a couple of months ago, after ten years of discussion. A commission issued a report about Christian unity being "closer," and said that there was now "sufficient convergence on the nature of authority in the church" to make another round of meetings possible.

Authority, of course, is what divides Anglicans and Catholics. Anglicans accept administrative authority, and even some liturgical authority, but the moral and theological hierarchies of the Roman Catholic Church are anathema to them. (Clifford Longley, a Catholic who writes about religion for the *Times*, says that "deep in the soul of the modern secular Englishman lies an ardent Protestant and religious nationalist, for whom the national church is not so much a place to worship in as a buttress against something threatening and sinister, whose shadow is bedded in the subconscious and which used to be called Popery.") *When David Jenkins talked too much* for Dr. Runcie's comfort, Runcie would say something about rash bishops who in their zeal forget to ask themselves, "How will this conduct look to my colleagues, my flock, my parishioners, perhaps less instructed or sophisticated than I am and yet still, as St. Paul says, brothers and sisters for whom Christ died?" He would never have claimed any sort of doctrinal authority over Jenkins, the way John Paul II claimed *his* authority over the Franciscan friar Leonardo Boff, in Brazil, who wrote a book about liberation theology and the longings for "freedom of divergent thought within the Church." There is no Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith in the Anglican Church to tell a dissenting priest—as the Congregation in Rome told Friar Boff—that criticisms of the hierarchy mean "destruction of the authentic sense of the sacraments and of the word of faith." A country where there are vicars who take polls about the Resurrection (and congregations that answer them) is not a Catholic country. David Jenkins' Anglo-Catholic colleagues were distressed less by his views, in the end, than by the fact that he was asking "simple people" to consider symbolic distinctions that were beyond them. They thought that simple people needed certainty. (At the General Synod last November, one Anglo-Catholic theologian told Michael Davie, from the *Observer*, that the Orthodox Church was appealing to disaffected Anglicans because it was "unchanged, exclusive, and above all *certain*," and added that he was sure that if Cardinal Newman were alive today he would be an Orthodox primate.)

IN September, two months after the fire at York Minster, David Jenkins was enthroned, and spoke for the first time in Durham's cathedral. He said later that any bishop preaching at an enthronement last September had to say something about the coal miners—and that is what Dr. Jenkins did. He described himself as "an ambiguous, compromised, and questioning person entering upon an ambiguous office in an uncertain church in the midst of a threatened and threatening world." He said that dogmatism of any kind was "outrageously self-righteous, deeply inhuman, and damnably dangerous," and that the present Government was certainly dogmatic—dogmatic in its indifference to poverty, its indifference to the coal miners, its indifference to "community." Inasmuch as the strike was in its seventh month, he said, the "imported elderly American" by the name of Ian MacGregor who ran Mrs. Thatcher's Coal Board might think of stepping down in favor of a more conciliatory "local product." MacGregor was not noticeably moved by the Bishop—who did not have anything good to say about Scargill, either—except to object to the word "elderly," and to remark that he was not actually born in America, although he had lived there for forty years before Mrs. Thatcher hired him. He was a Scot, and thrifty, and that is the reason the Prime Minister liked him. She paid him a splendid salary to "rationalize British industry" for her. MacGregor was head of British Steel until 1983, and shut down enough steel mills to put more than half the steelworkers in the country on the dole. Then he shut down twenty coal mines that were either unsafe or unproductive or were costing the Coal Board more than their yield to maintain. He had plans to shut down twenty more when the miners struck. There are a hundred and eighty-six thousand members of the National Union of Mineworkers (which is really a federation of local miners' unions). Scargill called them out without a vote. He wanted all the coal mines in Britain open, whatever the economic cost, and Mrs. Thatcher seemed to want all but the big, new, automated coal mines (like the mines at Selby and the Vale of Belvoir, in Yorkshire) closed, what-

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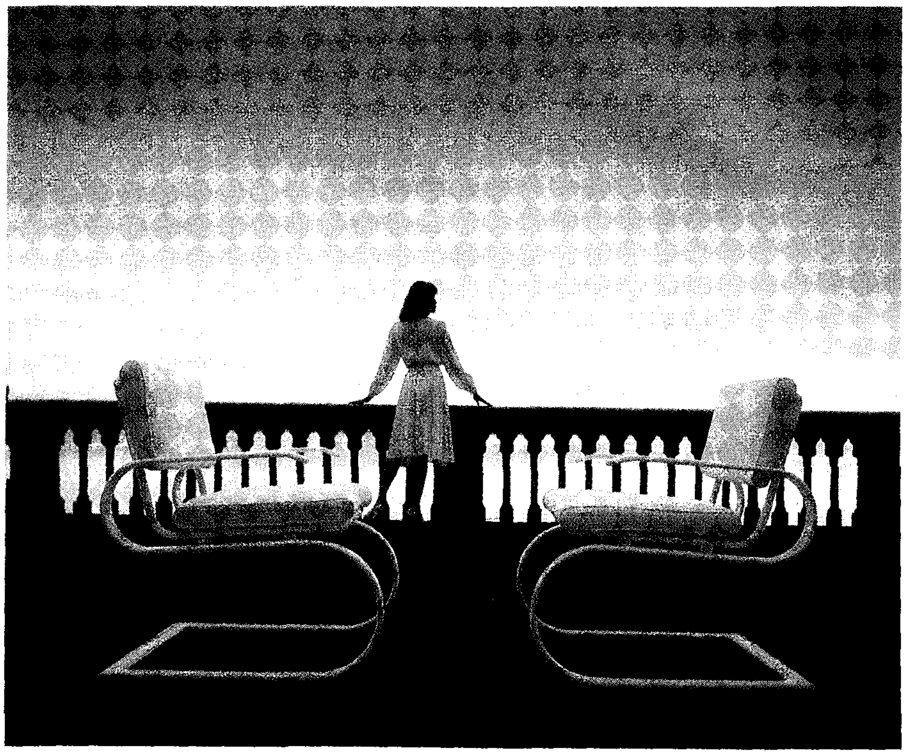

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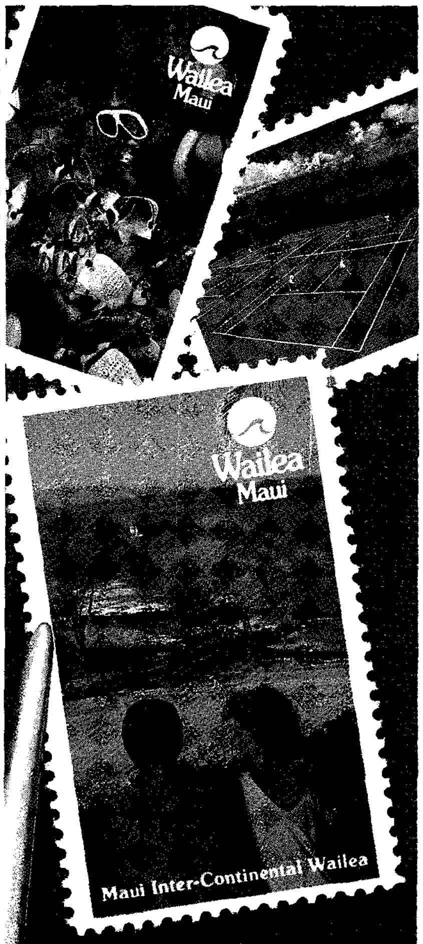
ever the social cost, and the argument was really between the two of them. The miners themselves were almost incidental. So, for that matter, was MacGregor.

The Church of England officially entered the argument about the miners' strike after David Jenkins' enthronement. The Archbishop of Canterbury talked to the *Times* a few days before the Tory Party conference, on October 9th, and in his interview he warned Mrs. Thatcher that the violence of the strike and the miners' despair and her own policies were changing British politics "from consensus to confrontation." He talked about the more than three million people who were unemployed and were waiting for the "jam" the Prime Minister had promised them with their breakfasts tomorrow. He talked about the awful rhetoric on both sides: "The cheap imputation of the worst possible motives; treating people as scum in speech; all this pumping vituperation into the atmosphere has a deep effect on the possibilities of physical violence." He said that if the human consequences of Mrs. Thatcher's economic objectives were poverty and despair, then those objectives had to be called into question. At times, he sounded like Dr. Jenkins talking. It was a matter of style for the Church of England, a Conservatives' argument. (Neil Kinnock, the Labour Party leader, didn't join a picket line until three months after Dr. Runcie gave his interview.) Mrs. Thatcher was not humane in the way that Tories were supposed to be humane. She was not, as they say in England, "wet." She had contempt for the miners because she had contempt for their argument, for their obstinate illogic. Being a grocer's daughter, she liked to say, she had never had the time or the money to cultivate the sort of sympathies that old Conservatives cultivate in the protection of their clubs and their public schools. She was like the "new Tories" who had voted for her. She was part of the self-made bourgeoisie that lived in southern suburbs and "carried no luggage" (as people here put it) from the past into their new ranch houses and their new offices, no sentiment, no paternalism—no hypocrisy, either. She had no use for the sort of discussion going on in the Anglican Church about whether Keynes or Milton Friedman was the better "Christian." She did not really understand that the old Conservative leaders would have given something—would



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have offered to keep a few more pits open, or invited the miners to Downing Street for beer and sandwiches and a chat about being British together.

In a way, Mrs. Thatcher was a proper match for Scargill, so full of class rhetoric and class bitterness himself. Scargill claimed to be a Marxist. He may not have read Marx, but he had gauged exactly how class-riven England was. He knew that beer and sandwiches at Downing Street were only Marx's old opiate of the people in some peculiarly British version, and he would have refused them. He is not a democrat. (That may be the real reason he called the coal miners' strike without a membership vote.) He organized his futile strike at the end of an uncommonly mild winter, when no one in England was worrying about heat and there were stockpiles of coal all over the country. The strikes that bring down governments are strikes like the ones here seven years ago, when half the workers in the country were out, and there was no fuel of any kind, and hospitals closed and trains stopped and people died from cold and illness, and even hunger. No one joined the miners this time. Mrs. Thatcher must have talked to the Russians, because the Russians saw to it that Poland sold her whatever coal she did need and that East German ships delivered it. When the dockworkers in Hull refused to unload the ships or even let them into port, the ships (about eighty per cent of them, the Archbishop of York says) were simply sent upriver to unload their coal at unregistered ports, where there was no dockers' union to stop them. What was clear, by March of 1984, was that Bevan's famous description of England as "an island of coal surrounded by fish" did not apply any longer. England was surrounded by oil, and its problem was not how to heat itself or generate electric power but how to compute its social costs—including in its computations the fact that doing so was against the philosophy of its government. There was a debate on Mrs. Thatcher's economic philosophy at the General Synod of the Church last November. The Tory Party chairman, John Gummer, is a lay member of the synod, but he was so furious that he refused to go to the debate, and went off to Cambridge instead and gave a sermon in Great St. Mary's Church, saying later that if the bishops could talk about politics in their synods politicians had every right to talk about God in pulpits. Gummer is a keen churchman of rigorously simple views, and he talks a lot about God and country anyway. Mrs. Thatcher likes him because he is not apt to get in trouble and disgrace her, like her last Party chairman, Cecil Parkinson, who had to resign because his secretary was going to have his baby. Gummer is not noticeably passionate about secretaries. He is passionate about things like the Falklands war (he has never forgiven the Archbishop of Canterbury for saying a prayer for both the British and the Argentine dead at a thanksgiving service when the war was over), and his idea of moral uplift is Norman Tebbit, the Industries Secretary, telling the unemployed to get on their bikes, the way his father did in 1926, and look for jobs. One miner took Mr. Tebbit's advice. He bought bicycles for his family, and they all rode south to a village near Windsor and camped on the village green while the miner looked for work. They were still on the green at Christmas.

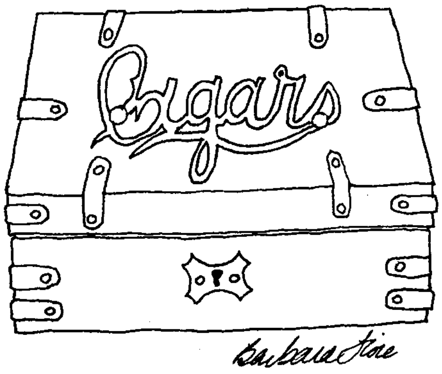
There are three "houses" in the synod of the Church of England—a House of Bishops, a House of Clergy, and a House of Laity—and Gummer is right when he complains that the bishops are much more radical as a group than either the synod priests or the parishioners. The bishops, in their way, are upsetting the traditional balance of church-state power—which is that the Crown appoints and the Church consecrates, and in its more recent version has been that the Prime Minister appoints and the appointed bishops bless the Prime Minister's politics. Without their blessing, the sacrifice of people to policy loses a kind of cover, and that is what is happening in England now. When the bishops here say that the Tory Party is involved in economic idolatry, they are also reminding the Party that idolatry of any kind is a challenge to Christian doctrine. They are separating the Church from the resentments about class and privilege that can mark an ordinary churchman like Mr. Denby and his parishioners. The Church of England is really a pre-Mrs. Thatcher institution. The questions that it asks today were the accurate banalities of the days when conciliation and compromise were part of the rhetoric of every government, Labour *or* Tory. Today, neither the left nor the right talks about conciliation. Both of them have abandoned compromise. They may not care much when David Jenkins talks about bones, but when he talks about coal miners both sides think, Rid me of this turbulent priest, and people like Gummer apparently even say it. Homilies about class and compassion can sound like declarations of war when they are addressed to a strike leader who admires Lenin and solicits money from Qaddafi or to a Prime Minister who has reasons for assuming that England will never recover from the scams of socialism and the pieties of conservatism without a harsh adjustment to the marketplace and to its own capacities, whatever those capacities are. The Church is a service of the British welfare state; its authority as an institution comes from the state, and the state has a proprietary interest in it. The Church, of course, has a proprietary interest in itself. It is as rich as the Queen, with property all over the country and two billion dollars' worth of stocks and bonds and no taxes to pay on any of its income. It has a lot to lose.

EVER since Henry VIII got divorced, it has been the legal duty of the Crown to appoint the archbishops, the bishops, and six per cent of the parish priests of the Church of England. George I, whose English was terrible and who needed help remembering what the Church of England was, let Robert Walpole pick his bishops for him, and after that it was really the Prime Minister who chose. (Gladstone and Disraeli took what the secretary-general of the Church, Derek Pattinson, calls a "particularly keen interest" in appointing bishops.) It was clear that a conservative Prime Minister would appoint conservative bishops and a liberal Prime Minister liberal bishops, and there was not much that even the

Archbishop of Canterbury could do about it. The system changed finally in 1977. Donald Coggan was Archbishop of Canterbury then, and James Callaghan was Prime Minister, and the two of them arrived at a kind of unwritten concordat about Church appointments. Now a Church commission—the two archbishops, three clergymen from the House of Clergy, three laymen from the House of Laity, and four parishioners from the vacant diocese—picks two candidates for the job and presents them to the Prime Minister, and then the Prime Minister decides. Mrs. Thatcher herself has an "appointment secretary," a man named Robin Catford. Catford is supposed to advise her properly on prospective bishops, and it is a mark of Mrs. Thatcher's single-mindedness that she seems to have overlooked her own interests in the Church and appointed someone like David Jenkins to begin with. Her friends say now that if there is ever another list with a Dr. Jenkins on it they will see to it that Mrs. Thatcher sends it back. The fact is that bishops are news and synods are news, and reporters cover them and the BBC televises them as if they were one of Mrs. Thatcher's speeches.

There is a Board for Social Responsibility in the Anglican Church. It has been involved in politics since it opened its offices at Church House, in the Dean's Yard of Westminster Abbey, twenty-seven years ago. It has a social mandate—what Dr. Jenkins calls a Victorian mandate. Its job is to decide on the "goals for a proper society," to study those goals, and then to advise the synod what to do with them. There are biologists on the board, who think about Christian ethics and in-vitro babies and genetic engineering. There are professors of international relations and chaplains general to the armed forces, who think about the military and nuclear bombs. There are economists and bankers, who think about monetary policy and what the economic alternatives are in the parts of Britain where all the factories have closed over the past five years. They think about social desolation, about the millions of people with "strong arms and not much else," and about how to acknowledge the problem of "not much else" and maybe begin to solve it without falling into old class clichés. There are a hundred and fifty industrial chaplains, who operate out of offices and mines and factories instead of parish churches and are the field workers, so to speak, of the Board for Social Responsibility. Universities in the northeast have courses in "industrial theology," which are supposed to give those chaplains what Geoffrey Sturman, at the Theology Department of the University of Hull, calls "theological understanding of industrial society." The chaplains' movement started in England with the Second World War; the Bishop of Sheffield sent a chaplain to an ordnance factory, and after the war the chaplain stayed in Sheffield, in a steel mill, and other chaplains joined him. In the nineteen-sixties, it was fashionable for young priests to be industrial chaplains; it went with social protest and anti-war protest and protest in the universities. Being a chaplain in a factory is not so fashionable now. In the sixties, the old parochial base of the Church was changing, too. People moved with their jobs, and a factory or a colliery was sometimes as much of a community to them as the strange new town where they had settled down. Today, a lot of working people in the Church say that they would rather have vaulted ceilings and stained glass and Sunday services than a chaplain negotiating overtime for them in a colliery yard. There was not much that the industrial chaplains could do for the miners when they struck, anyway. It made no difference to the miners that the Coal Board's offers of relocation and resettlement were fairly reasonable offers. Whatever the chaplains advised them, the miners' terror of leaving home was precisely what set them apart from other British workers and made their strike hopeless.

IN February, the Church of England had its first General Synod of the year. There was a lot the synod might have talked about. The Church is losing priests. Seminaries have half the students they did ten years ago. There are still eleven thousand Anglican priests, but even so there has been no real recruitment into the ministry from the working class—except, not surprisingly, in Durham, where the university holds weekend ordination courses. The Church is losing members, too—some of them to the "house churches" that opened in the early seventies for evangelicals of all denominations and have managed to recruit a hundred and eighty thousand members to what is called the British Renewal. ("They like 'intimacy' and 'confession,' " an Anglo-Catholic from Lambeth Palace said, "which means, of course, that we have failed to civilize them on their way up in the world.") There were questions of faith and science to discuss, because theologians in the Church are arguing a lot about quarks and black holes, and about whether the spiral of quantum mechanics leads to God, and whether the thousand unfertilized eggs that hatched over twelve years at the agricultural school at Pennsylvania State University were just another case of barnyard parthenogenesis or had something to do with the mystery of the Virgin Birth. But there was also the Bishop of Durham, and he turned out to be the real subject of the synod.



There was a debate about the Bishop on February 13th, the second day. The debate was not referred to that way; nor was Dr. Jenkins on some sort of ecclesiastical trial. The debate was called "The Nature of Christian Belief," but, as the Bishop of Winchester, the chairman of the Doctrine Commission of the synod, put it, "the occasion . . . is, of course, the controversy and anxiety that were exacerbated during the summer and autumn of last year by a fortuitous succession of personal interviews, panel discussions and prepared programmes on this general theme presented or reported through the media." The Doctrine Commission submitted a lot of documents to the five hundred or so Anglicans who met in Church House that day—among them a lawyer's report on canonical interpretations of doctrine and clerical adherence to doctrine; and the texts of a gravamen and reformandum circulated by forty-five fundamentalist priests from the Vicar of Jesmond's "evangelical fellowship," who wanted all bishops to declare "I believe in the fact of the Virgin Birth of Jesus Christ and his Resurrection on the third day from the tomb as is clearly taught in the Holy Scriptures" before administering sacraments or confirming children. The fundamentalists also wanted the House of Bishops to "take all such further

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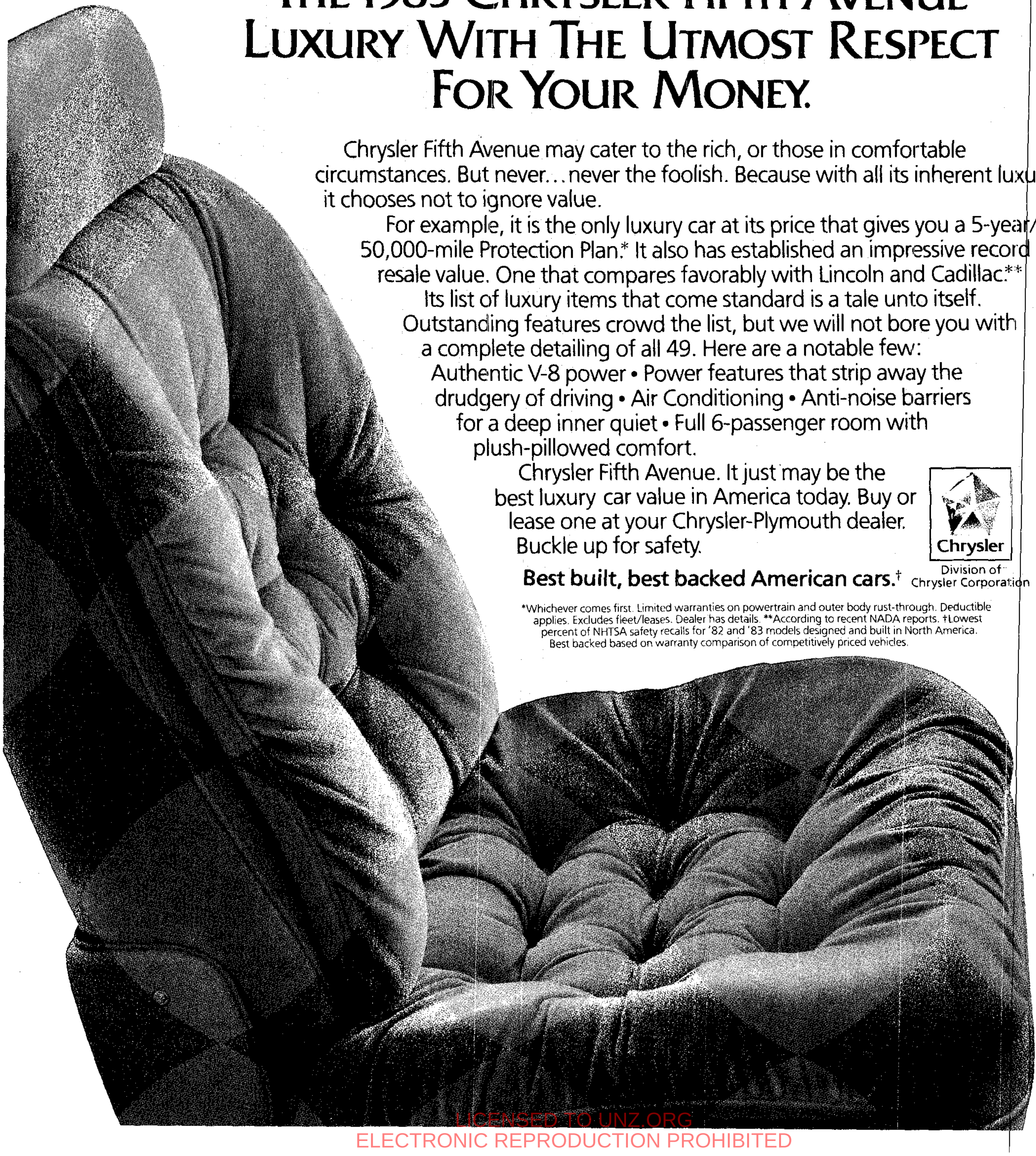

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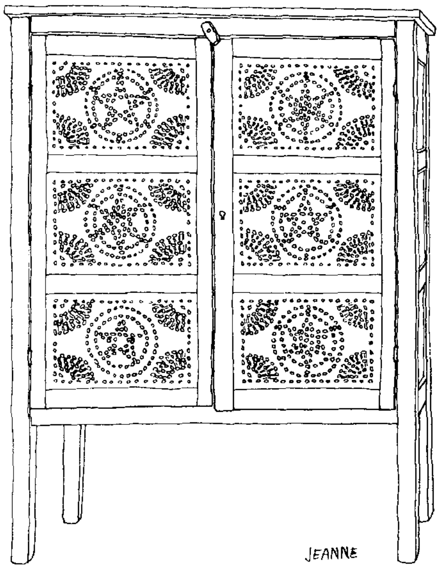
action as shall seem to them . . . pastorally requisite and remedial to the restoration of confidence, the renewal of strength and the setting forth and maintenance of 'quietness, love and peace' throughout the Church of England;" in other words, they wanted David Jenkins to say that Mary was a virgin and that Christ had risen bodily from His tomb three days after the Crucifixion, or lose his job. The debate lasted all morning, and could have lasted all week, because, whatever the fundamentalists had to say about truth, there are four Gospels, and it is hard to maintain that any one of them is "more Biblical" than another. John and Mark (as a young Cambridge theologian named Peter Eaton pointed out when the debate was over) never used the word "virgin" to describe Mary, and none of the disciples actually described the Resurrection. Arguments about Biblical truth (the Bishop of Durham says there has been a "faith row" in the Anglican Church every twenty years since 1860) are mainly reminders that the fundamental beliefs of the Church of England—that "the Word became Flesh" and that "Jesus rose again on the third day"—are also the fundamental mysteries.

There was a lot of collegial sympathy for Dr. Jenkins. The Archbishop of York got up and made a speech saying that the Virgin Birth was only one weak part of the "empirical anchorage" of the Church, and that the empty tomb was probably "lower down in the hierarchy of the Resurrection" than Christ's appearances to his disciples. Jenkins' archdeacon in Durham, Michael Perry, said that *his* Church was "an ark full of sometimes very peculiar birds and beasts," an ark with plenty of elbowroom inside—and that, in any event, Christianity did not depend on gynecological details. Then Canon Leslie Houlden, from the University of London, said that *he* was worried about bishops' having to pander to "people's fearful wish that everyone should respond to God in the same way as themselves." He talked about belief as "a matter of engagement with truth, which is never fully apprehended," and about "the interaction of our personal story with the Christian story," and about the tradition of Anglicans like Frederick Denison Maurice and William Temple and Arthur Michael Ramsey and Roman Catholics like Karl Rahner and Edward Schillebeeckx—not men whom the fundamentalists in the group were apt to have spent much time reading. The Bishop of Winchester wanted a calm day—"I hope that what will emerge quite clearly from this debate is that . . . we have kept that excellent middle way, which is the special heritage of the Church of England," he said at one point—and the Archbishop of Canterbury talked about bishops being the trustees of tradition and having "a certain conservative responsibility," but the debate was often ugly. The Vicar of St. Albans accused Dr. Jenkins of saying the Creed with his fingers crossed behind his back, and the Vicar of Jesmond, who had started it all, compared Jenkins to a cancer in the Church that had to be dealt with now, before it grew and killed everything. When the evangelicals talked about tradition, it was usually the tradition of Billy Graham and the Renewal. They had a list of what "God is doing worldwide," and circulated it. According to the list, Africa was up from five per cent Christian to thirty per cent in the first three-quarters of the century; Korea was up from eleven per cent Christian to twenty-two per cent in only fifteen years; more people went to the evangelical church in Seoul on Sunday mornings than to the Wembley Cup final. The evangelicals said that the "U.K. was certainly missing out" on what God was doing worldwide, and that they were ready to leave the Church and get busy for God in the United Kingdom if it came to that. They had plans to open "worship centers" in places like Durham all over northeast England, where "historic Christian principles have not penetrated." They wanted to talk about evil in northeast England, but they did not want to talk about the miners who were still striking in that unregenerate part of the country. They did not want another debate on economics or on the responsibility of the Church of England in times when the social contract was cancelled. If, as some of their colleagues suspected, they were not really Anglicans at all but suburbanized Methodists, using the respectable Church of England to show the world they had made it into the middle class (though not into that excellent, Anglican middle way), then somewhere on their travels to respectability they seemed to have forgotten the English poor who used to be their special charge and their honest passion. The Church, with its own snobberies, had neglected to educate them so that they could carry that passion into the suburbs with them, changed into something agreeable like social responsibility or social commitment, or even simple compassion. Talking about Christ's bones, they sounded a little like Mrs. Thatcher talking about the pound as if the pound were, *prima facie*, the meaning of British life and had nothing to do with the quality of that life, nothing to do with coal miners out of work—nothing to do with belief or identity.



In the end, the matter of Christian belief and Dr. Jenkins was referred to the House of Bishops for reflection, and the bishops promised to spend the spring reflecting. As for Dr. Jenkins, he turned to the matter of Durham. He went on London Weekend Television to say that unless the Government kept faith (by way of benefits) with all the people in northern England who were unemployed, it would divide the country into the "we who bear the costs" and the "we who inflict the costs," and that the risk was violence. Once, when Dr. Jenkins himself was reflecting on Christian faith, he said that people who believed in God had to understand something about symbols, because God was so much more than His descriptions and could never be "pinned down" to the literal. He might have said that people who believed in England had to understand something about symbols, too. Money is a symbol. So is a strike that lasts a year.
—JANE KRAMER

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "This Day in History," in the Boston Globe*]

Today is Thursday, Feb. 28, the 59th day of 1985 with 306 to follow. The moon is in its first quarter. The evening stars are Mercury, Venus and Mars. There is no evening star.

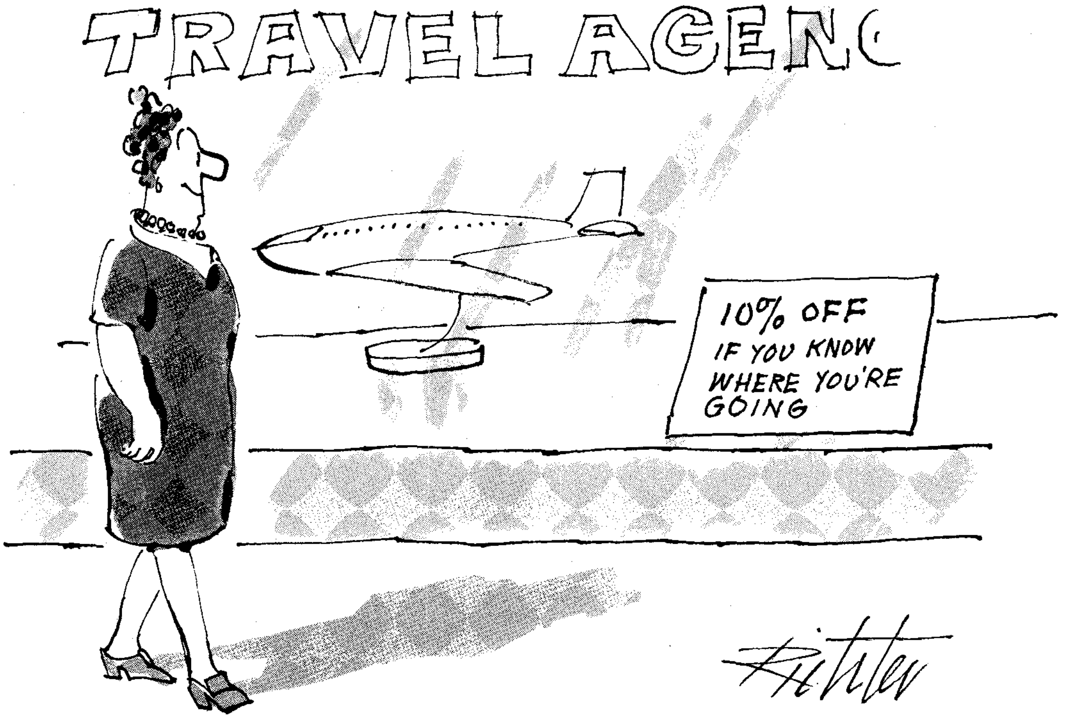
MUSICAL EVENTS

True Colors

THE Metropolitan Opera's production of the three-act "Lulu," in 1980, was serious and beautiful. This season's revival is even finer—one of the best things the company has done in years. Anyone tempted after "Francesca da Rimini," "Ernani," "Porgy and Bess," "Tosca" to dismiss the house as a place of serious artistic endeavor must think again. One reason for the higher excellence may be that in 1980 three of the principals—Teresa Stratas as Lulu, Franz Mazura as Dr. Schön and Jack the Ripper, and Kenneth Riegel as Alwa—came to the production from the première of the three-act "Lulu," in Paris the previous year, and had not quite freed themselves from its influence. That Paris production, directed by Patrice Chéreau and designed by Richard Peduzzi, was imposing, but in a perverse fashion—musically and dramatically at odds with what Berg wrote. It was conducted by Pierre Boulez in a cold, analytical manner. At the Met, on the other hand, the conductor, the director, and the designer—James Levine, John Dexter, and Jocelyn Herbert—addressed themselves to Berg's score as champions and allies of the composer-dramatist, and their decision to present rather than to contradict, subvert, and alter his work bore rich fruit. In the revival, Mr. Mazura, Mr. Riegel, and in the title role Julia Migenes-Johnson (who sang some of the 1980 performances) seem more confident and more Bergian than before.

Miss Herbert's settings and costumes are at once exquisite and theatrical; moreover, they are cunningly planned to overcome so far as possible the disadvantages of the enormous house and to give immediacy to the drama. Mr. Dexter's direction is filled with careful, vivid detail—none of it obtrusive or gratuitous, all of it springing from character. (The nearest thing to a conventional "director's stroke" is a tableau of Jack the Ripper standing vampirelike in the moonlight, after "Wir brauchen kein Licht, der Mond scheint.") Mr. Levine's conducting is likewise marvellously detailed yet wholly unaffected. His command of motif, instrumental color, and formal structure is complete, and at the service of expressiveness. The orchestral playing is superlatively good. One could attend this "Lulu" with eyes shut, ignoring the drama, and be thrilled by what happens in the music. When the music conspires at almost every point with so lively and precise a visualization and enactment of the score, the result is overwhelming. Mr. Levine and Mr. Dexter are embarrassed by neither the comic-strip incidents that are a part of the work nor the passages of lyrical effusiveness. This is art in which farce and tragedy can be present at once, as they are in the Elvira-Leporello-Giovanni scenes of Mozart's opera.

The critic must add just a few buts. Miss Migenes-Johnson—a slender, graceful young woman, a remarkable actress, an exceptional musician, and a highly accomplished singer—comes as close to being the ideal Lulu as one is likely to see and hear in a single interpreter. She has the vocal and the emotional range for the role. She holds eye and ear intent, and delights the listener with her delicate timing and inflections. She is a "star," yet there is nothing stagy in her portrayal: she has Lulu's naturalness and spontaneity. But one wishes that her timbre were a shade fuller in the large soaring phrases. Evelyn Lear, the Countess Geschwitz (and once a notable Lulu herself), plays the tragic role with dignity and presence and is very moving, but her tone is not pure. Mr. Riegel has become an entirely convincing Alwa, as singer and as actor, in every way but one: he still flecks his performance by beat-watching; in the love duet his attention seemed divided between Lulu and the conductor or the prompter. No reservations, no buts, about Mr. Mazura; I cannot imagine the complicated role of Dr. Schön more clearly or more powerfully done. There are good performances by Edward Sooter (the Painter, the Negro), Lenus Carlson (the Animal Tamer, the Acrobat), Hilda Harris (the Wardrobe Mistress, the Schoolboy, the Page—but odd of her to keep the schoolboy cap on in Lulu's salon), Robert Nagy (the Prince, the Manservant, the Marquis), and Ara Berberian (the Theatre Manager, the Banker). Above all, there is the sense of a company rapt in the work and building on the foundation of its earlier performances. Andrew Foldi has been the Schigolch since first the Met did the opera, in two-act form, eight years ago, and he has been the Schigolch of many other productions. His portrayal of the old man's relationship with Lulu was even subtler than before. The execution of the elaborate gambling scene was still not quite expert—the busy realism that Mr. Dexter has rightly striven for yields to a few frozen groupings when



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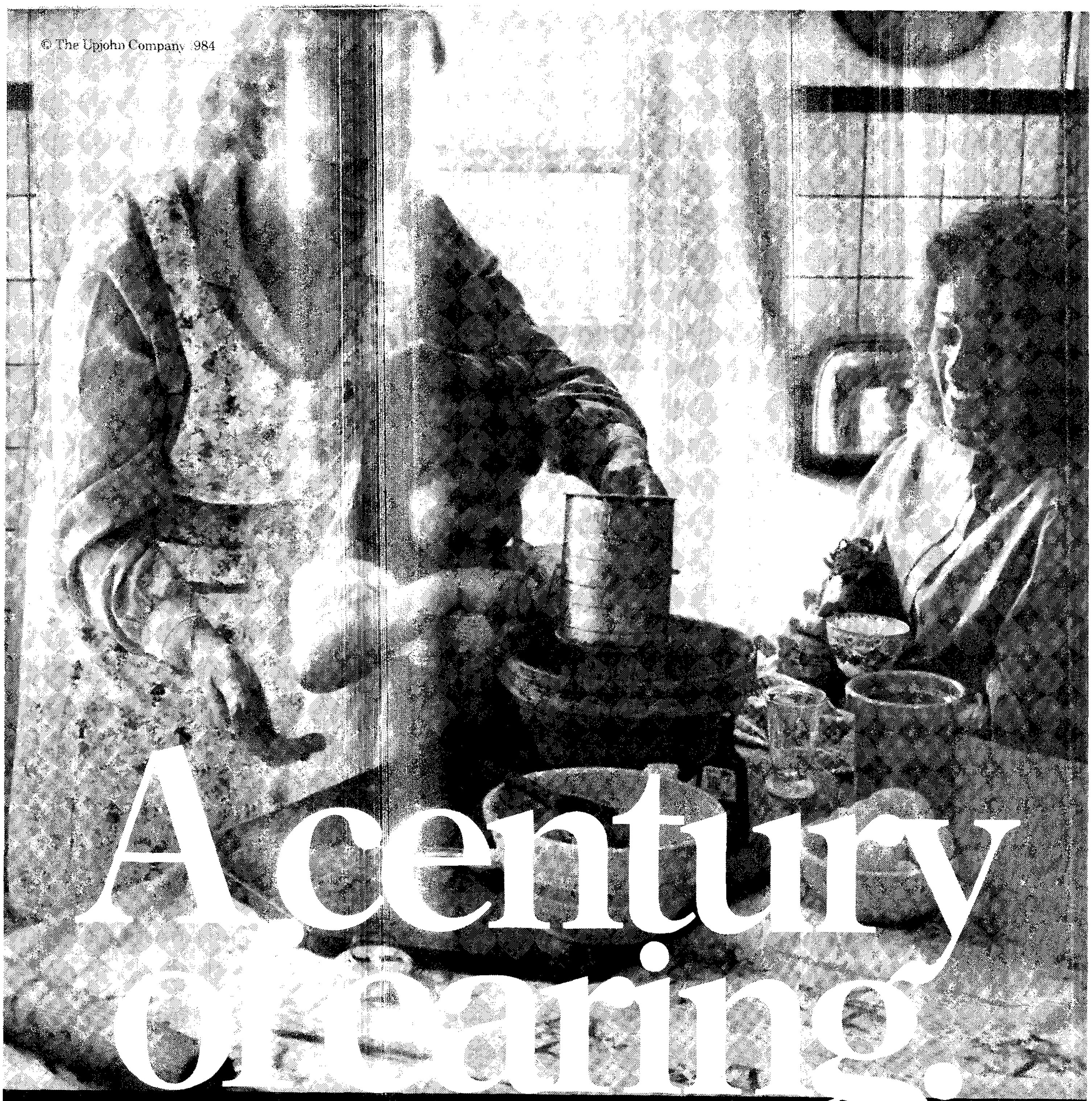

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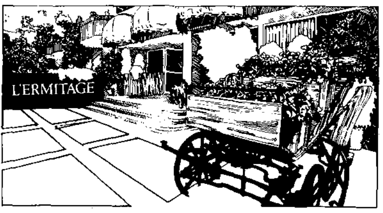

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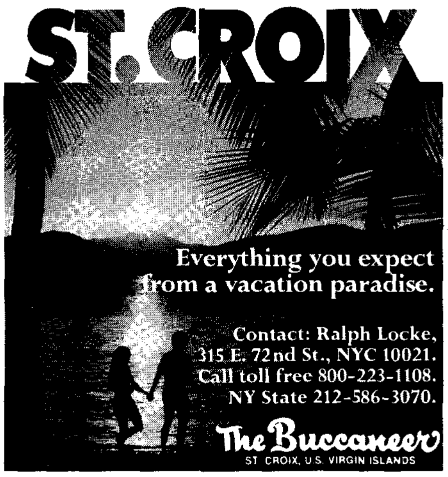
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the trickiest ensemble moments arrive—but it is far more nearly right than before, and one feels that this cast will not rest until it does the scene better still.

Small things: Lulu shouldn't point the revolver at Dr. Schön at the start of her Lied ("Wenn sich die Menschen"), where Berg instructs her to lower it. The murder of Alwa would be more convincingly effected by means of a blackjack, a life preserver (called in German a *Totschläger*, a "death dealer"), as the composer requires, than by knocking his head against a post; the music allows for just one fatal whack, not repeated knocking. Jack shouldn't wipe his hands on Lulu's portrait; there's no portrait motif in the music here. The large point is that this is in sum a wonderful performance. (There are three more chances to hear it, on April 13th, 16th, and 19th.) "Lulu" remains a bewildering opera but a rich and engrossing one—more so than ever in this production not simplified to embody a single directorial "concept." It is sung and spoken in German—clearly pronounced and, by nearly all the cast, tellingly used. The libretto should be read in advance.

HANDELIAN adventures and revelations continue. "Saul," the grandest of Handel's music dramas, begins with an epinicion and closes with an exequy. "Israel in Egypt," the oratorio that followed, reverses the order. Part I is the "Lamentations of the Israelites for the Death of Joseph," and Part III, "Moses' Song," is a setting of Exodus 15:1-21: "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Between them is "Exodus," an epic narrative of the plagues and the crossing of the Red Sea. Handel began with Part III (three days after finishing "Saul"). Perhaps he embarked on it as an anthem and later realized that it might well crown an oratorio. The autograph of "Exodus," begun a fortnight later, is headed "Act ye 2," which suggests that he had already decided that Part I should be his Funeral Anthem for Queen Caroline—music too noble not to survive its occasion—preceded by an overture and adjusted by a few changes of text (mainly "he" for "she," and so on). "Israel in Egypt" had its first performance, at the King's Theatre, in April, 1739. It was not a success. The pious debated the propriety of singing Biblical words in a public playhouse. ("Messiah," which had its London première in Covent Garden, four years later, was still more strongly censured.) Opera fanciers were unentranced by an elevated score containing very few arias and no solo characters except, briefly, Miriam the prophetess—a soprano who in twelve solo bars proposes the theme of the final chorus. At the second performance, "Israel" was announced as "shortned and Intermix'd with Songs," and in time it lost Part I altogether. Without Part I, it became a Victorian favorite. The first recording of classical music ever made was, it seems, of an "Israel in Egypt" chorus sung by four thousand voices at the 1888 Crystal Palace Handel Festival. The *Illustrated London News* of the day declared that it "reported with perfect accuracy the sublime strains, vocal and instrumental." The cylinder is now at the Edison National Historic Site, in West Orange, New Jersey.

Since 1739, the oratorio has rarely been heard complete, and the published scores contain only Parts II and III. But it was done in full in Carnegie Hall twenty years ago. Last year, reports came from Boston of a full, three-part performance by the Cantata Singers and of its success. And last month in Merkin Hall the Sine Nomine Singers and Baroque Orchestra, conducted by Harry Saltzman, presented a full performance that triumphantly vindicated Handel's original scheme. Without the elegy, we plunge too soon into the comedy numbers of Part II: the hippity-hoppity figures of "Their land brought forth frogs, yea, even in the King's chambers;" the buzzing and itchy violin runs of "And there came all manner of flies and lice in all their quarters;" the "plop . . . plop-plop" with which the hailstorm begins. Without the elegy, the oratorio seems unbalanced, both musically (for the final choruses are weighty) and emotionally (for the uninhibited jubilation needs to be justified by the earlier tribulation). "Israel" need never again be done in truncated form. The Sine Nomine performance lasted only three hours. The 1739 performance must have lasted longer; it included, according to the *Daily Post*, "several Concerto's on the Organ."

"Sublime" and "sublimity" are recurrent words in commentary on the oratorio. Sedley Taylor, for example (in his book on Handel's borrowings), calls the chorus "He led them through the deep," in Part II, "that superb oceanic commingling of sublimity and loveliness," and the chorus "The people shall hear," in Part III, "probably the greatest of all Handel's polyphonic compositions, and certainly one which both as respects construction and sublimity has been surpassed by the choral masterpieces of J. S. Bach alone." The passage telling of "thick darkness over all the land, even darkness, which might be felt" is harmonically as dense and mysterious today as it must have seemed to Handel's contemporaries; the chorus in its first five bars sounds all twelve tones. But "Israel in Egypt" presents the problems of Handel's borrowings from other composers in acute form. Part III is largely recomposition of a Magnificat by Dionigi Erba; Part II is largely recomposition of a serenata by Alessandro Stradella (one dealing with two gentlemen wooing a fair lady) and includes a choral transcription of a keyboard piece by J. K. Kerll—a composer who also contributed to "Messiah," and who supplied Bach with the start of a Sanctus. The sublime choruses mentioned above seem to be Handel's own inspirations, and that's reassuring. It's disconcerting to find that other high moments—the plop of the hailstones, the serene pastoral lilt of "He led them forth like sheep"—were composed by Stradella.

But in performance there is one glorious sweep of music, with its climaxes and its points of repose carefully placed. Handel repaid his debts with interest. Mr. Saltzman's account of the work was surely fashioned. He, his singers, and his players had a true Handelian response to imagery. The words were clear; the phrases were sharply defined; the colors of the Baroque strings, woodwinds, brasses ("Israel," like "Saul," uses trombones as well as trumpets), and drums were bright.

A TEST of a music school's liveliness is its students' eagerness—and ability—to play contemporary music. Indiana University's Music School, at Bloomington, passes with high marks on the strength of the two concerts that its New Music Ensemble brought to Symphony Space last month. The ensemble's director is Harvey Sollberger, well known in New York as a conductor, flutist, and composer. The first concert began and the second ended with a piece from the past: Edgard Varèse's Octandre and Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" suite, in the small-orchestra version. Otherwise, the oldest work was Charles Wuorinen's "Hyperion,"

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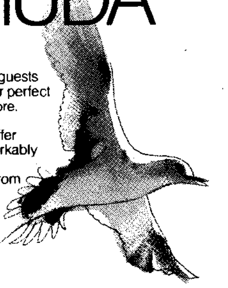

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for twelve players, of 1975. I underrated it at its première; perhaps it was less well played then—as one work in a clutch of four taxing programs that the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble of New York offered at the 1976 Adelaide Festival. Speculum Musicae later took it up and brought it to life. The Bloomington performance was bright, assured, very well balanced, wholly enjoyable.

Four works by Indiana University composers had New York premières. None of them call for either enthusiasm or disdain. Juan Orrego-Salas's "Cinco Canciones a Seis" (1983-84), a cycle for mezzo-soprano and five players, foundered on a mezzo-soprano who had an agreeable voice but delivered the poems as if she had learned only how to pronounce Spanish, not how to speak the language and bring it to life. Frederick Fox's "Sonaspheres 5," for ten players, matched expectations roused by the title and by a program note announcing "a sixteen-minute work in five major sections delineated by tempo and extreme character change," in which "all pitch material is drawn from a chromatic pitch-set and is developed by a variation process." That's unfair criticism—there are masterpieces to which similar sentences apply—but perhaps it suggests the kind of work that, a listener feels, has been conscientiously and thoroughly constructed but not written because the composer felt a burning need to share a vision. Sollberger's own "The Humble Heart/CAT Scan" (1982), a woodwind quintet, is hardly more than adept doodling over and around two Shaker tunes. One of them is "Simple Gifts," the song that is also the making of Copland's "Appalachian Spring." The other, "The Humble Heart," is set going at five different speeds simultaneously; the passage is phase music that builds up a blurred seven-note chord of modal E minor. The end, a musical disintegration "symbolic of the dispersal of the Shakers" (the composer says in his program note), is striking; but, like the tune-superimposition episode, it seems more a promising notion mechanically worked out than inspired composition. Donald Erb's "The Devil's Quickstep" (1982), for seven players, made attractive and ingenious sounds, as does all the music by him that I have heard.

Milton Babbitt's "Four Play" (1984) is more challenging both to its four players and to its listeners. Lis-

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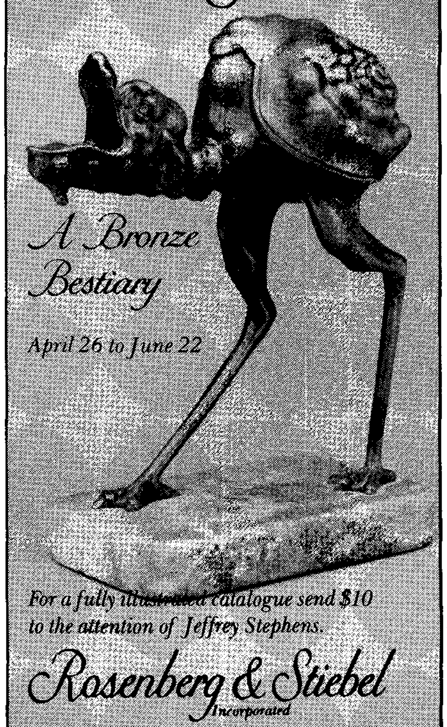

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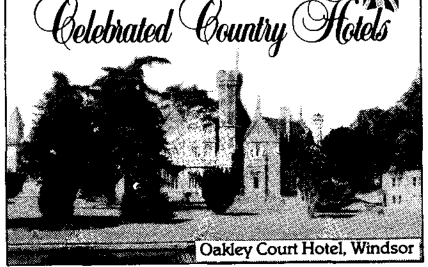

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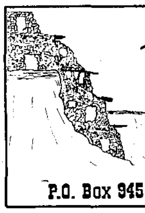

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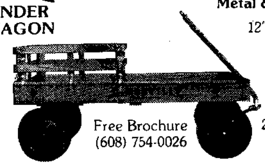

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teners whose discernment I trust told me that the four young players—Michael Chesher (clarinet), Chris Chappell (violin), Karl Parens (cello), and Efrain Amaya (piano)—met the challenge magnificently. But this is one of the Babbitt works—here a sound, there a sound—that I can't begin to enter into or make sense of. Some of his pieces seem so lyrical, so exciting, so lovable; others prove impenetrable. "Inspired composition" is what I heard in John Eaton's "The Cry of Clytaemnestra," represented at these concerts by the protagonist's central aria and final scene. The opera was performed first in Bloomington in 1980, and later that year at the Brooklyn Academy. Since I have lately collaborated with Eaton (as librettist) on a forthcoming opera, I'll confine comment to what I wrote about "Clytaemnestra" back in 1980, before I had met him: that he has a born opera composer's mastery of vocal gesture, a full armory of expressive devices, a fine ear, and a soaring musical imagination. In Symphony Space, Nelda Nelson, the original Clytaemnestra, gave a tremendous performance—dramatic, noble, and impassioned. The electronic music was missing—someone forgot to throw a switch—and yet, while this lessened the impact of the whole, it emphasized the power of the purely vocal and instrumental writing.

The Varèse and Orrego-Salas works were conducted by David Bowden, ably but a shade stiffly. Mr. Erb conducted his own piece. The Fox, Babbitt, Eaton, Wuorinen, and Copland works were conducted in masterly fashion by Mr. Sollberger. The students wore costumes that looked oddly formal in Symphony Space, the least formal of New York's concert halls. Does it go beyond a critic's brief to note that the clarinettist Kathryne Dupree-Pirtle added a welcome dash of bright color to the scene and was in all ways worth looking at as well as listening to? If a concertgoer's eye as well as ear can be pleased, so much the better.

—ANDREW PORTER

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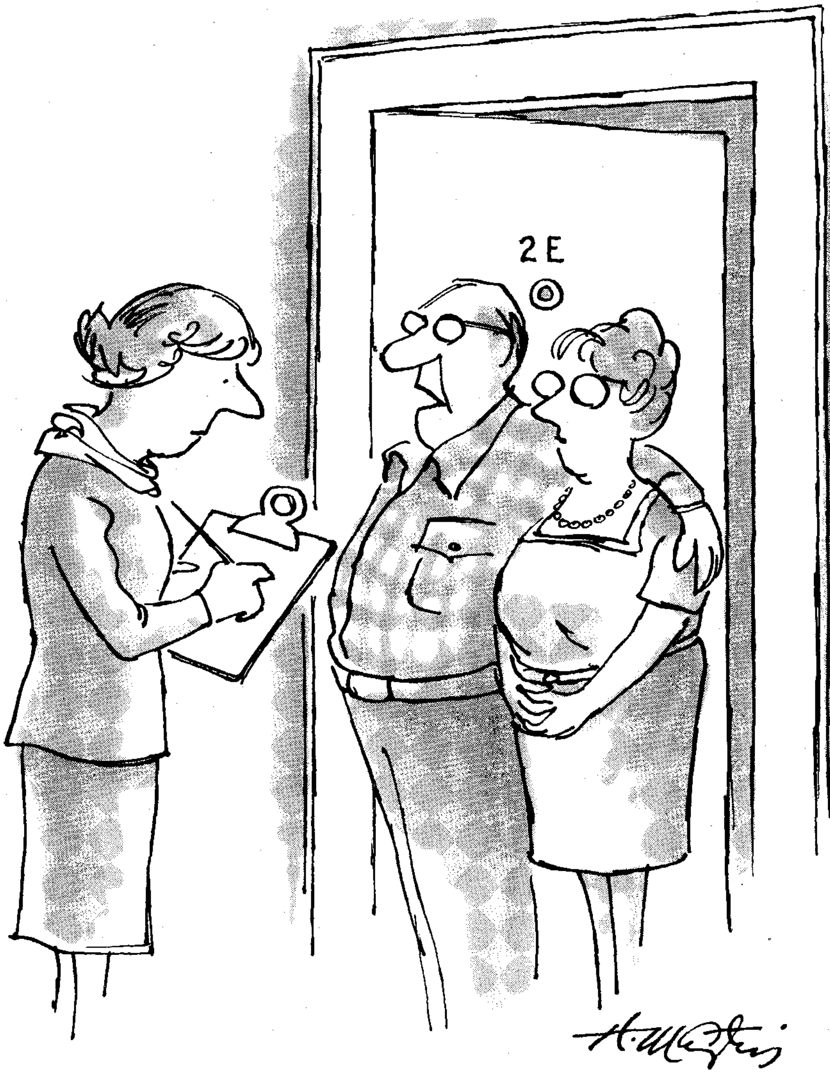
LOUISE PAGE'S "Salonika," an English import at the Public, takes place on a beach in Greece that is haunted—in this case, literally—by the British Army's great disaster that took place there during the First World War. The elusive, moonstruck play is set on what looks at first like a barren, sand-covered stage, with a few rocks scattered here and there; then one notices a nude young man lying face down, presumably sunbathing. There is music, and Jessica Tandy enters, peeling an apple; she is dressed in dowdy summer clothes and wears sneakers. Miss Tandy plays an Englishwoman of eighty-four, named Charlotte, who has come with her spinster daughter, Enid, aged early sixties, to put flowers on the grave of her husband, who died there before the daughter was born. Enid (Elizabeth Wilson) follows, carrying beach chairs, and departs shortly afterward to fetch paraphernalia for making tea. Charlotte—a dear little soul, but with a difference—left alone, examines the bare young man with great admiration, holds up a strip of knitting to measure against his torso, and switches her chair around to get the best view of him. When a ghost (David Strathairn) in First World War British Army uniform appears, she accepts him and speaks to him without fuss, as do her daughter and the play's remaining character, Leonard (Thomas Hill), an English pensioner of seventy-five. Leonard, who is in love with Charlotte, has hitchhiked from Athens to ask her to marry him. The naked young man (Maxwell Caulfield) wakes up. He is broke and earns the little money he needs by selling his blood. As scene follows scene, the characters combine in twos and threes. The ghost (who is, of course, husband and father) describes in one long, harrowing speech the setting of his own death—the soldiers, racked by malaria, lying row upon row, all of it in the cause of peace. "Did we win?" he asks, and must be told that another war followed. Enid tells him that she wanted once to be a dancer but was too tall. The ghost persuades her to dance, and slips away while the young man, who has fallen asleep again, reawakens to see, to his amazement, "an old woman dancing." Somewhat later, Enid tells the ghost that she has never had a lover; he urges her to ask the young man to make love to her, then sits quietly and watches while she finds herself unable to do so. And, of course, there is Charlotte and her importunate suitor, and, perhaps, a wedding. Enid is furious; she is tempted by the prospect of freedom, but, having devoted her life to her mother, she mostly wants things to go on as they are. Charlotte is firm at first, and she and her suitor make plans, but after he insists that they move to more restricted quarters, in a retirement home, she realizes that she will have to leave her comfortable house and her double bed—and her daughter, which is unthinkable. At the heart of the play are the mother and daughter, their irritation with each other, their mutual dependence, and their devotion.

What it all adds up to I cannot tell you. Miss Page may have something to tell us about past, present, and future, but if she does I missed it, having little appetite for these abstractions. Nevertheless, the mood—a strange mixture of the mysterious and the matter-of-fact—is maintained throughout, and its spell holds long after the play is over. The acting, under John Madden's canny, inventive direction, could not be better. Miss Tandy is a wonder, and Miss Wilson, Mr. Strathairn, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Caulfield are excellent, too. Commendable scenery, costumes, and lighting by Andrew Jackness, Dunya Ramicova, and Paul Gallo, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER



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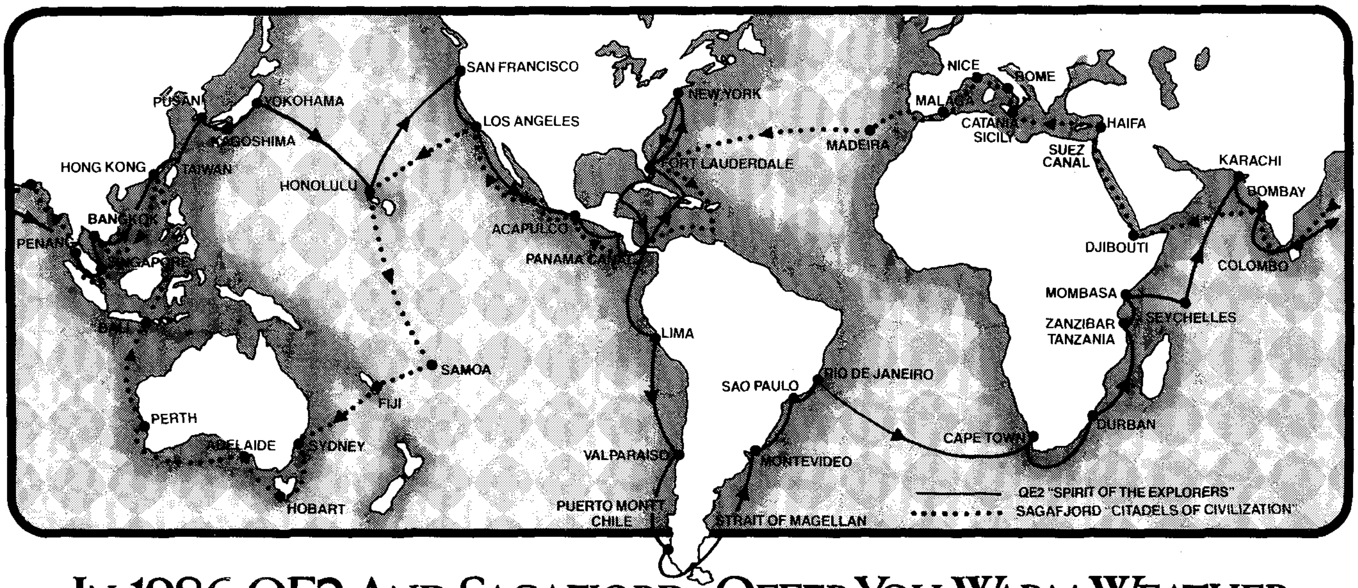
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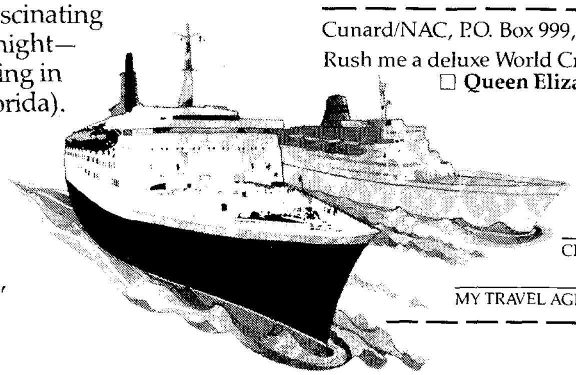

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A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON

April 7

THE Reagan Administration has now been forced by circumstances to move from the ebullience of the beginning of the second term to the facing of certain cold realities. As it does so, though it is still in the process of settling in, its character is becoming more clearly defined. The battles that have already occurred over aid to farmers and over the MX missile, the current struggle over the budget, and the forthcoming battle over aid to the Contras in Nicaragua are all indications of the politics of the second term—with a battle over tax reform somewhere on the horizon. The Administration hopes to get tax reform passed this year, before it is lobbied to death, and before Reagan hits any downdraft. Reagan himself is a remarkably consistent man—most of the time—but certain aspects of his personality are having more of a run now. He is less leashed, less careful about what he says, more combative, more ideological (in most cases). This has to do in part with changes within the White House, and in part with the way Reagan sees his second term. He is, as his advisers say, more confident—as a man who won forty-nine states is likely to be. Michael Deaver, the Presidential assistant who is closest to Reagan, says that Reagan is approaching this term much as he did his second term as governor of California. Deaver says, "He really accomplished more philosophically and in terms of radical changes—welfare reform, tax reform—in the second term in Sacramento, and I think that will be true here, too, because he knows this is it."

Reagan's veto in early March of legislation passed by Congress to provide more credit to farmers was an important indicator of both how he is planning to play the second term and how he is arranging his place in history. It is clear that he wants to go down as having reversed the direction of the role of government, as the architect of a dramatic rewrite of the tax code, as having "rebuilt" America's strength and achieved a significant arms-reduction treaty, and even as having revised long-held strategic doctrine. Reagan thinks in large, dramatic terms, and because he does not clutter his mind with the details or worry about the things conventional thinkers worry about he can be optimistic and bold. And in some cases he is out there almost by himself—with aides unwilling to argue with him, and politicians impressed unto near-paralysis by his success.

When Reagan vetoed the farm bill, he took the calculated risk that, by this and other actions to come, he could hold himself out as a protector of the general interest against the special interests, without alienating too many of his constituencies. In the case of the farmers, Reagan took on a group that had strongly supported him and whose plight was easily understood, and who had the support of a large number of important Republicans and also of a large number of non-farmers. (When Reagan vetoed the bill, he misstated and underestimated, as he has done since, the percentage of farmers who are in imminent trouble. And his joking at the annual Gridiron Club dinner, in late March, that "I think we should keep the grain and export the farmers" caused no small amount of apoplexy among Republican politicians. It was the sort of joke that seems to come with second-term relaxation, but still it is hard to see how it got past White House checkpoints.) The gamble Reagan took was that by standing up to this particular interest not only would the general interest be served but this would be recognized and would be to his political advantage. One of his advisers said at the time, "It's a gamble and a good gamble, and it will help him with tax simplification."

The episode of the farm bill also indicated that this session of Congress would be a highly contentious and partisan one. Robert Dole's inability to keep command in his first time out as Majority Leader—losing to a coalition of

"I can't keep seeing you, Tina. I'm still in love with my unhappiness."

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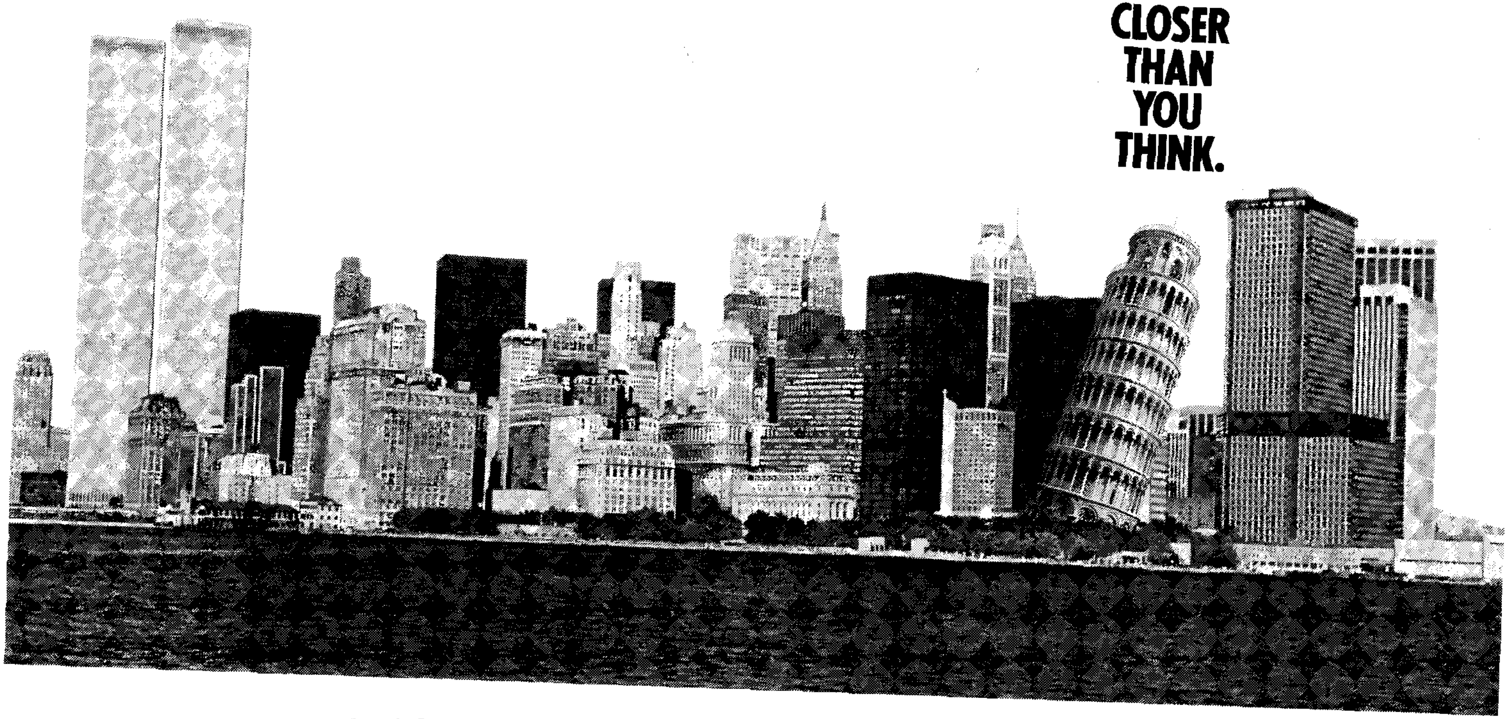

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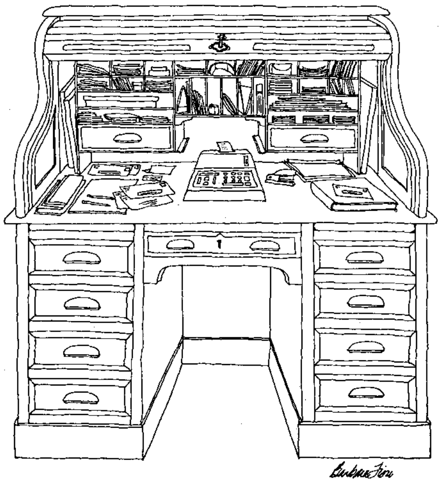
Democrats and farm-state Republicans—is said to have shaken him, and has affected his approach to handling the budget. The Democrats, weary of Reagan's successes and of his "acquiescing" in some of the hard things Congress does (raising taxes), and thus far lacking a legislative program of their own—this is not unusual for opposition parties, particularly the heterogeneous Democrats—are out to embarrass the Republicans to the maximum extent. Thus, they forced many of them to vote against certain farm-aid proposals, and will force as many embarrassing votes on the budget as they can. Several Republican senators think that Reagan has unnecessarily contributed to the partisan atmosphere, and have so informed the White House. Some have told me that they were not very amused when Reagan, in mid-March, addressing himself to the fact that some members of the Budget Committee were considering raising certain taxes, said the famous Clint Eastwood line, "Go ahead, make my day." This was pure Reagan, getting off the one line that says it all ("There you go again") and renders the opposition speechless; it was also Reagan using, as is his wont, a line from the movies, and playing his favorite role—the tough guy.

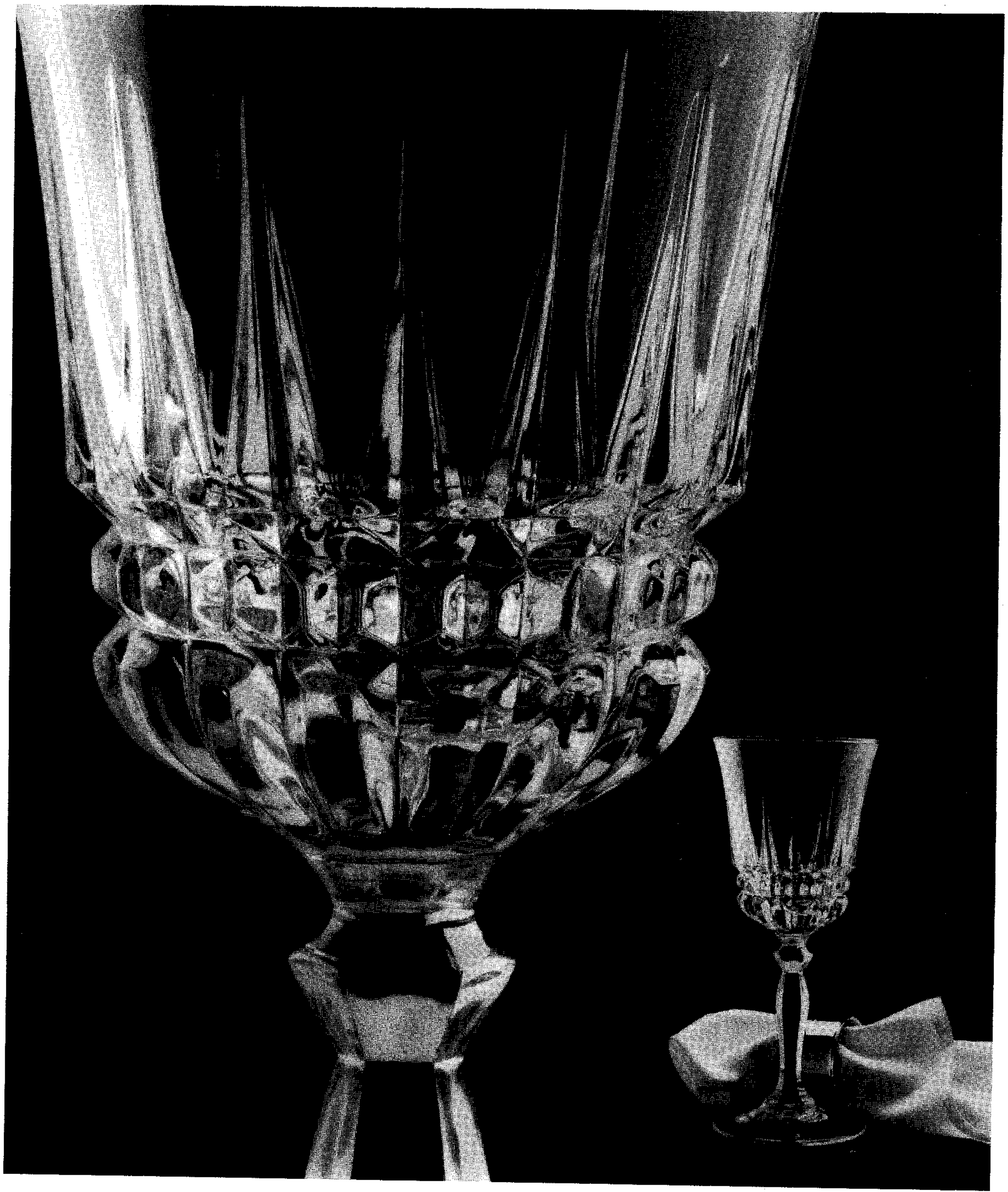
Sometimes it seems that in the effort to give Reagan his full due as a politician the importance of his background in the movies is underestimated. If one watches him carefully, one can see the consciousness that he is playing a role, and even make out the various roles—tough guy, Mr. Amiable, the sentimentalist, and so on. Since the Presidency is at least part theatre, Reagan's background serves him very well. (Carter was certainly not theatrical; Roosevelt and Kennedy were.) That there are other aspects of the Presidency that Reagan tends to slough off—boning up on issues, except those of the greatest interest to him, or calling in the best minds on a subject in order to learn—has not got in the way of his popularity. It was probably only a matter of time before Reagan impersonated Eastwood—perhaps the one man with the persona to have given Reagan a run for it last year, the tough guy who solves problems and is immensely heroic. Though at the time of Reagan's "Make my day" statement there was talk that the Budget Committee, in its desperation to reduce the deficit, might vote to raise some taxes, particularly on corporations, the votes for raising revenues simply weren't there. Since the 1984 campaign, the ground has shifted on the subject of taxes. And the Administration wants to save increases in corporate taxes for the tax-simplification bill, in order to give the revenue back in the form of tax cuts for individuals. One very important Republican senator has characterized Reagan's statement as "overkill"—and said it was likely to add to the polarization on Capitol Hill. Similarly, Republicans were less than pleased when word was leaked from the White House in mid-March that members of the President's party who did not support his programs should not expect reëlection help. Such "hardball" is not new, but it is not Reagan's style, and it also isn't very effective, and the White House backed off after complaints from Republicans on Capitol Hill and elsewhere. For one thing, it forces some members of the President's party to show their independence; for another, in this case it could get in the way of retaining Republican control of the Senate. Even some of the President's strongest allies thought the threat was a mistake. Said one, "That was an error. Ronald Reagan isn't Richard Nixon. Ronald Reagan does not come across as vindictive; he gets a lot of mileage out of affability." But the fact that the threat was made is remembered.

Dole has been in a very difficult spot. His problem was clear, if not simple: he did not want to take a budget to the Senate floor until he was certain that it had fifty-one votes, and he did not believe that the budget finally approved by an exhausted Budget Committee late at night on March 14th would command fifty-one votes, and he did not want to vote a budget that appeared (as the committee's did) to be a rebuke of the White House, and if he compromised with the White House he might not have a budget that could get fifty-one votes. The committee's budget was approved by a straight party-line vote and by only a one-vote margin, and some Republicans voted for it with the understanding that they could oppose some of its provisions on the Senate floor. The committee said that it cut the deficit by about fifty-five billion dollars—but the figure was under dispute. Dole immediately let it be known that he would try to work out a compromise with the White House, which some committee Republicans took as a slight. After that, tempers flared among the Senate Republicans over Dole's tactics. Some moderate Republicans on the committee became increasingly concerned that as time went by support for the committee's budget package would weaken, and affected interest groups would make it all the more difficult to get a significant budget reduction on the Senate floor. One Senate Republican said, "Dole is stretched in two directions. Any compromise with the White House moves him away from having enough votes on the Senate floor. It's very frustrating for him. He wants a big success, and we want him to have one. After the farm bill, he wants to know where he's going, but he has to leave it to chance."



The problem was that the committee's bill was a wobbly package designed to distribute the pain, and the removal of any major part of it could upset the balance and undermine its over-all chances. The committee voted to freeze defense expenditures in fiscal 1986, after allowing for inflation (the Administration had asked for a six-per-cent increase after inflation), and it froze cost-of-living allowances for Social Security recipients for one year. Of the Social Security freeze, White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan has said that the White House would not "touch" it and that the President would "never buy" it. There was some sliding around by the President, among others, over whether, when Reagan said in the campaign that he would "never stand for a reduction of the Social Security benefits to the people that are now getting them," he meant that cost-of-living allowances would not be frozen, but that's what a lot of people took him to mean. Many of Reagan's proposals for severely cutting or eliminating certain domestic programs were compromised by the committee—these programs, whatever their merits, by now having strong constituencies.

After difficult and emotional negoti-



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ations, Senate Republican leaders and key White House aides reached an agreement on Thursday, the day before the Easter break was to begin. Reagan himself was not involved, but did send word at the end, through Donald Regan, that he would agree to a compromise on Social Security, and Regan was also able to report that the President would campaign for the new package. This was considered by the senators to be a major plus in their coming struggle to get the compromise, or some acceptable version of it, through the Senate. The compromise set the increase for defense spending at three per cent over inflation, half what the President had asked for but, I am told, the amount that Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger had said internally was his "bottom line" in the first place. This gives the Pentagon an increase of about seven per cent, amounting to about twenty billion dollars in spending authority over last year. The Social Security compromise holds the cost-of-living increase for three years to two per cent, plus the amount by which inflation exceeds four per cent. In exchange for these concessions, the Administration wrung out of the senators a large number of further program cuts or cancellations. Student loans and farm aid, both only nicked by the Budget Committee, were cut further. Medicare and Medicaid were also cut further. Among the programs terminated were Amtrak subsidies, the Job Corps, the Small Business Administration, and revenue sharing. The compromise is to cut the deficit by fifty-two billion. Many of these changes are highly controversial, and the Republican leaders are not certain how many of them can be sustained on the Senate floor. Some Republicans are expected to oppose any increase over inflation in Pentagon funding, but the leadership hopes to pick up some Democratic votes for three per cent. The leaders don't know at this point how it will all come out. Their hope is that, after a series of difficult votes, when senators have to decide whether or not to vote for a budget package to reduce the deficit they will vote for one—while putting out statements that they do not agree with this or that part of it.

Republicans' unhappiness with the amounts of money that the Pentagon has been requesting, and receiving, has been growing, as has their displeasure with the President's and Weinberger's tactic of continually asking for more than they know Congress will provide. The run of recent stories about ripoffs by contractors has not helped. Senator Paul Laxalt, of Nevada, the President's close friend, said to me recently, "Cap and the President have always sent up an inflated defense number, and we've whittled it down. I think they should send up a bottom-line number. I've taken a position that we have to have a number close to what the Budget Committee voted. The White House package—with no taxes, no cost-of-living cut, and a large defense increase—is like trying to play a football game within your own five-yard line. Those of us in the leadership here have spoken in the most candid terms to the White House." Several Republicans worry that even if there is a budget it will not in the end cut the deficit sufficiently, and that when the economy goes into a slump—as they assume it will—it will be all the harder to cut budgets and raise revenues at the same time that slower growth is increasing the size of the deficit. One Presidential adviser says, "There are some tough things that could happen later in '85 or in '86—though I know that that's conventional thinking."

THE President's success in getting Congress to approve the production of another twenty-one MX missiles was not surprising. Production of twenty-one of the missiles had already been approved, in 1983, and it would have been a first if Congress had cut off a major weapons system the President wanted. It would have been even more extraordinary if a popular President had been rebuffed. Moreover, once a weapons system is begun it develops its own constituency, since it provides contracts and jobs, and defense contractors helped the Administration in the fight. Clearly, most members of Congress do not think that the MX is a good idea—the giant ten-warhead missile is to be based in silos once deemed so vulnerable that a search went on for a mobile basing system for the large new missile. The Carter Administration, condemned by Reagan and his allies as "weak on defense," did come up with a mobile basing system for the MX, but this was objected to by some of Reagan's powerful Western friends (including Laxalt), because it was bad for real estate. (The "sagebrush rebellion," represented by James Watt, and the anti-mobile-MX feeling sprang from the same roots.) So Reagan rejected the mobile system, and was stuck with a basing system that had been widely discredited. During the congressional debate, few of those who defended the system did so on the ground that it was a good idea. The rationale for the system has changed with the times, and this time it was that our negotiators in Geneva should not be undercut—that the United States should not voluntarily relinquish a weapons system. Previously, the rationale had been that the system should be approved so that the Soviets would not be rewarded for leaving the bargaining table. While the recent House and Senate votes on the MX were close, vote totals on closely fought issues can be misleading. There are almost always some spares around in case the majority needs them; if their votes are not needed, members are excused to vote their consciences or their politics or whatever. In this case, House Republican leaders released some votes when they saw that they had enough. And a few members will always take the opportunity of a close vote, and one that is important to an Administration, to have their place in the sun, if momentarily, and to deal. Not all the agonized, undecided members of Congress we see on the television news in the days before a big vote are suffering.

Some of the President's advisers say they recognize that the public's support for the military buildup is waning—that people believe it has already been largely accomplished—but that the argument that the negotiators should not be undercut was one the public could understand. Whether the Administration had to fly Max Kampelman, the chief arms-control negotiator, back from Geneva to lobby House members and whether it was a good idea are both debatable. Kampelman is a bona-fide representative of the Henry Jackson wing of the Democratic Party—strong cold warriors, strong on defense, liberal on domestic policy—and his saying that he needed the MX for his negotiations strengthened the rationale. The margin of victory in the House was provided by a group of Democrats, led by Les Aspin, of Wisconsin, who have not wanted to vote to kill the MX outright, though they do not consider it a good weapon. Other Democrats who voted for the MX were Southerners who traditionally support high defense spending, and border-state representatives whose reëlection is not assured. (Twenty-four Republicans—a

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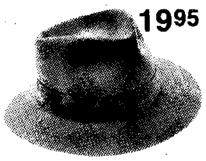

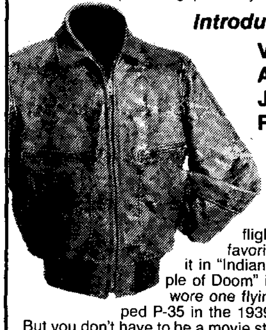

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large number—voted against the weapon.) Now Aspin, who early this year successfully challenged his seniors to become chairman of the Armed Services Committee, will take another tack, and challenge the Pentagon in some fashion. He and others who supported the MX in the recent voting have already said they will not support the full forty-eight additional missiles that the President has requested in the next budget. The Senate Armed Services Committee, dominated by defense-minded senators, has voted to approve only twenty-one of the forty-eight, and to hold the total number of missiles deployed to fifty, rather than the hundred the Administration had planned. Many members show some agility at taking more than one position on an issue. (The difficulty with the most recent MX vote was that the parliamentary situation was such that members could only vote yes or no—no trimming was possible.) But even if the next number of MXs is reduced the weapon stays alive. The House Democratic leadership was in an awkward position on the MX voting. There is a strongly held view among House Democrats—including in the offices of House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill—that their Party has been successfully painted as "soft on defense," and they were loath to do anything to reinforce the picture. So while O'Neill opposed the weapon he did not make the vote a Party issue—particularly with his own party divided on the question. Still, opposition to the MX had become a litmus test for those who aspire to House Democratic leadership when O'Neill retires, at the end of this Congress, and would-be leaders who had supported the weapon in the past now turned against it. In any event, the opposition leadership is never a match for a President when it comes to trading for votes: it simply doesn't have much to offer, while a President has an infinite number of ways of making a member of Congress look good. If it comes down to favors—be it a federal project or a photograph—the President has the advantage.

As of late March, several key Republicans were saying that when it came to the voting, sometime after the Easter recess, on a Presidential request to provide fourteen million more dollars for the Contras the President would lose. At this point, government funding of the Contras is suspended, pursuant to a vote in the House last year. (How the Contras are being funded now is something of a mystery, and Administration officials say that if Congress refuses the new money they will find it "elsewhere.") Several key Republicans, including David Durenberger, of Minnesota, the chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, have voiced strong misgivings about voting any more funds for the "covert" war in Nicaragua. For some, the problem is the embarrassment of publicly voting "covert" funds; for some, the idea of funding a revolution in Nicaragua is not very appealing; some fear that the whole thing could get out of hand—and, ever since the discovery a year ago of the C.I.A.-aided mining of Nicaraguan ports, have been uneasy about William Casey's management of the C.I.A.

The President's heating up of his own rhetoric on the subject (calling the Contras, who include some fairly unsavory characters, "our brothers" and "the moral equal of our Founding Fathers"), and making it clear that his purpose is to change the government of Nicaragua, caused some Republicans to go over the side. Until the President came out with this, at his February 21st press conference (suggesting that the Sandinistas "say 'Uncle' "), members of Congress could share with the Administration the pretense that the purpose of the aid to the Contras was to interdict their sending of weapons into El Salvador. Not long after the President's press-conference statement, Senator John Chafee, Republican of Rhode Island, who had supported funding for the Contras before, informed his constituents that he would now oppose it. Chafee told me at that time, "The press conference left no question we were trying to overthrow the Sandinista government—that pushed me too far." Chafee, the third-ranking Senate Republican, is one of several important Republicans who have gone to Nicaragua and, though they are troubled by the Sandinistas, do not recognize the "Stalinist" regime or the "Iron Curtain" country the President and Secretary of State George Shultz describe. "That isn't the best face of America down there," Chafee said. "It's spoiled the picture of America so much that it just isn't worth it."

According to authoritative sources, though the question of the United States' negotiating with the Sandinistas appeared to be an open one within the Administration it was actually a closed matter, and what appearances there were of negotiating with them were for the purpose of impressing Congress and unhappy Latin-American nations. The President has decided that he cannot live with the Sandinista regime. And there has been concern within the Administration that the Contadora process—the negotiating process established by Mexico, Colombia, Panama, and Venezuela—could get out of control. Even some people within the Administration recognize that one of its negotiating demands—that the Sandinista regime turn itself into a democracy—obviously cannot be met, because it would require the Sandinistas to surrender power. (The others are that the regime not export insurgencies, that it reduce its ties with Cuba, and that it reduce its militarization of the country.) People within the Administration also recognize that fourteen million dollars is not enough money to have any dramatic effect in Nicaragua but say that it might simply buy time to bring more pressure on the Sandinistas. They do not venture to say how long it might take to bring about the President's goal. The Contras aren't doing very well. The Administration considered getting around the "covert" problem by recognizing the Contras as a government, which could then be aided, but could find no legal way to do this, and, besides, the Contras occupy a paltry amount of territory, and no town, in Nicaragua. ("Their town is in Honduras," said one government expert.) One of the President's advisers says that Reagan's press-conference statement about Nicaragua reflects the strong feelings he has on the matter, and also is symptomatic of his willingness to be more "confrontive," to speak out more strongly about things he feels strongly about, in the second term.

Just before the Easter break, the President, having been informed that, under current policy, aid to the Contras was "dead in the water" in Congress, came up with a new turn. He announced on Thursday that now the aid would be for "humanitarian" purposes—food, clothing, and the like—and called for negotiations between the Sandinistas and the Contras; he also said that if the negotiations did not succeed within sixty days he would lift the restriction on military aid unless both sides asked him not to. Thus, as in the case of the MX, Congress would now be told that if it rejected the aid it would undermine the bargaining process, and it would not

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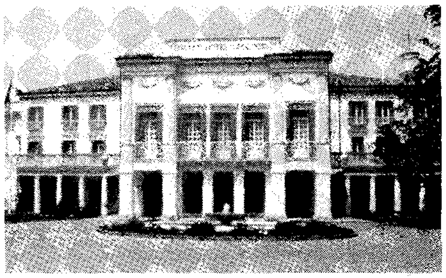

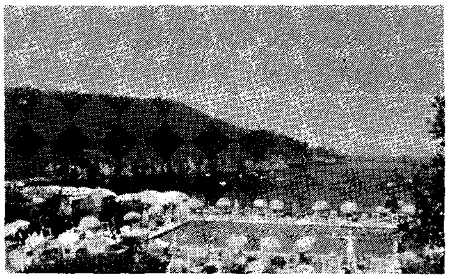

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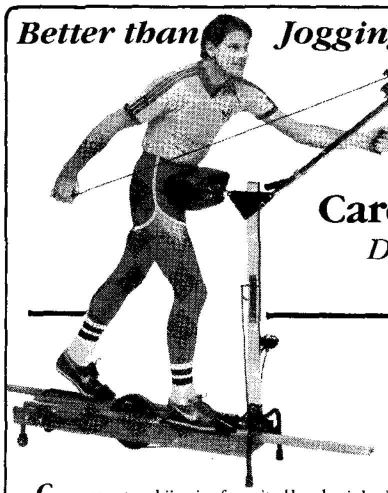

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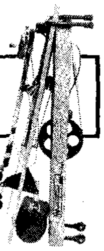

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know when it voted if military aid would be resumed. The point, according to Administration officials, was to unblock the fourteen million dollars, and the expectation was that even if the Sandinistas agreed to talk—which was not considered likely, since the terms would require them to give up power—military aid would eventually be resumed.

ONE area in which there has been a noticeable change in Reagan's rhetoric and approach is in his dealings with the Soviet Union. Suddenly, just after the death of Konstantin Chernenko and his replacement by Mikhail Gorbachev, Reagan's strict requirements for a summit meeting—that there be a set agenda and real business to be conducted—went away, and were supplanted by his invitation to Gorbachev to meet with him and by his subsequent obvious eagerness that such a meeting take place. This development is very disturbing to some of Reagan's right-wing supporters, and even some Reagan advisers wish he wouldn't look so eager. The summit invitation followed upon Reagan's decision, against the advice of some of his key aides, not to attend Chernenko's funeral. Reagan's new summit eagerness, according to his advisers, has to do with his desire to reach an arms-control agreement and with the general understanding within the Administration that Gorbachev, younger and more vigorous than his predecessors, and possessing something of a public-relations flair, is in a good position to give the United States a run for it in terms of propaganda—especially with our allies. When an American Army major was killed by Soviet soldiers in East Germany recently, Reagan's reaction was notably tempered; on Monday, March 25th, the day the news broke, he said that this was all the more reason to have a summit meeting. At a breakfast with some journalists that morning, Reagan changed his tone about alleged Soviet violations of existing arms-control agreements: before, he had accepted and relayed the argument that the Soviets were willfully cheating; this time, sounding like the most fervent arms controllers, he talked about "ambiguity" in arms-control agreements which leads to different interpretations and about the importance of talking out these differences.

The general assumption here is that the arms talks will take quite some time before any sort of progress is

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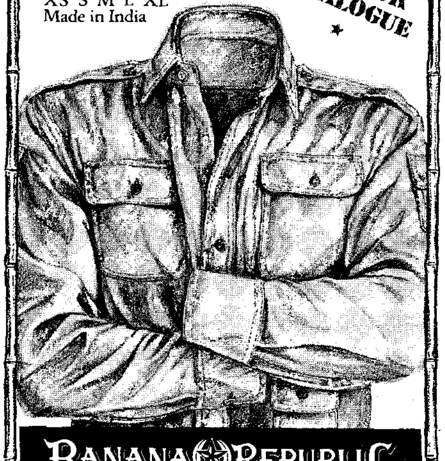

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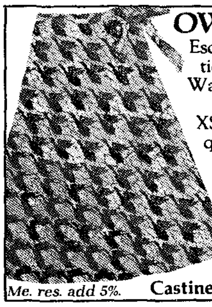

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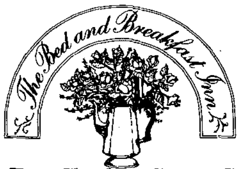

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made. "It will be all optics and propaganda for at least a year," one Administration official says. And if the President has a fallback position on the Strategic Defense Initiative, or "Star Wars," it is, as it should be, very closely held. A number of Republican senators are uncomfortable with the Star Wars theory, and the at least rhetorical change in strategic doctrine the President has made—from mutual assured destruction to a defense shield over the nation—but they subscribe to the theory that Star Wars brought the Soviet Union back to the negotiations, whether or not this is so. The Administration has actually reduced its claims for what a defense shield can protect—tempering the idea that the defense can be total—and many people think the whole thing is headed toward some sort of new anti-ballistic-missile system defending land-based missiles. Many Republicans as well as Democrats are disturbed at the speed with which strategic doctrine may be being changed, at least as the President speaks of it, and worry about the practical implications of what the President is saying. But the President thinks on another level, and prefers the visionary approach—the simple thought that defense is preferable to offense—and the moral high ground that his approach offers him. Star Wars is something the President has come to feel increasingly strongly about since he first broached it publicly, in March of 1983, and, for various reasons, there is just about no one in the Administration who is of a mind to argue with him.

A NUMBER of people here think they can already see real differences between the first-term Reagan White House and the second-term one. Donald Regan has consolidated power in his own office, and this, as the President's allies see it, has its pluses and minuses. There has been a diminishing of infighting within the White House, and there is a clearer line of authority. Donald Regan, according to a close observer, is willing to involve himself in personnel problems—something the President himself habitually avoids. This person says, "Regan will say to the President, 'Don't worry about it, I'll take care of that sonofabitch'—and it's taken care of. That's something Ronald Reagan needs." Regan is said by observers to conduct his job quite differently from the way his predecessor, James Baker, did. Says one, "Baker would go in

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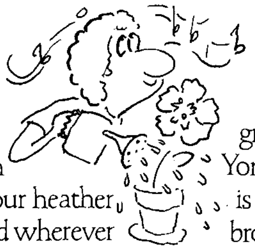

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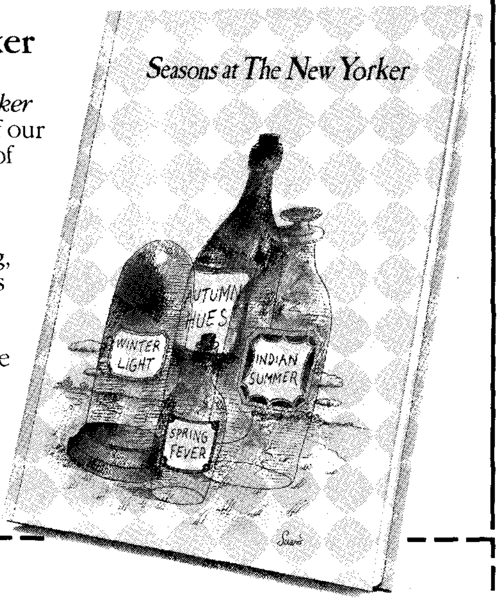

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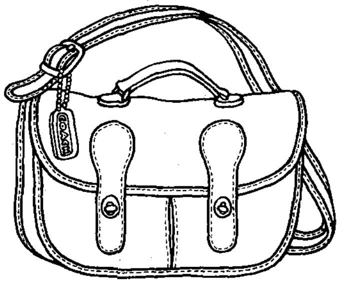
every morning and try to move and persuade the President. Regan goes in and tries to follow the President, playing more of a staff role. The result over time could be a different Reagan." Many people within the Administration and on Capitol Hill miss the White House presence of Baker and Richard Darman, Baker's associate, who moved to the Treasury Department with him. One Administration official says, "When Baker and Darman were there, there seemed to be more of a reaching for consensus than there is now." (However, Baker's and Darman's skills will be well used in the effort to get tax simplification.) And a number of people believe that when Deaver leaves, in May, the last of those who were willing to try to moderate the President, to head him off a politically risky course, will be gone. But Mrs. Reagan will be keeping a close eye on things: a friend of the Reagans' says, "Nancy will be there as the last of the watchdogs."

The heating up of the President's rhetoric in this term is ascribed by close observers both to Reagan's own instincts and to the presence of Patrick Buchanan, a hard-line and combative conservative, as communications director. Actually, Buchanan doesn't do much communicating: he has lain low, kept quiet, and become a force on the inside—directing the speechwriting and weighing in on all manner of questions. And Buchanan was the victor in what became something of a holy war among the right—the question of who would have jurisdiction over the Office of Public Liaison. The office became an object of passion for the right wing after its most recent occupant, Faith Ryan Whittlesey, used it as a rallying point for various right-wing causes. Buchanan's rival, Edward Rollins, who managed Reagan's reëlection campaign, and who is now political director at the White House, was considered insufficiently ideological by the right. Rollins, who is himself a combative type, appears to be falling into disfavor with Donald Regan, who reportedly was not enthusiastic about Rollins' coming to the White House in the first place. (Regan is said to be angry about, among other things, the fact that Rollins said publicly that he is sure the President supports George Bush for the nomination in 1988. Regan, who has delicate dealings with Dole and other candidates, is said in Republican circles to believe that this was inappropriate.) There is a certain unconscious condescension in



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the way Reagan's allies wonder aloud about how he will do "without his handlers," but there is still a great deal of respect for Reagan's instincts and ability to reach the public.

And some Reagan lines that had been retired for a while have been brought out again. At the breakfast, Reagan was asked about the fact that he had said at his most recent press conference that he opposed an extension of unemployment benefits for workers whose benefits had expired because he prefers a job-training program for retraining dislocated workers, yet the Administration has proposed to cut that program. Reagan said, "We're continuing" the program (it was not clear whether he was aware of the requested cut) and then went on to say—as he used to, to the embarrassment of some of his aides—"You go into a major city in this country and right now pick up their Sunday paper and see sixty-odd pages of help-wanted ads." (When he made this point in a 1982 press conference, he said that there were twenty-four pages of ads.) Still, the Democratic-controlled House, fearing a Presidential veto and worrying about the Democratic Party's image as "spenders," has voted to phase out the unemployment-benefits program rather than extend it.

The major source of apprehension among some of Reagan's advisers, and certainly among Republicans on Capitol Hill, is the economy. The recent outburst in Congress over Japanese trade practices was fuelled in part by frustration over the damage to American manufacturers by the overvalued dollar. The presumed precariousness and the obvious importance of the economy are what leads one of Reagan's most loyal advisers to refer to his Presidency as "a high-wire act." This man says, "If he can get from here to there, everything will be fine. But if he's one millimetre off there's big trouble." Still, the President is moving aggressively now to accomplish as much of his agenda as possible. Another of his advisers says, "Reagan has the numbers and the polls. Now is the time to move the ball forward, to get as much as he can. The tack you're seeing now is the appropriate tack for the time. It's a reflection of political reality: Reagan has enormous political capital now, and now is the time to spend it. You don't know how popular you're going to be in three years and how much political capital you're going to have. So now is the time to move."

—ELIZABETH DREW

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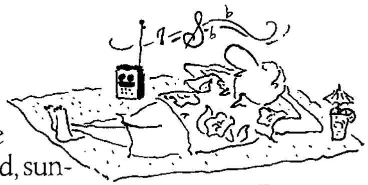

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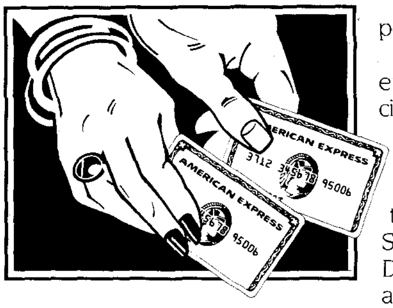

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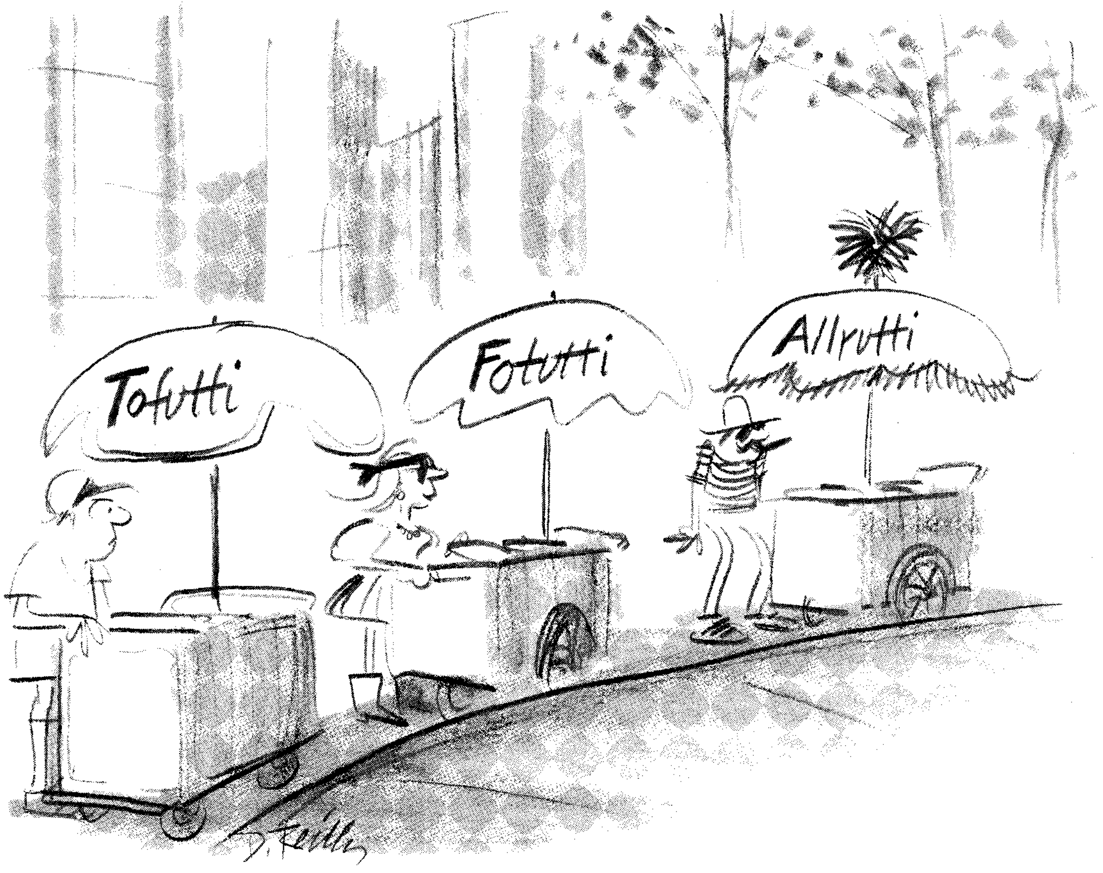
BOOKS

Back in the U.S.S.R.

THE Russians are not easy to know. In recent years, their global presence has been signified by a succession of doddering leaders, by a muffled, stubborn war in Afghanistan, and by non-appearance—at the Olympics, at the conference table. Now they are back at the conference table and have a sprightly, if stocky, youth in his fifties at the helm, and one turns to some contemporary Russian fiction with fresh curiosity as to life in our recessive fellow-superpower's territory, on that portion of our planet's surface just about equal, in acreage, to what we can see of the moon.

Yuri Trifonov had emerged, in the last decade of his rather short life (1925-81), as the most sensitive and honest of officially published Soviet fiction writers. The son of an Old Bolshevik who fell from favor under Stalin and disappeared, Trifonov, when young, wrote a novel that won a Stalin Prize. In middle age, he turned apolitical and became a first-rate writer; his chosen form was the novella, and his subject the private lives of white-collar Russians—professors, translators, theatrical people. Three of his novellas were translated and published here in 1978, under the title "The Long Goodbye." Now two more, "Another Life" and "The House on the Embankment," are available in one volume (translated from the Russian by Michael Glenny; Simon & Schuster; $16.95). All take place in Trifonov's recognizable world, a dense world of edgily multigenerational families crowded into Moscow apartments, of dachas and seaside vacations as escape hatches into the romantic, of mysterious and ominous professional rises and falls, of admirable women and unhappy men, of nagging dissatisfaction and nostalgia, a world described in leisurely loops of flashback, with something of Chekhov's tenderness and masterly power of indirect revelation.

"Another Life" takes place in the reminiscing mind of Olga Vasilievna, whose husband, Sergei, has recently died. She and her teen-age daughter, Irinka, still live with Sergei's mother, Alexandra Prokofievna, who possesses a law degree and whose husband, a mathematics professor, died in the defense of Moscow in 1941. She is a staunch Communist and forgiving neither of her granddaughter's typically adolescent behavior nor of her daughter-in-law's supposed guilt: "This woman firmly believed that the death of her son, in November of the previous year from a heart attack at the age of forty-two, was the fault of his wife." Olga's memories, as if searching out the justice of this charge, move back through her seventeen years of marriage, beginning with a sunny Black Sea vacation and ending under a Moscow cloud as Sergei, a historian, somehow offends the higher-ups with his researches into the czar's secret police. Throughout their relationship, Olga has been distressed by the other women whom her moody and elusive husband has attracted, and by his fickle professional enthusiasms. A successful biologist, reasonable and shrewd enough to see in Sergei and his family an emotional ineptitude and a compulsion to do only what pleased them," she nevertheless is "psychologically dependent" upon him and fiercely defensive of what is consistently italicized as "*their life*"—"their life" as opposed to the "separate life" he keeps living during his mysterious escapes from domesticity and "another life" of which he often dreams. In the surprising ending, it is Olga who finds "another life," with a nameless man who sounds even frailer in health than Sergei and who, from his coy anonymity (in a narrative where even the most flitting characters are named), might be a version of the author. Trifonov dedicated the book to his wife, Alla, and seems to have reaped the benefit of detailed female confidences. As a portrait of Olga in her stages of young beauty and mature weariness, in her moods of happiness and anger, in her conflicting roles as



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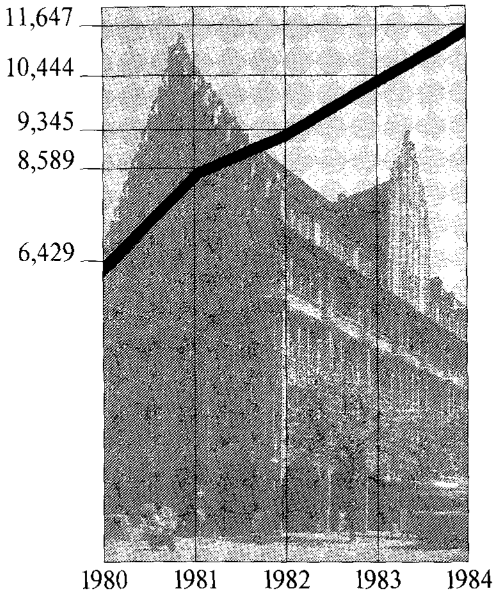

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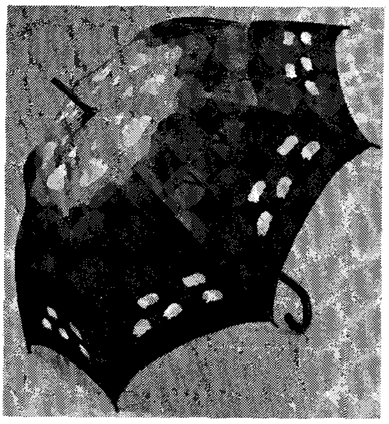

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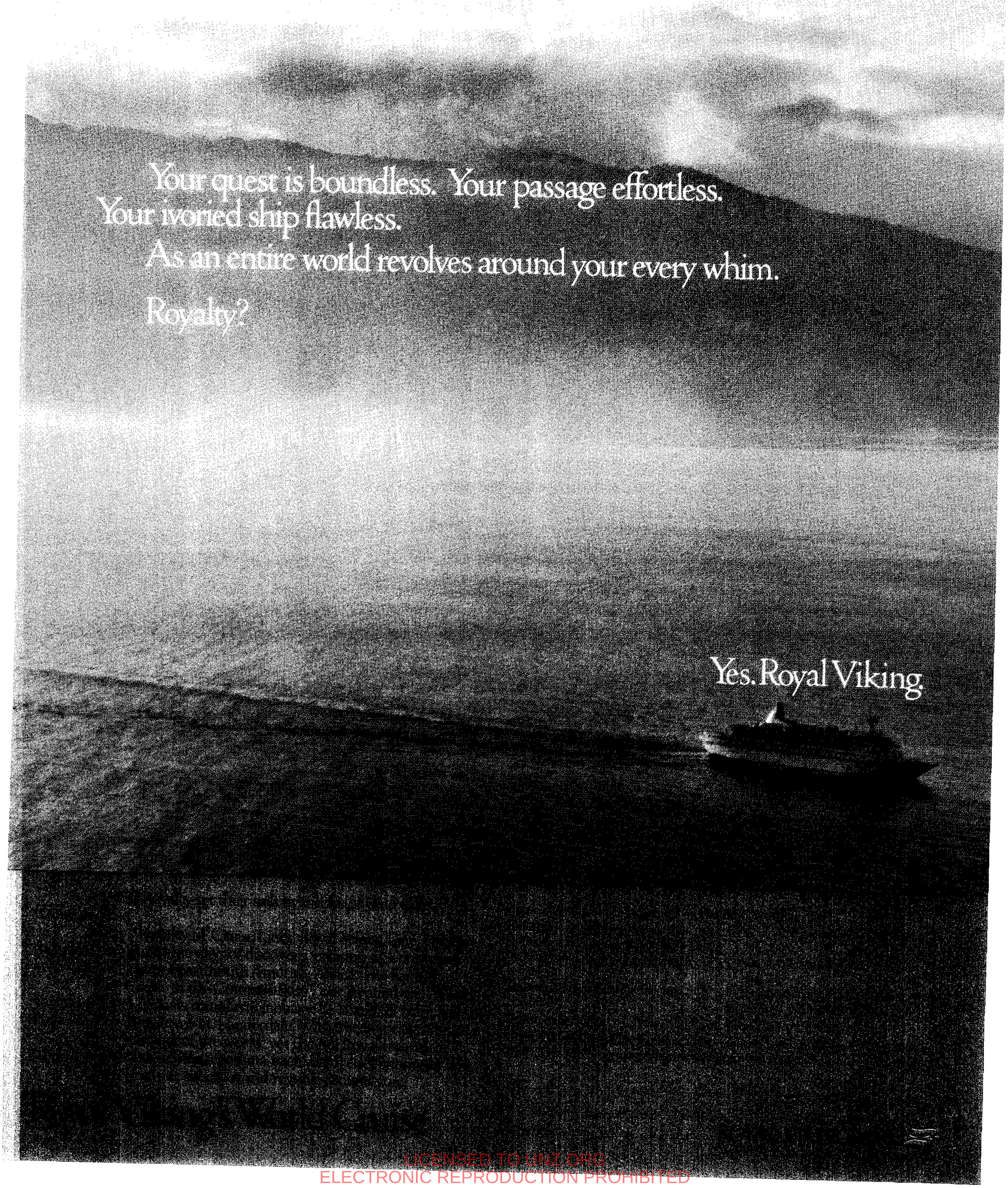
mother, lover, daughter, and worker, "Another Life" has been executed with an air of natural understanding and admiration. "Look at this woman! —she exists!" the book seems to exclaim, and only the warmth of the exclamation suggests that the creator and the creation are not of the same sex.

"The House on the Embankment" also describes balked academic careers, rotting but embowering dachas, heavy-drinking men with adverse cardiovascular symptoms, and deliberate efforts of reminiscence. And it has a figure in it—Yura the Bear—who might be a stand-in for the author; this person narrates intermittent chapters of this account of ambition and aging. Two structures are referred to as "the house on the embankment": a run-down two-story house on Deryugin Street occupied by Vadim Alexandrovich Glebov as a boy, with his father, grandmother, and Aunt Paula in one room and six other families in the other rooms, and an imposing apartment house nearby, where live most of the children little Glebov goes to school with. The apartments are spacious and the top stories have a view, across the Moscow River, of the Kremlin walls; its shadow cuts off sunlight from Glebov's little house, and his jealousy of its élite residents forms "a source of burning resentment from his childhood onward." The author's treatment of Glebov—who from his shabby beginnings rises to betray (slightly) his literature professor and to become a literary functionary with a spoiled and silly daughter and international travel privileges—reminded me of Chekhov's "The Darling," or, rather, of Tolstoy's well-known commentary upon it, to the effect that Chekhov, setting out to satirize his character, "intended to curse, but the god of poetry forbade him, and commanded him to bless."

Trifonov, whose own father fell to the unanswerable workings of tyranny, and who as an author had to maneuver his realism into print through the ever-present maze of official scruples, must have had little use for characters like Glebov. He portrays him as timid, indecisive, and materialistic; yet the timidity and indecision are so empathetically limned, and the materialism (Glebov is a great noticer of clothing and furniture, with all the social resonance of such possessions) such a basically humble attribute, that the reader, like Glebov's betrayed fiancée Sonya, loves him in spite of himself. An apparatchik could hardly be more tenderly dismantled. The boy in his poverty begins by trading on the one meagre advantage he has: his mother sells tickets in a movie theatre and can let him in free, with what friends he chooses to bring. He ends by failing to buy an antique table he had his heart set on; further, he is snubbed by a workman at the furniture market, whom he has suddenly recognized as a once powerful and flamboyant old school friend. A bit later, this same friend's mother, a former aristocrat also fallen in the social scale, has snubbed him on a train to Paris. We never see Glebov oppressing others, but only Glebov oppressed—oppressed not least by the need to make decisions. A splendid turn in the plot occurs when, on the eve of a fateful meeting at his university, where he must testify on one side or the other, his grandmother Nila, whom he loves ("Who else was there to love, if not old Nila?"), dies as if to spare him, on his day of mourning, this crossroads:

> "What can I say to you, Dima?" She looked at him with pity, with tears in her eyes, as though he and not she were dying: "Don't upset yourself, don't aggravate your heart. If there's nothing to be done about it, then don't think about it. It will all sort itself out, you'll see, and whatever that may be, it will be the right way. . . ."
>
> And strange to say he fell asleep that night easily, calmly and free of nagging anxiety. At six o'clock next morning he was suddenly awakened by a low voice, or it may have been by something else, and he heard someone say, "Our Grandmama Nila has gone. . . ."
>
> Quietly, for fear of disturbing the neighbors, Aunt Paula was sobbing on the other side of the partition. The sound she made was strange and chilling, like the clucking of a chicken whose neck was being wrung. Glebov's father came in, muttering something about the doctor, a death certificate and the need to go somewhere. So began that Thursday. And Glebov was unable to go anywhere on that day.

Glebov's rather melancholy and anticlimactic rise in the world is traced among so many such vivid vignettes and small scenes as to summarize the general flow of Russian life from 1940 to 1974. He is described, by the first-person voice whose disquisitions rather jarringly interlard Glebov's story, as "a *nothing person;*" but into this nothing, this cautious acquisitor of things, so much observed life rushes that a less passive and more principled hero would have seemed less full. "He dreamed of all the things that later came to him—but which brought him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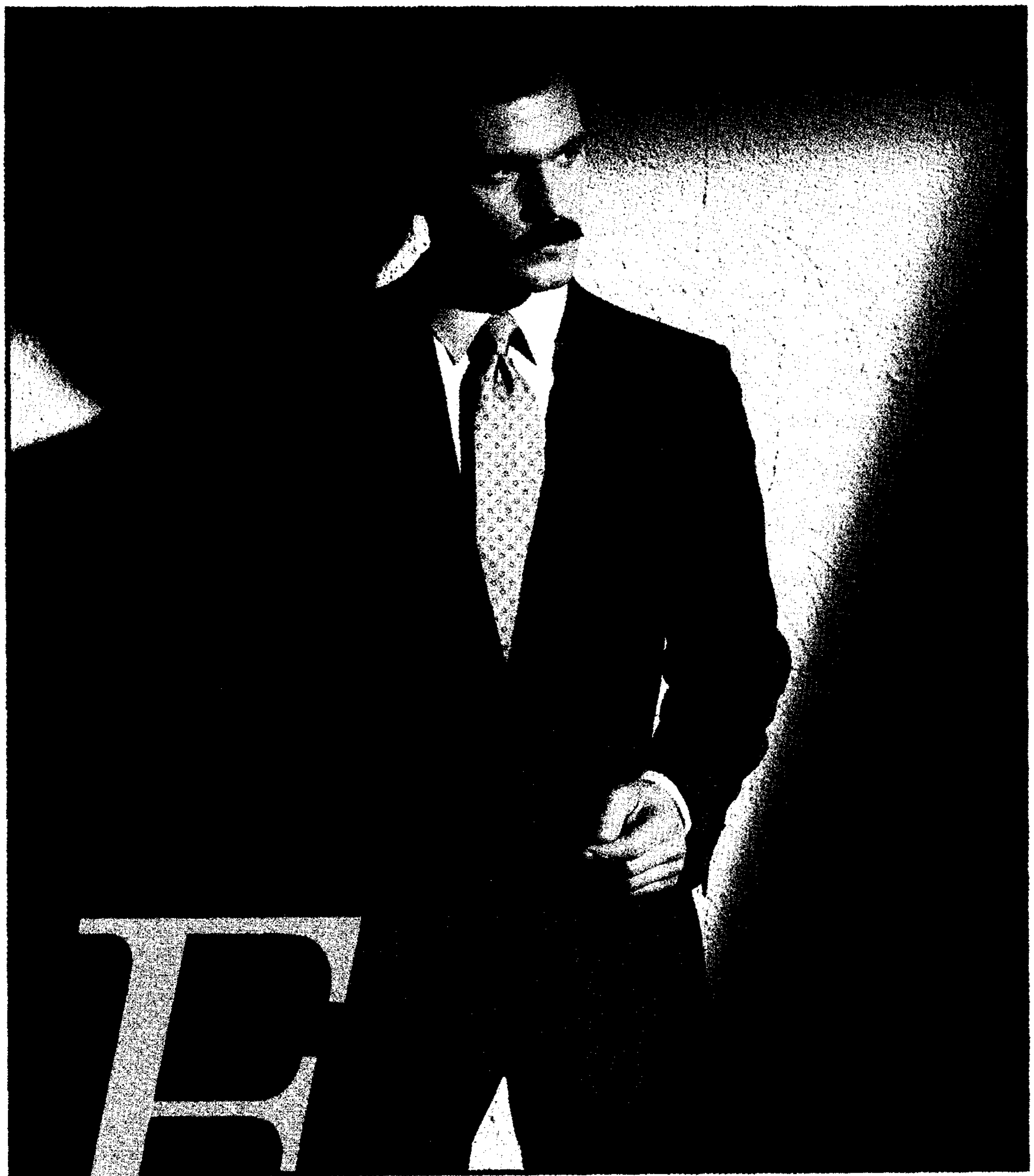

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no joy because achieving them used up so much of his strength and so much of that irreplaceable something that is called life": a moral for many a capitalist tale as well.

AT a student party in "The House on the Embankment," one guest is "a poet who had been deafening people at student parties with his crashingly metallic verses—in those days, for some reason, they were regarded as highly musical. . . . Nowadays, thirty years later, the poet is still grinding out his brassy verse, but no one any longer thinks it musical—just tinny." It is a compliment, of sorts, to Yevgeny Yevtushenko's fame and durability that a Westerner, without presuming to judge what verse sounds brassy in Russian, thinks first of him in relation to this unkind allusion. Born in 1933 and still going strong, Yevtushenko has managed to steer a daredevil course amid the perils of being a poet, a crowd-pleaser, a sometime protester, a travelling emblem of Russian culture, and lately a movie director and actor—all this within the Soviet system. Too much within it for some former Western admirers, impatient of the intricacies of survival under a government that has insisted since Lenin on supervising the arts. Khrushchev, whose sanctioning of the publication of Solzhenitsyn's "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" in late 1962 unleashed hope for freer expression, personally took it upon himself, a few months later, to bring Yevtushenko to heel. More recently, Yuri Andropov publicly complained that "Trifonov and others devote too much concern for the minutiae of daily life without sufficient regard for the good of the Party, for whom they are not doing their bit." The government has continued to allow Yevtushenko access to print and audiences because, my guess is, for all his rakish and rebellious tendencies, he is a sincere patriot and genuinely at home in the poster-bright, semi-abstract realm of global aspiration wherein the slogans of the Revolution make some sense. Gone are the days, in Russia and the West alike, when he and Andrei Voznesensky were glamour boys, bringing to stadiums and auditoriums on both sides of the Iron Curtain word of the new possibilities stirring in "the thaw." But neither poet has been silenced in the airless decades since, and Yevtushenko, who had earlier composed some short stories and a banned memoir ("A Precocious Autobiography," of 1963), published in 1981 a first novel that sold two and a half million copies. This book, "Wild Berries" (translated from the Russian by Antonina W. Bouis; Morrow; $15.95), is now published here, in a typeface that looks muddy and a sexy pastel dust jacket showing two haystacks.

Yevtushenko, as a fiction writer, woefully lacks Trifonov's quality of patient truth—of calmly accruing detail, of psychologies permitted to find their own definition in inconsequential and contradictory movements. In "Wild Berries," the author is ostentatiously in charge, putting an epilogue first and a prologue last and, in between, pouring on importance from an unctuous overview, staging symposia and meaty dialogues in the Siberian taiga, importing significance-laden scenes from as far away as Hawaii and Chile. As a poet, Yevtushenko has developed an irritating trick of self-echo, as if repeating things rendered them profound. "Wild Berries" begins, for example, with a hail of berries, as symbols of succulence, Siberian freedom, and female charms. A seduced and spurned woman ponders, "He's picked all my berries, and now he's looking for new berry patches;" another, also seduced and spurned woman sports "red bilberry nipples" and "dark, berrylike birthmarks" "sprinkled" on her "soft but blinding white" skin; and still another, while being seduced preliminary to being abandoned, has a full basket of berries spilled over her (of course) "naked breasts." Nor are berries the only foodstuff subject to overutilization; mushrooms, too, come in for a workout. A proposal of marriage is stimulated by the discovery of a "solid white mushroom" that the lady cuts off neatly, "leaving the root in the ground;" a few pages later, the children of this union are seen as "sturdy as white mushrooms;" a few chapters on, an old mushroomer extolls the earthy virtue of his speciality and, when his extolling day is done, dreams of "some extraordinary forest, where giant mushrooms grew taller than a man." His dreamwork leaving no symbol unturned, he cuts a gigantic one down so he can take it "to Hiroshima and show all mankind, to make them ashamed of that other, terrifying mushroom, invented by man."

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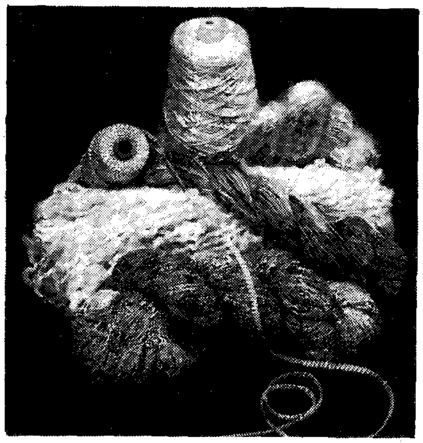

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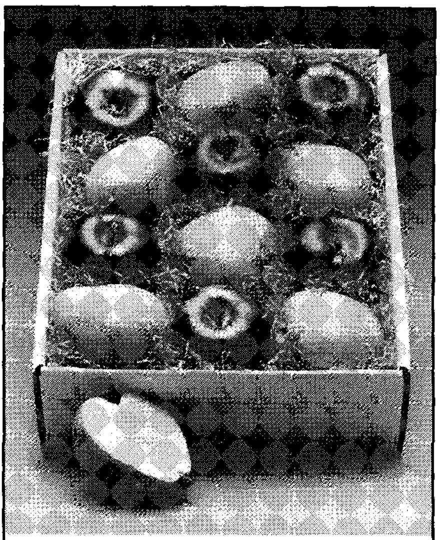
overwrought prose with some extraordinary efforts of English:

> A wave of grandeur swept over his beak-nosed, time-ravaged face and washed away the wrinkles.
>
> ... it was only then that Lachugin noticed him up among the towering bookshelves, which were filled with nobly glowing spines.
>
> He had a cautious attitude toward social initiatives, feeling that in the long run they broke up into droplets against the moss-covered cliff of human psychology.
>
> And only when the boat was right inside the rapids' open jaws, dripping foamy saliva from the boulders that sat as solidly as molars . . .
>
> "Screw all these artists and correspondents," roared the president, something he did very rarely.

The heavy ore that holds these nuggets is the story of a party of geologists looking for cassiterite and the meaning of life in the taiga of Siberia; since Yevtushenko was born and bred in Siberia, and his father was a geologist, some authenticity leaches through his nobly glowing intention to write a panoramic novel of ideas. The stylized characters (hard-driving, out-of-touch-with-himself Kolomeitsev, the leader of the expedition; young, impressionable Seryozha; humpbacked, tenderhearted, highly mechanical Kesha; all-wise, often silent Burshtein; fawning, villainous Sitechkin; and many others, not to mention the interchangeably delicious, berry-breasted young females who pop up in the forest like, well, mushrooms) and the stilted conversations ("If man came from the apes, then why didn't all the apes turn into people?" one man asks another as they head into some thundering rapids; the answer runs, in part, "Once upon a time the magnetic equilibrium of the earth was destroyed. And then some of the weaker apes underwent mutation") do not totally smother the author's joy in the space and sweet wildness of Siberia. His willingness to entertain basic questions is awkwardly allied with his coarsely imagined tale of adventure and seduction, of peasants who are diamonds in the rough and women who are loose cannons: "Her mighty breasts surged menacingly out from the shiny picture like a battleship's guns." In the absence of a restraining verisimilitude, the tale branches into such unusual familial scenes as that of a onetime seducer, now grown obese and decrepit, being given a prostate examination by a forty-three-year-old doctor who is, her "malachite eyes" tell him, his long-lost illegitimate daughter,



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and that of the reunion of four young American rock stars with their mothers, after a tumultuous concert, on a beach in Honolulu, where "the pure breeze from the ocean seemed to blow away the sweaty stink of the concert's roaring crowd." The scenes involving Americans, though they show the superficial knowingness of a world traveller, have a patent falsity, a benign corniness, that serves as an index to the falsity of "Wild Berries" throughout: the book is a pastiche, an assemblage of outsides and signifiers with no real insides or unwilled significance. Yevtushenko's inner self, glimpsable in "A Precocious Autobiography" and such early poems as "Zima Junction," figures here only in the brash naïveté of the novel's ambition.

In Trifonov's novellas, the numerous characters fall into a consistent pattern. There is the generation of the aged, who were exposed to the heat and excitement of the Revolution and still feel it. There is that of the young, the punks and softies, who have felt only the heat of the West and its corrupting consumerism. And there is the middle generation, which fought and endured the Second World War; its members lack their parents' political zeal yet are nagged, unlike their children, by a collective conscience, by the suspicion that the blessings of peace and relative prosperity, achieved through heroic victories over the czar and the Germans, are not enough, and fall short of some ideal. Glebov, for instance, has done nothing very wrong; yet he and the author feel he is somehow terribly in the wrong. Yevtushenko is now over fifty and, however young at heart, belongs to the middle generation. A sophisticated and restive spirit, frequently at odds with the Soviet establishment and a staunch protester against the anti-Semitism that is one of Russian ethnocentricity's uglier aspects, he is no Party-liner; but in his role as bard, and now as novelist, he comes up with Socialism's blandest pieties: "Cassiterite? What is it compared to human lives?" "But what good is honesty, physical courage, or diligence, if people are cynics?" "The only thing that could end war forever is changing the human psyche. Those who fly up above earth and see her in all her beauty and fragility will undergo a psychological change. At first only individuals, but then hundreds, then millions. It will be a different civilization, a different humanity." "Wild Berries," set in the

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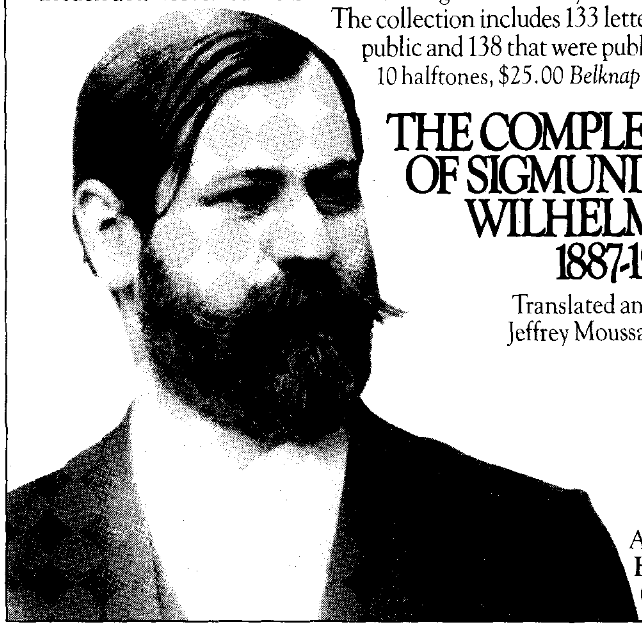

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scarcely tamed spaces of the Soviet hinterland, should be a comfortable, rollicking book; but instead it is a book with a bad conscience, by a writer who wants to feel more than he does, and one that, whenever it might develop some natural momentum out of its own low impulses, is slowed to a halt by another injection of anxious high-mindedness.

THERE is little about the handsome but staid jacket of "Russian Women: Two Stories," by I. Grekova (translated from the Russian by Michel Petrov; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $17.95), or the resolutely unglamorous photograph of the stout, elderly author on the back, or Maurice Friedberg's solemn introduction to prepare us for the airy delights of the text itself. "I. Grekova"—from the French *i grec*, for the letter "Y"—means something like "Ms. X" and is the pen name of Yelena Sergeyevna Ventsel, a mathematician born in 1907, whose first fiction was published when she was fifty years old and a full university professor. (Scientific training is far from uncommon among Soviet creative writers: Solzhenitsyn was a teacher of physics and mathematics; Voznesensky was educated as an architect; and a number of prose artists from Chekhov to Vassily Aksyonov have been accredited doctors.) However trained, I. Grekova has to a rare degree the fiction writer's necessary gift of getting her material to speak for itself, through actions, sensations, and images. For instance, a grieving woman at her husband's funeral:

> Vera Platonovna, deaf and dumb from crying, sat next to the coffin. Her hands, always so nimble, hung down lifelessly. They seemed not to belong to her. She felt grief not in her heart, but rather in her ears. The world seemed soundless. Perhaps the whole world had gone deaf, not just she. The chair on which she sat seemed both too small and too big—in any case, not meant to be sat on.

Yet, on the next page, some sound does break through to her:

> And now, in the streaming light of the candles, he seemed frighteningly alive, truly alive, and displeased with his wife. The hands folded under his chest had a pink tint, and the watch on his wrist was still ticking. The watch was old, prewar, a gift from the People's Commissar, with an inscription: "For Outstanding Service." Shunechka never took it off, even slept with it.

This strangely (but not implausibly) ticking watch calling out from the coffin to this so recently widowed woman sitting in a chair that feels both too big and too small has just that oddness of specificity which puts us there, and which brings emotion out of images. The comical homeliness of death is evoked, and a bit of the horror—the watch will be buried alive! Further, the dead man has been in the habit of tapping his watch as a disciplinary gesture to his wife, and we know, though she still hears it, that the watch will soon run down. Throughout her two long stories, I. Grekova easily transforms real details into the intertwining, chiming stuff of narrative. Her prose is light, candid, and unforced. Her topic in this book is femininity—specifically, the independent, professional females, of whom she is one, amid the Soviet Union's throngs of career women.

The first, and much shorter, story of the two bound together here, "Ladies' Hairdresser," was published in the magazine *Novy Mir* in 1963. Though I. Grekova was in her fifties when she wrote it, it has the happy freshness, the light-handed confidence, of a writer newly come into her material. It tells of a middle-aged female mathematician's rather maternal relationship with a twenty-year-old male hairdresser called Vitaly. The mathematician, Marya Vladimirovna Kovaleva, directs a Moscow computer institute and has two sons, Kostya and Kolya, both in college; their impudent, slovenly, clownish behavior at home is enough described, in lively and droll dialogue, to indicate why she would develop a soft spot for this hairdresser of her sons' generation but without their educational advantages. Vitaly is a conscientious genius at his craft, and she goes to him often, to be beautified and to advise him in his self-education. Her dim but pretty secretary, Galya, admires her hair, goes to Vitaly for her own hair, and has a fling with him. But he, like most standouts, runs afoul of the system—specifically, the bureaucratic Hairdressing Section of the Service Administration—and has to be, so to speak, cut down to size. At the tale's end, he tells Marya that he is quitting hairdressing to become an apprentice metalworker and go to college, and she puts down the receiver thinking, "There's something here I missed." Her relations with the younger generation have been consistently fond but bemused. When she attends a Komsomol dance, she stares in reverie at the girls' shoes:

> And the shoes—shoes, shoes, shoes—imported, weightless, thin, with pointed toes, and almost invisible heels. More

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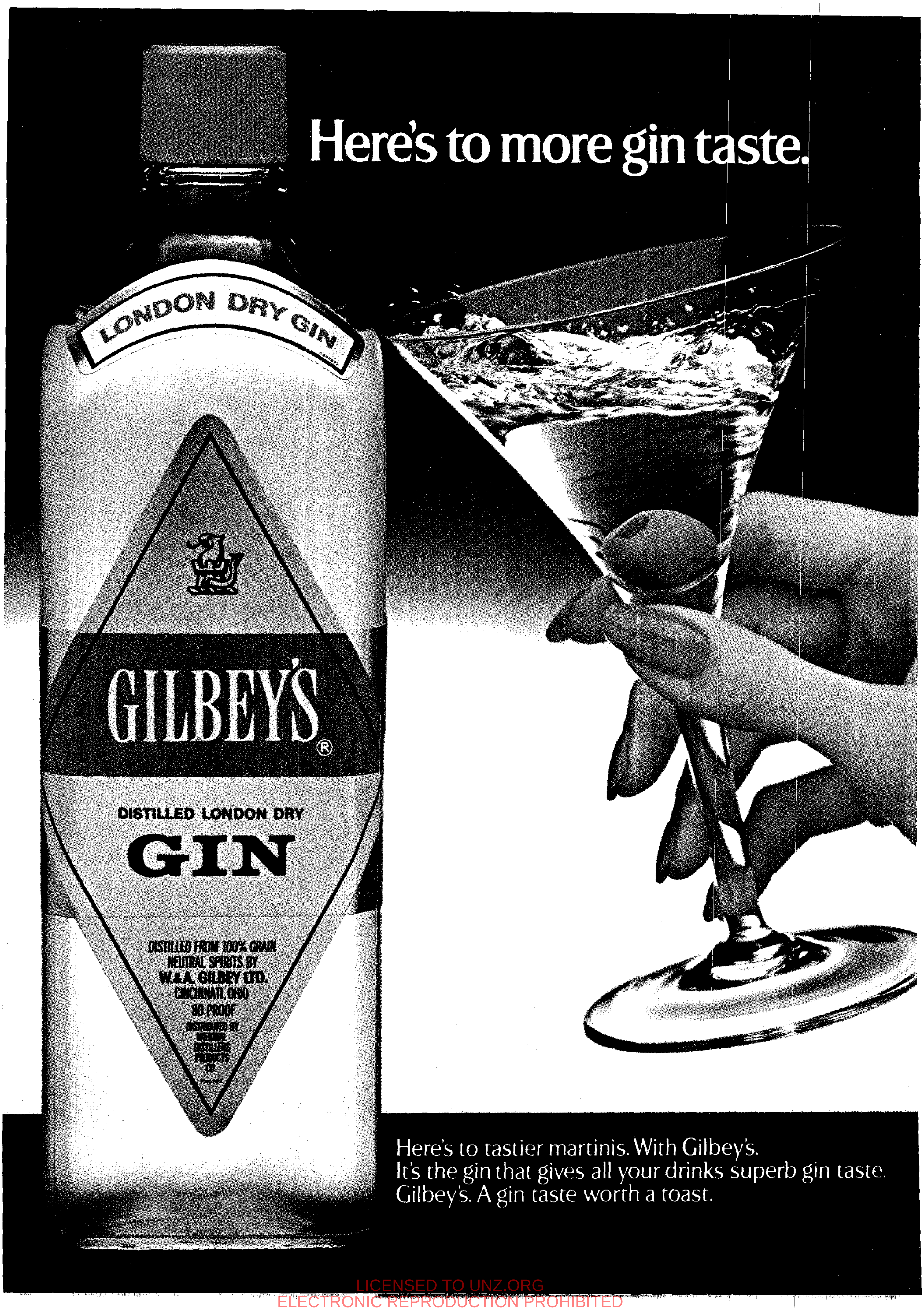
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power to those who walk unfalteringly on such marvelous inventions, I can't. And dancing with the shoes are the men's short boots, or open-toed sandals, or sometimes high boots. And there are many—oh so many—high heels with high heels, girls dancing with each other. They dance elegantly, aloof, as though they don't need anything else. Oh you girls, you poor girls. The war's long been over, another generation has grown up, and there are still too many of you.

Women with women is the theme, too, of "The Hotel Manager" (1976), the story of Vera Platonovna Butova, who was born in 1895 and at the age of eighteen was swept off her bare feet at the seashore by a stern-faced military officer called Alexander Larichev; she marries him and is his wife for twenty-seven years, and then becomes a hotel manager, with a lover and, at the age of sixty, an offer of promotion to Moscow. Though her marriage and subsequent affairs are interestingly described, a deeper warmth of interest is generated by Vera's relation with her mother (Anna), her sister (Zhenya), her best friend (Masha), her adopted daughter (Vika), her housemate (Margarita), and her female colleagues at the Hotel Salute. "The staff of the hotel consisted almost entirely of nervous, middle-aged women. . . . They were morbidly vain, hypersensitive, poorly paid, but how those women worked! . . . [Vera] demanded not a show of work but genuine work, and got it." For I. Grekova's women, love comes and goes, but work is always there. Of Vera as a child we are told, "From her father Verochka learned to laugh, and from her mother to work." The details of her homemaking, as an army wife, and of her hotel-managing are set forth almost rhapsodically. The other story's heroine, Marya Vladimirovna, describes her mathematical labors: "The solution to the problem was working. I checked the computations once more. It worked. Good God, perhaps it's for such minutes that life is worth living. I've lived a long life and can state authoritatively that nothing—neither love, nor motherhood—nothing in the world yields as much happiness as those minutes." Her protégé, young Vitaly, discourses for paragraphs on the challenges and nuances of hairdressing and, when beset, proclaims, "I don't care, because it's my work that matters to me and only my work." The seriousness with which work is taken distinguishes these Russian novels from most Western ones, where jobs are usually confined to the wings of the romantic stage and, in a writer like Henry James, reduced to the vaguest of rumors; in these examples of Soviet fiction, the work, whether that of an academician, biologist, historian, military man, geologist, berry commissioner, or hairdresser, fills up the character and is inextricably involved with his or her personal travails.

I. Grekova's interest in the details of work exposes, without any editorial flavor of defensiveness or indignation, the exact workings of privilege and corruption within the system. In "Ladies' Hairdresser," we see how line-hopping occurs in beauty parlors ("I was ashamed of my privileges," the computer director confesses, "and my heart was on the side of those who shouted and got upset, but my body took its out-of-turn place in that chair") and just how labor officials skim graft from the government's allowances for tool depreciation. In "The Hotel Manager," we are given instruction on not only how to juggle the hostelry regulations but how the black market in goods and services arises and perpetuates itself in an atmosphere of benevolence:

> On the surface, all kinds of goods did not exist. But in the depths, they were circulating and could be called up by something resembling sorcery. . . . One had to go through sacred rituals of camaraderie, to engage in (almost sincere) declarations of mutual love, when a matter was being settled not in return for a favor or, God forbid, a large sum of money, but simply out of love for one's neighbor. . . . The businessmen of the secret world needed to believe in their selflessness. And to believe it one had to drown oneself in vodka.

The government is not criticized; it scarcely seems to exist, except as a superfluity of regulations and excuses for inertia. Vera, in her capacity as manager, thinks, "If only she had more freedom to act!" Yevtushenko's yea-saying novel includes a curious document, half-obliterated by water and eventually tossed into the fire, which contains among its "Thoughts on Order and Disorder" the apothegm "We have to help the government relax a bit." In Trifonov's miasmic world, the murk thickens at the top, whence something sinister emanates, blocking upward movement. Sergei's balked dissertation concerned the czar's secret police, and though the novel never states it, most of its readers could be assumed to know the legend that the young Stalin was, for a time, an agent for this perfidious force. Such dark allusions seem mere muttering, however, compared with

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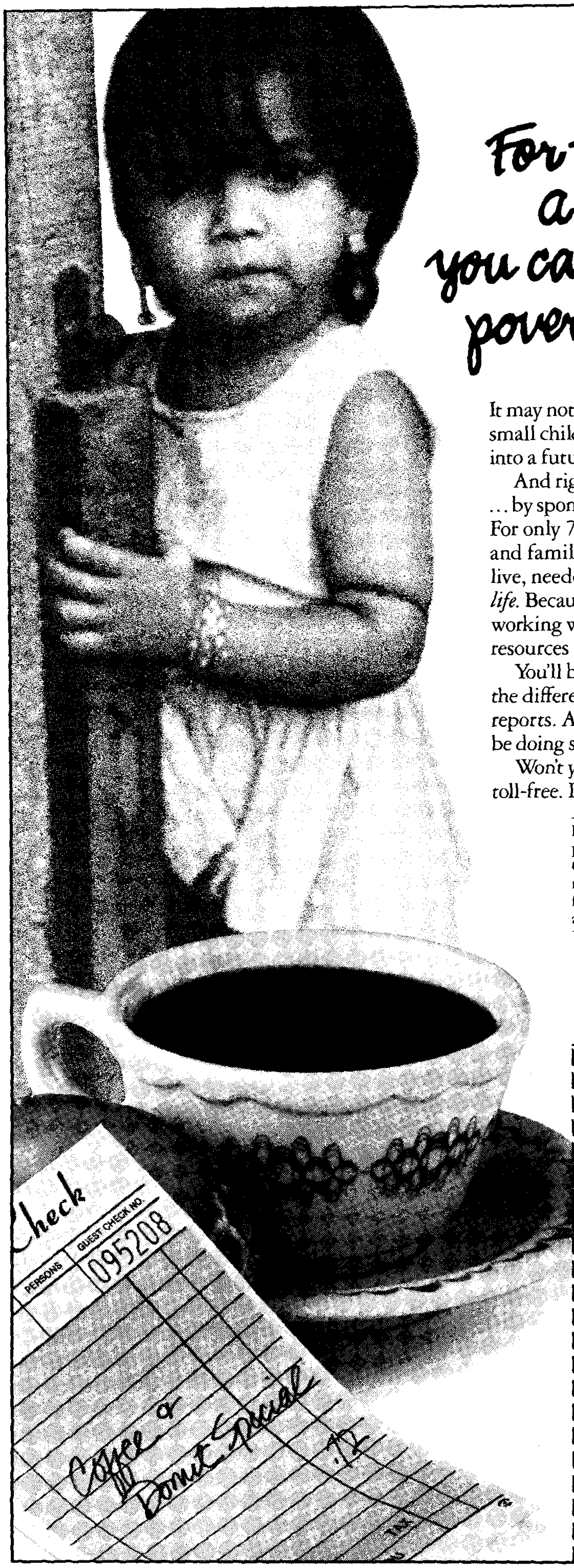
I. Grekova's candid, matter-of-fact glimpses into the Soviet system's imperfect workings. A professorial bigwig herself, she knows something of how power flows under Communism, and also seems to see where the system cannot reach and perennial human happiness and misery take their course. Her window into this remote world is as transparent and sparkling as a woman's hand can make it.

Like Trifonov's characteristic work, the longer of I. Grekova's two fictions contains a great deal of flashback and summary. After the death of Vera's loving bully of a husband, "The Hotel Manager" runs rather low on suspense, in part because the heroine is unremittingly brave, sunny, and resourceful. Her husband was her only flaw, and though partings and deaths darken her path, it is all natural process, and every loss is redeemed by a gain in freedom. There are too many startlingly real and tender touches ("the rainbow eyelashes of the streetlamps," "the child's pillow which smelled of almond soap") for us to doubt the reality of what we read, but we read on because we care about Vera, and we care about her because the writer so infectiously loves her, with her happy nature, her wide-hipped health, her ability to nurture and improvise. After all lip service has been rendered to the Socialist ideals of rational planning and mutual criticism, self-heedless energy is dearest to the Russian heart. Vera, at the age of sixty, does not look long in the mirror. "No use looking and pulling," her friend Margarita tells her. "Self-criticism for a woman is death. I have never suffered from that."

TWENTY years ago, when this reviewer visited Russia, Vassily Aksyonov was to prose fiction what Yevtushenko and Voznesenky were to poetry—young, daring, a rallying point for those Soviet citizens who craved truth and freedom in the arts. Aksyonov had become famous with a novella, "Ticket to the Stars" (1961), that portrayed Western-influenced urban youths, *stilyagi*, in their authentic idiom and mood. In the decades since, while Yevtushenko adjusted to the post-thaw refreeze that followed Khrushchev's ouster, Aksyonov—a prodigiously productive writer, for the stage and screen as well as the printed page—increasingly clashed with the authorities. He was a moving spirit in the creation of a literary anthology, *Metropol*, which, published in 1979, in a tiny edition of one, defied official censorship; when two of his fellow-editors were expelled from the country, Aksyonov resigned from the Writers' Union, and when, in 1980, his domestically unpublished novel "The Burn" was published in Italy he was himself forced to emigrate. Now he lives in Washington, D.C., jogs daily, speaks fluent English, teaches at a college in Maryland, and says he has enough books in his mind to keep him busy, writing in Russian, for the rest of his life.

"The Island of Crimea" (translated from the Russian by Michael Henry Heim; Random House; $16.95) was written within Russia in 1977-79 and published in its original language by Ardis Publications in 1981. It is a prodigious, overpopulated, futuristic fantasy based upon the premise of an island—rather than a peninsula—of Crimea that was successfully defended against the Red Armies by the Whites in 1920 and that thereafter developed, somewhat in the manner of Taiwan, into a thriving capitalist democracy, with skyscrapers, superhighways, packed supermarkets and luxury shops, sports-car rallies, a Yalta beachfront full of sunbathing girls in minimal bikinis, a Disneyland of artificial mountains, ubiquitous and untrammelled news media, and a multitude of competing political parties. At the time of our story—"late in the present decade or early in the decade to come (depending on when this book comes out)"—our hero, fabulously rich and handsome forty-six-year-old Andrei Arsenievich Luchnikov, son of Arseny Nikolaevich, one of the White Army founders, and father of Anton Andreevich, a vagabond saxophonist, has decided in his middle-generation unease to lead, from the podium of his Simferopol newspaper the *Russian Courier*, a campaign for Crimea's returning itself to the Soviet Union, democratic institutions, material prosperity, and all.

Why Luchnikov would want to do this dreadful thing, and why his movement (called the Common Fate League, or SOS) eventually captivates ninety per cent of the voting Crimeans, forms the novel's central mystery and problem. A Westerner, clearly, is reading this book from the wrong end. For all its explosive inventiveness and muffled passion, "The Island of Crimea" seems strained, stretched-out, and emotionally opaque. As I read the Russian fiction reviewed here, I was most conscious in this



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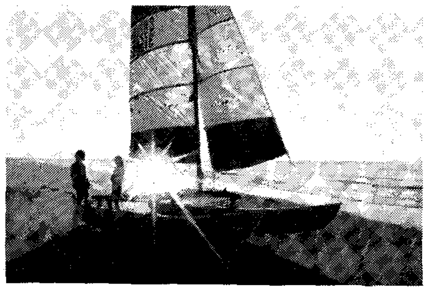

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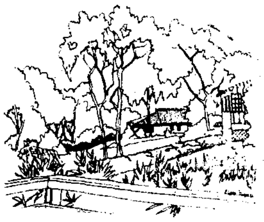

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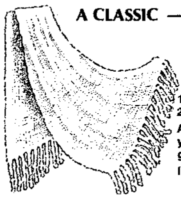

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dissident novel of allusions I was missing, from puns and pointed caricatures on up to the entire ambience, the bias of the satire. The novel, Pynchonesque in its gag names, multiplying conspiracies, and mechanical interconnections, wears an unremitting grimace; but what is being grimaced at? Crimea as an epitome of Western enterprise and decadence is plausible enough; Aksyonov has done his travelling, including a visiting lectureship at U.C.L.A. in 1975. He has also read his Ian Fleming, and the Bond tales are evoked specifically at least three times and generally in the souped-up environment of fast cars, underground cloverleafs, wigwam-shaped glass penthouses, instantly compliant young women, and armadas of bad guys. Yet satire of the West's "hysterical materialism" is not the point; the author clearly loves the idea of Crimea, "the idea of a miniature, tinselly Russia" and its "carnival of freedom." The novel's heroine, Tatyana, whose demanding roles include those of television broadcaster, Soviet sports hero's wife, Luchnikov's mistress, K.G.B. spy, and Yalta hooker, does entertain some dire thoughts about "the capitalist jungle where the very air is pornographic" and yearns to get back from Crimea to "a world where you can't get anything you need and everybody's afraid of everything, the real world." But the island of capitalist unreality, a festive blend of Southern California, Hong Kong, and Oz, inspires affection in most everybody, including Soviet officialdom. For this novel to have earned its breadth and complexity, one convinced Communist should have been represented; but all the Soviets are cheerful thugs or secret Crimeans, as baffled by Luchnikov's betrayal of his homeland as the reader is. Kuzenkov, a Kremlin higher-up, calls the Common Fate League "that sadomasochistic Idea, that snobbish guilt gone berserk!"

Some clues to "Looch" 's state of mind are offered. When visits by Crimeans to the motherland became possible, "a few of them did try to understand and immerse themselves in Soviet life, and the first was Andryushka Luchnikov." Many visits later, arriving from Paris, he still immerses himself:

> After the first glass of vodka the atmosphere changed completely. Moscow comfort. He never could quite understand how it worked. Here you were, primed to feel the prying eye of the KGB on your back, aware of the most heinous form of lawlessness going on all around you, and suddenly you were in bliss. . . . even here in the lower reaches of notorious Gorky Street—where a look out the window gave you an unobstructed view of the stone giants of Stalinist decadence—even here after the first swallow of vodka you immediately forgot your Paris night fever and sank into it ecstatically: Moscow comfort. It was like the old family nurse massaging their heads.

He seeks out the shabby back streets that give him "a deceptive sense of the normalcy, sanity, sagacity of Russian life." After a three-day binge in the city, "he had lost so much weight that his jacket hung on him as if on a hanger. He felt great pity for the poor lost Moscow souls he met; he identified with them wholly. He was quite fond of himself as he was now: thin and full of pity." Hiding in the remote countryside, in the company of "foul-mouthed peasants," Luchnikov goes down on his knees in the mud and makes "a large, slow cross." Crosses multiply as the book heaves toward its apocalyptic end, and, like a refugee from farthest Dostoyevski, Luchnikov preaches to a crowd of Crimeans about his proposed "daring yet noble attempt to share the fate of two hundred and fifty million of our brethren who, through decades of gloom and untold suffering, relieved by only an occasional glimmer of hope, have carried on the unique moral and mystic mission of Mother Russia and the nations that have chosen to follow her path." This is not so much the voice of Luchnikov as a voice within him. His other voice says to Russia, "Your economy's falling apart, your politics are a pack of lies, your ideology's at a dead end." Luchnikov's contradictions and curious slippery unlikableness stem, I think, from his embodiment of ambiguity, of the ambiguous feelings of the author, who while writing this work was ever more imminently facing the prospect of exile.

"He was prepared for one vast bomb site, the smoky remains of a series of trumped-up trials and expulsions . . . Instead he found an uncanny gaiety: loft parties all over town, amateur theatricals in private flats, concerts at scientific institutes and outlying clubs . . . poetry readings by the young and struggling, meetings of the Metropol group, all-night philosophy discussions over tea, samizdat discoveries, basement exhibits . . ." Luchnikov, arriving from Crimea, is the vehicle of perception but the world perceived is Aksyonov's, down to the Metropol group—the vital, busy, "semiunderground" world of Moscow artists. "He was amazed to find so many new deviations from the ideal citizen . . . Yet here they were, living proof that life went on." This is Russia as the working writer experiences it, a mixed bag but alive and actual. Luchnikov's scheme of reintegrating Crimea with the U.S.S.R. makes sense only as a metaphor for Aksyonov's wish to remain part of a nation that is inexorably rejecting him. He will lose his language, his cultural frame of reference, and the audience that understands his frame of reference; and Russia will lose one more bright spirit. Without knowing it, Russia needs him. The dissident has not only a desire but a duty to stay. Vitaly Gangut, the film director, who seems closer to being the author's alter ego than the playboy magnate Luchnikov, knows that "even the ever so slightly nonconformist film at home was worth more to the cause than ten or twenty Paris-based dissident journals," and Dim Shebeko, the jazz-rock band leader, has refused offers from America because "Russia needs Russians playing here in Russia." And, it is true, figures like Solzhenitsyn and Sinyavsky, as long as they stayed in the Soviet Union, were heroes on a global scale; outside it, they became just a few additional decibels in the West's Tower of Babel.

I have never met a Russian, here or there, loyal functionary or indignant expatriate, who did not think Russia was the most interesting subject in the world. On the lip of the Grand Canyon, in the midst of Manhattan, they will wrap themselves in Russianness, and see nothing. In Paris, Luchnikov, seeing newspaper headlines about cosmonauts and Sakharov, thinks proudly, "Yet one way or another, Russia—decayed, demoralized Russia—continued to give the world its headlines." Baxter, a rich American, is made to complain, "The only thing anybody talks about any more is the goddamn Russian question." "I want to be Russian, and I don't care if they send us to Siberia," Luchnikov cries. A passionate chauvinism is part of the Russian genius; the land, the language, and (in a nonpolitical sense) the way of life imprint themselves indelibly. All four of these books, with their differing tones and degrees of persuasiveness, take warmth from the rub between Russian self-love and Russian reservations, stated or implied, about the presiding system. Yet, indisputably, the distrusted if not loathed system has sprung from the cherished land, and is part of it. In "The Island

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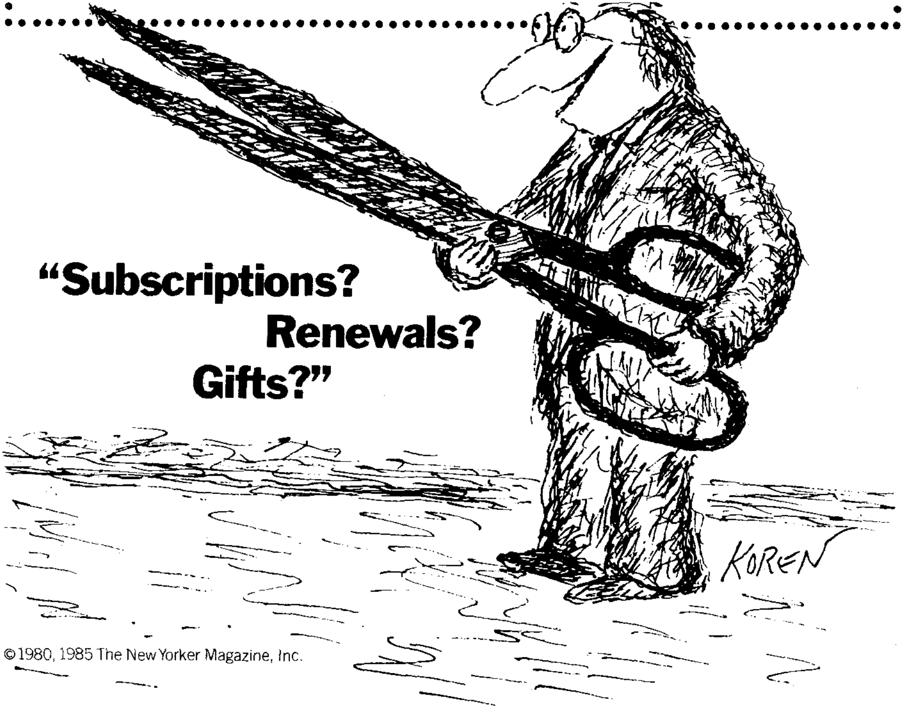
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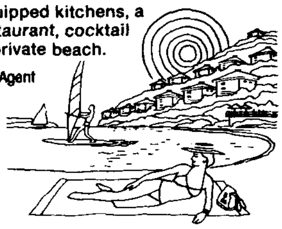

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of Crimea," Kuzenkov, the most sophisticated and sympathetic of Soviet officials, confronted with a snide opinion of Stalin, reflects that "only someone completely foreign to our way of life . . . would deal so basely with our history, with a man whose name for generations of Soviets has meant victory, order, power. And if it has meant violence and even obscurantism as well, then at least they were majestic and grandiose." People will hearken to any system that offers to give suffering a meaning, even at the cost of deepening that suffering. Luchnikov, bored and depressed in his tinselly little capitalist paradise, likes himself thin and full of pity, and longs for Siberia, if that is what it takes to give his soul value. And a sense of immaterial value, of life as intrinsically vicissitudinous but worth suffering, animates all these instances of fiction; there is nothing in them, even in Trifonov at his weariest, of a death wish, of any cultural equivalent to Werther's widely imitated suicide or the skulls that bloomed generations later on the caps of the S.S. A life-loving trait, rather, informs the resilient characters of Soviet fiction, even where their presentation seems coarse or ingenuous, and this same trait, it may not be too fanciful to extrapolate, has helped make the Soviets, for these forty years of ragged truce, tolerable partners in power. —John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Continental Drift, by Russell Banks (Harper & Row; $17.95). By the end of Chapter 1, a poor New Hampshire man has decided to go with his wife and two daughters to Florida. By the end of Chapter 2, a poor Haitian woman has decided to go with her baby and her nephew to Florida. Mr. Banks ("Trailerpark," "The Book of Jamaica") charts millennia of man's wanderings, which he likens to geological and meteorological whorls, including one into which his two sets of characters fit. The speed with which the man's future collapses and the setbacks that slow down the woman's progress encourage the reader to take a child's-eye view of north and south as up and down, but Mr. Banks corrects it with a tragic plot describing an underworld in which the two characters are propelled along converging paths paved with contraband and mined with

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bribes. There are passages that make the story as tense as a good thriller, but Mr. Banks is too keenly saddened by greed to be glib, and this book, his eighth, becomes his most powerful—about a region that he knows inside out.

Lords of the Plain, by Max Crawford (Atheneum; $14.95). A novel of the Old West: West Texas, the Texas Panhandle, and the Oklahoma Indian Territory, 1874-76. Mr. Crawford, a Texan by birth, tells us in the voice of Captain Philip Chapman, of the Second U.S. Cavalry, about a campaign in the last Indian War against the Comanches, the last of the free Indians in Texas. This campaign takes the Second into the high plains, the featureless *llano estacado*. The commander is a colonel half-crazed by ambition and envy, there are Indian-haters and Indian-sympathizers, there are troublemakers, there is the uncertain presence of Comanche war parties. There is also the weather, the empty plains, the dry water holes, the desperate forced marches, and, when the plains give way to trees and water, the constant fear of ambush. There is an idyllic interlude at a great Scottish-owned ranch. There is a disastrous and disgusting buffalo hunt. There is a battle in a deep, twilit canyon. All this Captain Chapman describes in a somewhat formal tone and diction that is exactly right for the period, and he brings the natural world around him almost overpoweringly to life. This is an immensely satisfying novel, marred only by a flat, fade-out ending.

Davita's Harp, by Chaim Potok (Knopf; $16.95). Davita's harp, the kind designed to be hung on a door and to sound whenever someone comes or goes, becomes a symbol of Davita's mind, which responds to whatever is in the air over the course of her grade-school years, beginning, in New York, shortly before her father, a left-wing journalist, leaves to cover the Spanish Civil War. At first, most of the visitors announced by the harp are part of a fixed sequence spanning a few days: card-carrying Communists, a landlord with an ultimatum, and then moving men. After Germany and Russia sign their Non-Aggression Pact, in 1939, only anti-Fascists are welcome. Davita's mother, born in Poland, has rejected her own father's Chassidic faith, and

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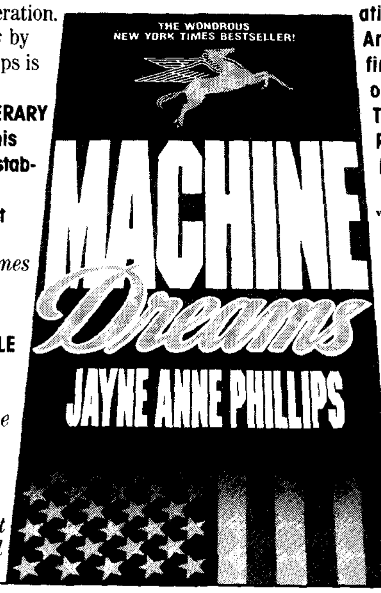

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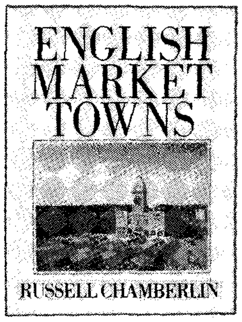

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Davita's father, a New Englander, loves his sister only in spite of her Episcopalian zeal. They do not, however, stop Davita from reading Bible stories supplied by her aunt, from studying Hebrew at a yeshiva, or, when the time comes, from saying Kaddish. This long and earnest novel lacks the risks that temper better fiction. For all her curiosity, Davita betrays little wit—a quality of mind with which Chaim Potok has burdened few of his heroes or heroines.

NOTE: "Secret Villages," a collection of stories by Douglas Dunn, has been published by Dodd, Mead ($15.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

THE PENTAGON AND THE ART OF WAR, by Edward N. Luttwak (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). An impressive indictment of our armed *forces for fighting poorly*. The author rejects the self-serving military myth that civilian interference cost the United States victory in Vietnam, and argues that the armed forces lost that war. One reason is that their organization has remained unchanged since the period immediately following the Second World War, and is top-heavy with brass. Then, too, each service insists on a share in whatever action is afoot, so that our tactics create traffic jams. Mr. Luttwak feels that the bureaucratic spirit instilled by Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara destroyed the intangibles that make for military success and disheartened men who were good leaders. He also finds that our weapons and weapons systems are often too fancy to be useful, and that the Soviet Union is superior to us militarily. He thinks that Congress, after learning the extent of Soviet power, became afraid to alter or cut military spending, and he maintains that by rethinking our armed forces in the context of a contemporary, over-all military strategy we could make them at once more effective and cheaper.

MY WORK IN FILMS, by Eugene Lourie (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $29.95 cloth, $16.95 paper). "Carola," made for television in 1975, is not the last movie on which this fine art director has worked, but it is the last one discussed here. Based on a play by Jean Renoir and set in Paris in the nineteen-forties,

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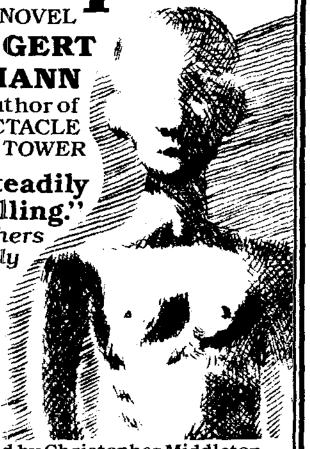

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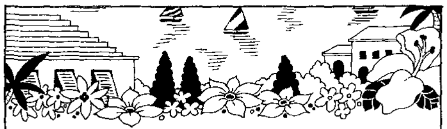

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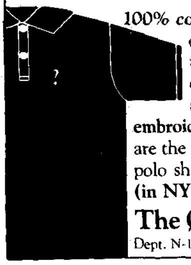

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it caps nicely the author's overview of a career that featured "Grand Illusion," "The Human Beast," and "Rules of the Game." To get to "Carola," though, Mr. Lourie's career cut across diverse genres; his credits range from "Limelight" to "Krakatoa, East of Java." "Less is more" has always been his rule of thumb, but less would have been less had it not been for his ingenuity: adapting sets from "Camelot" to the "Kung Fu" television series, say, and dusting off the papier-mâché dinosaur that had had a bit part in "Bringing Up Baby" for an encore in "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms." Mr. Lourie explains some complex tricks of the trade—split screen, travelling matte, hanging miniature, forced perspective—but some of his illusions are shockingly simple: a giant flaming satellite, for instance, made from spangles and a mop.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: A WRITER'S LIFE, by Lyndall Gordon (Norton; $17.95). Virginia Woolf's life has been described in two memorable works: the two-volume biography by her nephew Quentin Bell, and the five-volume autobiography of her husband, Leonard. In neither of them, however, was any extended attempt made at literary criticism or appraisal, or at an examination of the facts of her life as they colored her fiction. That is what the present author has undertaken in this original, intuitive, and even exciting study. Mrs. Gordon, who admits that her book follows the "dark" side of her subject, goes back to the submerged misery of Mrs. Woolf's Victorian childhood, and explores such matters as her obsession with the dead ("It is strange," she once wrote, "how the dead leap out on us at street corners, or in dreams"), her several mental breakdowns, and her lifelong attraction to suicide. She demonstrates how Mrs. Woolf was able, after long apprenticeship and at considerable cost to her well-being, to transmute secret fears and old memories into art. Photographs.

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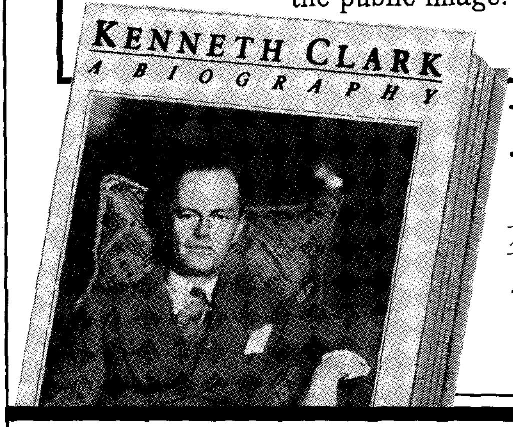

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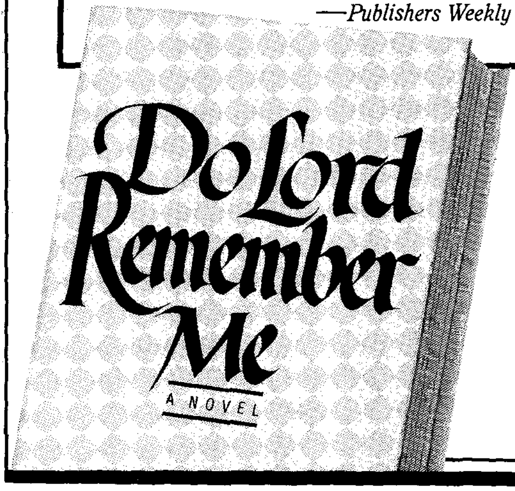

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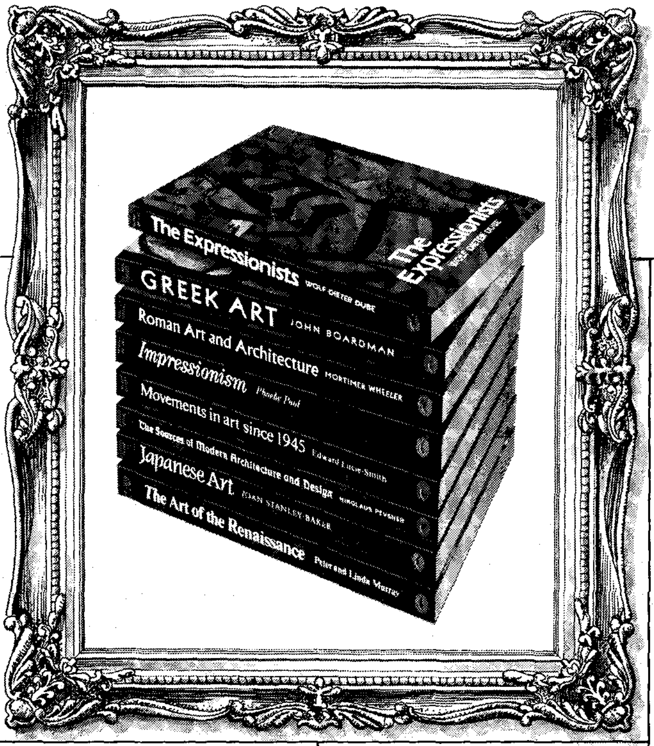
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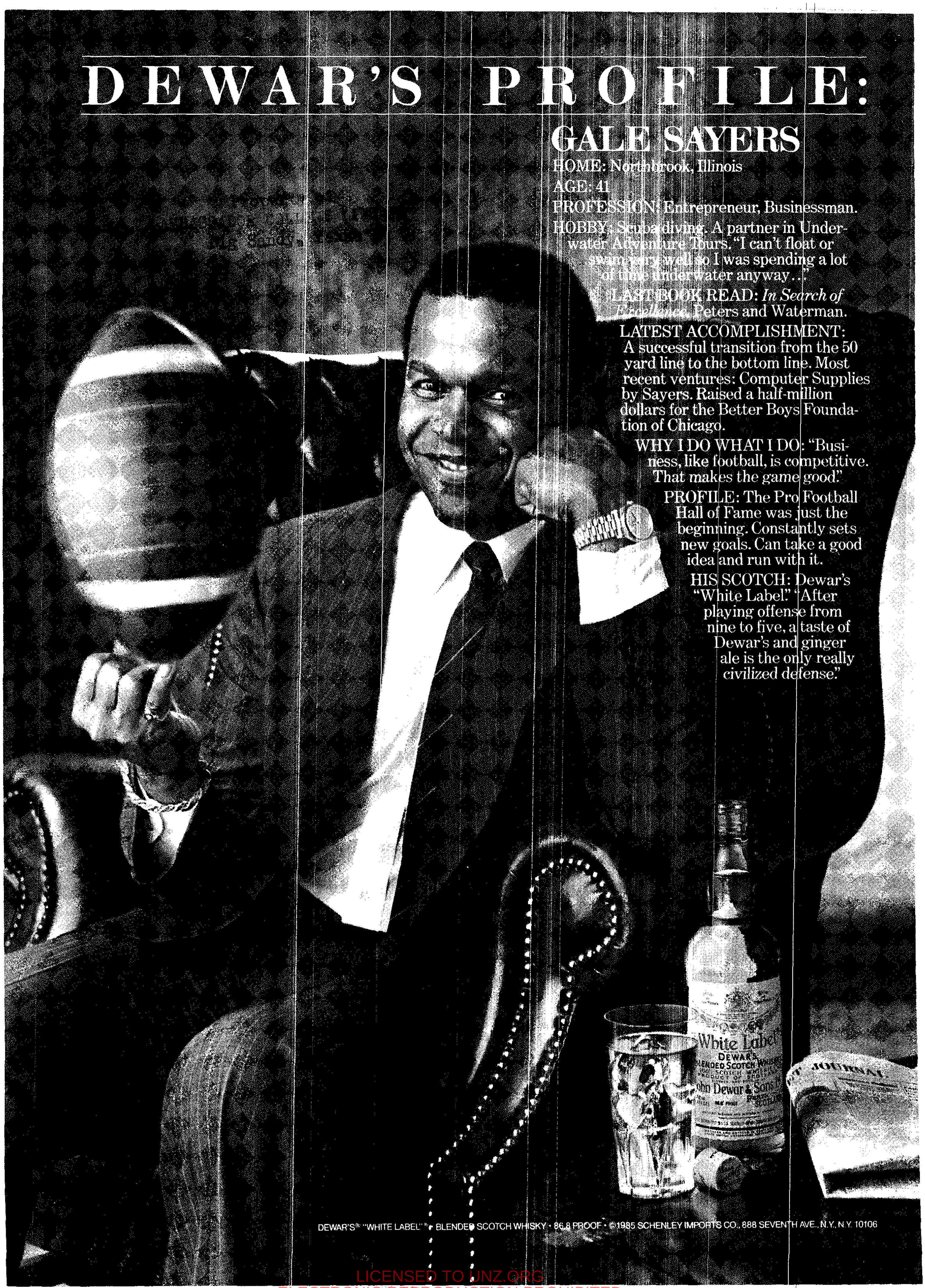

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GALE SAYERS

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